

## Chapter One - The Fateful Night

As the days go on, the number of loses increases, until that one night, where a baby boy has lived out half of his prophecy. Beating the Dark Lord. However, unbeknownst to the baby boy, or the wizarding world, there is another. A baby girl around the same age as the baby boy, is living with her two, kind and loving parents and of course, her protective four year old sister. The baby girl crawled around the Le Mans, France, home, trying to say her first words, but only coming out with "Ma, Da or Eveng. What this happy family didn't know, was that two of the family members had a prophecy they shared. A prophecy, in over a decades time, that would change everything that they once believed in.

"As two girls grow up, they won't receive the most important letters of their lives at the age of eleven. They will continue their muggle lives, until one fateful night, when they are both of the ripe ages of the adolescence. One will help the dark lord, while the other shall help the Chosen One. They will face tragedy, death, confrontation, pain, friendship, newborn life, though most importantly, the power of love, and the enormous dominance of sisterhood. This prophecy is of the two siblings who know what lies ahead. Not true Seers they are, but Readers. This is the prophecy of the Readers".

It all starts late one night in the Australian holidays in the the first month of the year 2008. A female brunette of the age of thirteen, turning fourteen was reading a book and was constantly being interrupted by the sound of laughing in the living room. It was the girl's older sister, sixteen to be precise. She was watching one of her favourite movies.

The thirteen year old got out of bed to get a diet cola from the fridge. As she opened the door of her bedroom she thought, 'I wonder if mum and dad are asleep, maybe I can go sneak into the study, without being seen or heard'. The girl soon realised that this was impossible.

Finally deciding on actually walking out of her bedroom, she went to retrieve the diet coke she'd gotten from the supermarket, many hours before.

“You’re still up too?”

Her sister of noticed her tiredly slouch into the room. As the younger girl looked at her older sister, she saw her sitting on the modern couch with a bag of grapes and a lemon and lime bitters drink. She was a definite blonde beauty, and she was wearing her flattering violet pyjamas.

“Well it wouldn’t exactly be easy to fall asleep with the volume of both the television and your laugh up so high”, the younger girl replied. “Then again, it really isn’t your fault”, she reasoned holding up the book. Her sister predicted she wanted to know what happened in the book she was reading. For the younger girl it was her only life now. Reading. That was all she did these days. The elder one felt bad for getting her obsessed with the books in the first place, the elder one used to be like her little sister and had read all of the books as well, but had read the books before her.

“You’re such a bookworm. It’s kinda cute though, the way you walk around with those thick books and glasses. But I worry about you, I mean what happened to all of your friends?” the blonde asked the brunette with concern and curiosity.

“You want the truth, not the ramble I tell mum when she asks me?” the younger girl asked. The older girl nodded eagerly. “I guess if you’re that distressed, my friends and I, how do I put this, uh, don’t connect anymore. It used to be more than boys and underages, it used to be about having fun, movies, pushing each other to do our homework as to not get in trouble the next day, playing pranks on each other, truth or dare. They all used to be real girls, living the life of a thirteen-year-old kid. Frankly, they don’t –“

“SHH! What was that? I heard a cracking noise”, the blonde girl was up and alert. A storm began outside, with rain, lightning and thunder. It was strange for a thunderstorm to start as it was only cast on the weather as the perfect summer day for Melbournians.

“That would answer your question, sis”, said the younger one smartly.

The lights began to flicker, and soon enough they were blown out. The television went blank. "Blackout", the girls said in unison. The front door creaked open loudly. They could hear this from where they were which was the back end of the house. The front was where their parents were sleeping. The door to the first half of the house, which was the garage, the study, their parents' bedroom and the girls' personal living room, was closed.

The sound of a vase, breaking into a thousand pieces, was heard all around the house, making their parents wake up. The older girl walked up to the door connecting both ends of the house and placed her ear against it. Her eyes widened in fear. She heard voices, but none of the two she heard belonged to their parents. One of the voices was feminine, but rather wicked, while the other was male, grizzled and vicious. The only answer to this, was intruders.

The oldest, being the closest to the intruders, ran into the pan-tree, pulling the security alarm to alert the estate security down by the docks.

The other one ran to her closet, in her bedroom, to get the radio that transferred messages to the other two radios in her sister's room and her parents' room. She turned it to the number one and hoped that she would get a signal. Nope. "Bloody blackout!" the girl cursed to herself.

A sudden angry yelling of her father bounced across the house.

"GET OUT OF MY HOUSE YOU THIEVES! GET OUT! THE POLICE WILL BE HERE IN A SECONDS TIME!"

"Shut up you old man, we're here to get one thing and one thing only!" the female intruders voice replied.

"What?! What do you want?! No! I will not have this, get out, if I don't know you then get out, and don't point that stick- OH GOD! PLEASE DON'T I BEG OF YOU, PLEASE DON'T!" she heard her father cower.

“That’s right, you know what we are now don’t you! Now how’s this sound, we’ll take what we need then we’ll leave you alone and won’t harm you, you filthy-blooded man!”

“NO YOU WILL NOT TAKE-“ but the rest of what he said was filled with a painful scream, that resembled her fathers. Following it was a body hitting the ground.

She thought of the worst, but pushed it out of her mind as she listened to the rest of what was going on in the hallway.

The terrified whimper of her mother was heard and she began to yell, “WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT FROM US?!”

“We only want one thing lovey, and you KNOW what that is.” Said the male intruder evilly.

“I WOULD RATHER DIE!” her mother screamed.

“As you wish”, said the unknown female, as her mother’s blood curdling scream was heard probably throughout the street. Another ‘ka-thump’ was made.

The girl was sweating freakishly. What the bloody hell was going on? She couldn’t take the pain any longer. Running out of her room back to the lounge room, the door connecting both ends together, was now wide open. The two intruders saw her and came charging for her. The older sister unfortunately got caught instead as she rolled out of the pan-tree.

The younger one was blasted backwards of her feet, all the way to the back wall, crashing against it. She was stuck and couldn’t do a thing about it and she didn’t know why. Looking up she saw her older sister, unconscious and hovering? Was she going mental? No, it was just a very terribly creative nightmare, she had convinced herself, so why did it seem so real?

The female had black hair that went up to about her breasts; she was a rather skinny woman, who was wearing a prison uniform, except the numbers were strange. The female was holding a polished

wooden stick, which was a dark brown colour. She knew who she was, as well as she knew the male intruder. He was hairy in the weirdest places of his body. He was barefoot with long, dark grey clothes, that were shabby and patched up. He had the most evil eyes, and after looking into them, knew who he was, but how could it be.

“WHO ARE YOU?” the girl hollered, still afraid of what they might do to her.

“Now, mudblood, why would I tell you?” the female sneered.

“GET AWAY FROM ME!” she spat at the male intruder, who was coming closer and closer to her, licking his lips. “Oh, look at that soft skin, so DELICIOUS!” he said almost biting her, but she kicked him in an area that would make any male back away.

She couldn’t believe her eyes, the girl was looking at someone she knew very well, but had no idea of who she was. ‘God I must have banged my head or something’, she thought desperately to herself.

Trying to budge from her trapped position, the female intruder pointed the stick at the unconscious sixteen-year-old blonde girl and muttered something she couldn’t catch hearing. Ropes came out of nowhere, tying them-selves around the older one, now she definitely couldn’t get away.

“Bloody squib Rowling, if it weren’t for that ghastly woman”, the woman ranted, “Get back away from the mudblood! We’re leaving it behind”.

“YOU’LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS! NEVER EVER, EVER!” the younger girl screamed childishly.

The female intruder silenced her, with her wooden stick. ‘Yep, I’m definitely going insane!’, the girl thought to herself. The blonde girl was now awake and stirring. It took her awhile to be aware of the fact she was now floating high up in mid air. Her eyes widened for the second time that night. “AHHH, What the HELL? Let me go this instant! Do you know who I am?! I’m-“, the blonde girl recognized the intruders, but from where? She looked over at the book her sibling

was reading before and something triggered her mind. She looked over to the brunette one, and when she caught her attention, shook her head towards the shelf on which the book was sitting upon. The brunette one soon realized as her older sister nodded in assurance. Her lip quivered.

"I still don't understand, why aren't we going to kill the other one?" asked the vicious man, confused and annoyed that he couldn't bite her. "Because, if we do kill every family member, then this", she pointed at the blonde sister, "is officially a mute to us, you see, we harm more than we should, the dark lord will kill us, or worse, banish us! Now we've got to get going, I need to be back in my cell before four in the afternoon, the guards will be checking my cell any minute now!"

"But, I still don't understand. I mean what do we need her for?" asked the man dumbly. The woman sighed angrily and began speaking again. "WE NEED HER BECAUSE SHE IS ONE OF THE READERS! GOD DO YOU LISTEN TO ANYTHING BARTY SAYS?! SHE IS SUPPOSED TO TELL US WHAT HAPPENS IN THE FUTURE!"

"WHAT, I CAN'T SEE THE FUTURE! LET ME DOWN, NOW!" yelled the sister, very freaked by what she was hearing.

"We'll explain later, mudblood. Say goodbye to your filthy sister, it's likely you'll ever see her again, the spare wand", she asked of the male, "I need to get out of this dirty muggle house".

"NO, PLEASE NO, please don't take her", sobbed the younger sister, "She's all I have left...", she said guessing her parents were no longer alive. She kept on budging and budging out of this super-glue curse the woman put on her. She felt useless, but determined not to lose her only sibling.

"There's no point, it's a full proof curse, I don't know why you are even bothering", said the woman. "We're going now, we have no time to waste".

She couldn't take it anymore; she looked over to her wise blonde sister. Tears were trickling down her flawless cheeks. It was so

painful to see her brave and strong sister, crying in weakness, stuck in a position she can't get out of. The younger girl's anger made her braver than ever.

"AHHHH! YOU! YOU ARE IN DEBT TO ME! YOU DARE WALK OUT OF THIS HOUSE WITH MY SISTER IN HIS FILTHY ARMS, YOU WILL OWE ME!"

The woman cackled evilly, "What?! Oh my, looks like we got a brave little girl here, and what is it to the pleasure that I owe you? You're only a waste of space and of my precious time."

"Oh yeah? Well you better get going and stop wasting your 'precious time', because I will hunt you down and I will kill you." The girl said this very seriously, and she was very ticked off too. She had no idea where this all came from. The woman glared at her, but soon enough it turned into a smirk.

"Yeah, right! What could a girl the around the age of, how old are you?"

"Thirteen," she said through gritted teeth.

"THIRTEEN, HAHAAHAHAHAHAHA! You seriously think you, a teenage muggle, could kill me?"

"You know I really wouldn't be laughing if I were you. You see as I grow stronger, you grow weaker".

The woman just stared at her strangely. "Really? And how do you that you'll ever find me?"

The younger girl was now speechless. She kept quiet, knowing she would say too much otherwise. They would probably take her away too, or worse, kill her. Then who would rescue her sister? The woman smirked in accomplishment, while shoving the, surprisingly even spare stick, in the older sister's hands. The creepy, flesh-eating man put a grubby hand on the vile woman and her sister. She felt she knew how they would 'leave'.

“I will find you, Evangeline”, blurted the little sister. “I will find you, no matter what it takes, I’ll die in the process if I have to”.

“As I’ll be waiting for you Genevieve”, the blonde replied sadly, “even if I do die in the process”.

They were on the verge of disappearing when the younger one said daringly to the woman, “I hope we meet again...Bellatrix Lestrange”.

The woman looked around at her own name, as it dawned on her that the thirteen-year-old knew everything as well as her sister, her eyes widened. But before she could be fully shocked, they disappeared.



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The lights didn't come back on; neither did the TV, which she was expecting might happen. Genevieve sighed. She budged again and was finally able to get up. The midnight blue pyjamas weren't stuck to the floor anymore. She closed her eyes, trying to remember everything that happened.

Suddenly she ran for the front of the house. The front door was wide open, some rain spilling in from the high winds, her parents bodies lay there lifeless and open-eyed. Genevieve slowly crouched beside her mother and father. Tears flowed down her face, rapidly. She sobbed in her hands; they could never come back again. They sacrificed themselves for their two daughters. Genevieve wanted for them to wake up and say, "FOOLED YOU!", but nothing happened. As the storm raged on, her anger grew wilder.

Out of nowhere, she yelled, "NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! I WILL FIND YOU EVA! EVEN IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!"

Five minutes later, she could hear one of her cats scratching at the laundry door. It took her 3 hours of grieving later to finally open the door. She knew he would only wanted some attention. As it jumped down from the surface of the washing machine, he was black all over except he had white in the front of his body and on his paws. He always looked like he was wearing some sort of tuxedo. His name was Noir.

He rubbed his cheek against her leg. It was his way for trying to comfort her on many occasions. She got down on her knees, and picked him up with two hands and held him close.

“Oh Noir, I love you, and I won’t let anyone take you away from me ever. I’ve already failed 3 times. First dad, then mum and last Evangeline. Don’t ever abandon me”.

The cat looked at her confused. He jumped off of her to investigate. He saw the two dead bodies. Noir placed a paw on his nose to show his regret. And then he did something even stranger. He placed a soft paw on her father’s eye-lid, closing it, and he repeated what he did with the other eye-lid. He then walked over to her mother and did the same thing. Genevieve sat there, awestruck. Her cat was closing the eye lids of her dead parents, like they did when they found someone dead in the movies. The black cat then payed his respects by bowing his head and closing his own eyes, as if he were praying.

When he was finished, he turned his head slightly, to look out of the corner of his eye to Genevieve. “Well, I guess we better get packing”.

“You just, did you, um, WHAT THE-”.

“Yes I, a house cat just spoke.”

“Okay, this is definitely a dream! Pinch yourself, Gen. OWW, Hey! What was that for?” asked the girl rubbing her arm. A light scratch was showing up.

“Well you said pinch yourself, and it didn’t seem you were ever going to. So I took the honours of doing it myself. Since I don’t have thumbs when I’m a cat, I scratched you instead, and dear child, this is no dream.”

“Yeah, more like a nightmare. Geez, you’ve never scratched like that before, you frikkin cat”. Genevieve said annoyed, walking to the pan-tree.

“But am I a cat?”

“Uh, then what are you?”

Noir the talking cat, went into the laundry, and went into the small hole that only he could fit through, and brought out a wooden stick resembling Bellatrix Lestranger's.

Genevieve guessed what it was.

“That's a wand, isn't it Noir?”

“Very good, so what do you think I am?”

It took her awhile to think it all through. But the answer was blinking in her mind like it was on a game show. But it didn't seem like the right answer.

“You're an animagus, but you can't be because you can talk when you're in your animal form”.

“Well you know more than I thought, but as I have over average intelligence, I learned how to speak English in my cat form just at the age of twenty”, said the black cat.

“And as your proud owner for many years, you owe me an explanation, Bucko”.

The cat sighed, and said, “You're totally right there. Over nine years ago, I received a letter from Albus Dumbledore about you and your sister. Now this man has heard many prophecies before and when he heard you and your sisters, he alerted me immediately. You see I'm an auror, and the ministry think I'm on some major case, so don't really spare a thought. When Dumbledore heard that you guys were going to get two new cats, I knew I had two chances to get into your family. So I turned up at the pound, and there you were, with your sister and parents. You were only three years old and had that cute blonde short bob, with that cute little fringe and your sister, she had just turned six and had the longest brown hair I'd ever seen, oh god, if it weren't for her picking me up and holding me like a baby I would have never had a chance with your family.”

“Oh Noir,” Genevieve gave her cat the gentlest smile. Then she realized something. All the questions popped up into her head rapidly.

“Wait, so you’re name can’t be Noir can it?”

“No Gen, My name is Dennis, Dennis Davies, I’m a pure-blood, but I don’t go on about it like my whole family did. I’m the last of my siblings to be alive. I should be thirty-one by now”.

Gen was stunned. He had left his youthful life behind to protect her and her sister. She never felt more protected in her life. She shook her head to remember the rest of the questions.

“Okay, but what the hell is going on? Why did they take Eva? And what in God’s name is a Reader?”

“Bellatrix Lestrange and Greyback-“

“That was the Fenrir Greyback, the most dangerous, violent, vicious man and werewolf alive? I should’ve guessed,” Genevieve said. She mumbled the last part, remembering him almost biting her. She nodded her head for the cat to go on.

“Anyway, They kidnapped your older sister for a reason. You see, before your sister was born, a prophecy of two muggle girls was made. These two girls would know things that no other wizard would. By now you should’ve worked out that you were the other one”.

“But I wasn’t born knowing these things, I’ve only read this stuff from the books”, Genevieve said frustrated.

It dawned on her. The books.

Genevieve ran out of the hall to the living room where the one of seven books was sitting on the shelf. Snatching it away, she ran back to the newly named Dennis and shoved it in front of him.

“There, take it, I don’t need it as much as you do! Anything to get Eva back.”

The cat looked down at the words and squinted as if he couldn't read a word on the page. Genevieve couldn't understand why he couldn't read it. He looked rather confused and sighed bleakly.

"What, you can't read it? But you're a human for goodness sakes!"

"It's not that, I can still read English and comprehend it, but this is what I expected would happen".

"Huh?"

Dennis sighed again, "This is why we need you. You're the only muggle that can read it to us. This may be English to you, but to me it's all Gobble-de-gook, and that is the one language I can't understand."

Genevieve took this all in. On Dennis's 'supposed' side of the world, Gobble-de-gook was an actual language; she remembered it particularly from the fourth book.

"So, I'm guessing, it doesn't come out as English to you?" she asked him curiously. Nodding his head in confirmation, it all came to her.

"Not one magical person would be able to read this, would they? It would only be some language that they don't understand, not English, or French, like it is for me? Is there some major curse put on wizards and witches, so it doesn't end up in their hands?" Genevieve asked wondrously.

"You're on the right track, but what all started it, was Janette Kayleen Skeeter. Janette is a squib and the cousin of Rita Skeeter, and ever since she was little, she felt like an outsider to her family. Especially how Rita, being a horrible, deceitful, spiteful—"

"Yeah I already know Rita Skeeter's a bitch, now go on."

"First you have to apologize, for interrupting me, twice!"

“What? Are you kidding me? I’ve just been through the most dreadful incident in my life and-, fine I’m sorry”, she said rather annoyed, but knew it was best not to argue.

“However, Janette’s parents were proud of her the way she was, especially her mother. She would give her anything she wanted. One day, Janette realized that she could make her extended family proud of her, even if it meant doing it the muggle way. She decided to write a fantastic book, but every time she tried, she felt it wasn’t detailed enough. It was only ever best to do it on a certain person. Janette visited a few seers, and after awhile gave up. However, Janette had a source, which told her of a prophecy, in which Janette also had another source to get into the Unspeakables Office and steal the file of this person’s future. I have a feeling you already know who this person and his prophecy is.”

Genevieve looked down at the book; slightly disgusted anyone would go to such lengths just to make their family proud. However Genevieve had felt that way so many times before, but she definitely would never invade anybody’s privacy just to get some of the spotlight.

“It was Harry’s, wasn’t it?”

“Absolutely,” said Dennis, straightforward. “Janette based Harry Potter’s teenage life in the ninety’s, though on this day, he’s only thirteen years of age.”

“Wow, so I’m actually a bit older than him,” Genevieve said disbelievingly.

“Only by a month.”

The thought of Harry Potter being her age scared her. She knew what would happen when he was thirty-six for god’s sake! But there were still a few more questions lingering in her mind.

“Did Janette change her name to Joanne Kathleen Rowling, in order to not have any freak fans or stalkers?”

“That’s right.”

“So do you know why you can’t read them? The books I mean.”

“No one knows, they only know that it could be a curse, amongst our people.”

Genevieve looked thoughtful, and only had a two more questions on her mind now.

“So what exactly is going to happen to Eva?”

Dennis sighed. “I’m afraid to say that I do not have the answer to that question.”

“And what about, me?” Genevieve asked even more worriedly.

The black cat was looking into her eyes and said, “You’ll be moving, with me. To England, where you shall commence your home-schooling.”

“WHAT?!”

Genevieve couldn’t believe what she was hearing. Moving to a different country, again? Home-schooled? Why couldn’t she just go to a different school in a different state or somewhere still in the country. Honestly.

“I know, I know, but it’s the only way. Plus the press will be on your behind for such a mysterious death. Then they’ll think you had something to do with this, including the kidnapping of Eva”.

It was Genevieve’s turn to sigh now. It really was going to change for her. Her entire life had been modified, and just from one night. Well, at least she was going back to her parent’s home country. Maybe if she had any relatives left, she could visit them. Sadly she knew she would have to tell them of her parents’ death. That was going to be hard.

Taking her time, she walked over to their bodies, again. This time the tears were silent. She thought of all her family members, her close ones to be exact. Her mother, Susanne Taylor and her father, Phillip Taylor.

She remembered what her mother had taught her to do every time they went to a funeral. Which had happened to them a lot lately, considering that her grandparents had died in the last year, as well as most of her family in an unexplainable accident. The rest of them were missing. She would ask Noir-Dennis later about them. Now she wanted to be alone.

“God bless your heavenly souls,” Genevieve said mournfully.

She lay beside her parents and fell asleep with Dennis keeping guard, dreaming of a new change, a better place to live and of Evangeline. She was out there but where? Where in the world was Evangeline Maribelle Taylor...?

Half way across the world, three bodies appeared out of nowhere in front of a manor that was really a mansion. Peacocks were strewn across the area, showing off their beautiful wings to the females. Snow covered practically everywhere on the ground and all over the huge manor. Bellatrix Lestrangle and Fenrir Greyback, who was holding an unconscious teenage girl, walked up a long pathway, which led to the two humongous, oak front doors.

Quickly checking if the area was clear, Bellatrix knocked the serpent knocker. It was only six at night and at this time it was dark. A few minutes passed, and a new house elf of the name Selby, opened the door. She looked rather afraid of who she was looking at.

“Good evening Miss Bellatrix and Mr Fenrir, Selby shall fetch Master Lucius”, Selby said, running away from their sight.

Soon enough, Lucius Malfoy, came striding to the door. Closing it slightly so no one else in the house could hear them.



“What do you think you’re doing here? Bellatrix you’re supposed to be in Azkaban for Merlin’s sake! And Fenrir what have you got in your hands! It better not be a mud-blood!” Lucius muttered furiously.

“Hey, it’s not my fault a frikkin mud-blood had to be the reader! Anyway I have to get back to my cell otherwise it’s my soul!”

Bellatrix disappeared in an instant. Lucius looked at Greyback questioningly. “Explain, werewolf! And be quiet, I don’t want Narcissa to hear!”

## Chapter three

### A New Beginning and an Ending.

Two months had passed since the night Evangeline was kidnapped and their parents were killed. Genevieve tried her hardest not to think about it. Every night she had nightmares about what happened. Her under-eyes were at its darkest and baggiest. She was packing the last few boxes in the back room, while Dennis was sending them off magically. He was a very handsome man in his human form, and she always thought that when he was a cat he looked very attractive to all the female cats. He had messy-tried-to-be-groomed black hair and some stubble on his face, with tanned skin and yellowy-green eyes, which resembled his cat eyes. He was also lean and it was obvious he had been working out, since when he was cat, he was fattened up from all the cat food. There was a bit of a reaction when he saw himself chubby, when he had changed into his human form.

Nobody knew the whereabouts of the Taylor family. Dennis gave anyone close to the family a curse of which they could never remember them. Genevieve was more than happy, as she had a fight with her friends, and wanted a new beginning.

Genevieve was going through all the antiques from hundreds of years ago. They had most of the stuff, seeing as they had only a small amount of relatives. Some things she found so peculiar. She left five items out, only remembering one of them from her own childhood. There was a crystal ball, like all psychics had. She guessed this was from a few centuries ago, remembering her Dad telling her the Taylor history. One of his ancestors, Eviana Napoleon was a supposed 'psychic' and a 'mind reader', though most of the people in the family labelled her as 'nuts'.

Another two she found were dresses, one from the 1800's and it was a deep, deep blue, and the other from the 1920's which was a hip red flapper dress. Back then; her great-great-great relatives obviously had taste in fashion.

Another one looked like it had her mother on it. It was a show poster, from the seventies, saying across it, 'Fuzzy Suzi with the Black Cats!'

and had a picture of what looked like her mother, or even Evangeline on it, with two back up singers. Genevieve chuckled. Was that really her mother? Or was it her sister? She then remembered the story of how her parents met. She sighed at how cute it was.

She then picked up the last item that she remembered from her childhood, but was put away after one of Evangeline's friends wanted to keep it for herself. A memory popped up in her mind. It was her grandmother singing to her, whenever they went overseas. It was nighttime and her parents had gone to see some old school friends. It was raining, with thunder and lightening coming from everywhere. Her grandmother had come in with her then eight-year-old sister, who was just as frightened as her.

"Nan, can you sing us the song you used to sing to me whenever I was scared?" pleaded Evangeline.

"But ov course, my dear children," said their Nan with a strong French accent.

"Dancing Bears, painted wings,

Things I almost, remember,

And a song, someone sings,

Once upon a December.

Someone holds me safe and warm,

Horses prance through a silver storm."

Thunder erupted the area, interrupting the beautiful aging woman's voice.

"Figures dancing gracefully,

Across my memory..."

There was a pause as Evangeline sang “la la la, la la la, la, la la la, la la, la la la, la la, la, la, la la la, la la, la la”.

Their grandmother smiled graciously at her eldest grand daughter.

“Someone holds me safe and warm,

Horses prance through a silver storm,

Figures dancing gracefully,

Across my memory,

Far away, long ago,

Glowing dim as an ember,

Things my heart used to know,

Things it yearns to remember,

And a song someone sings...

Once upon a December...”

The grand daughters, especially Genevieve, could only stare at her in awe.

“Now off to bed you two little’ascals!” the grand mother said chasing the older one back to her bedroom.

Before Genevieve knew it, she was holding the item with such care. It was a music box. A very old and detailed one, too. When her grandmother died of old age with her grandfather, it was specifically written in the will that her two only granddaughters would keep it and cherish it and pass it down onto their children and so on.

She hadn’t wound it up in years, and after her grandmother died, it was the only way she could get to sleep when she was little.

Genevieve decided she would wind it up for the first time in years. The tune of the song came on. She closed her eyes. Her voice began to sing the words. Like her grandmother, she inherited her beautiful voice.

“Dancing bears, painted wings,

Things I almost remember,

And a song, someone sings,

Once upon a December.

Someone holds me, safe and warm

Horses prance through a silver storm,

Figures dancing gracefully,

Across my memory...”

“Now I knew you could play the guitar and all that, but sing too, wow.”

Genevieve turned red. Dennis had heard her singing. She wasn't comfortable singing in front of anyone, ever, except of course her sister, because she could sing too. The only other person who had ever heard her wasn't even a person. It was the other family cat, Pixy. Evangeline had always wanted to call one of the cats that.

Pixy came striding into the room, rubbing against Dennis's leg, purring as loud as ever. Unlike Dennis, Pixy wasn't an animagus. She was happy about that, because then she didn't have to face any more surprises.

“You almost finished? ‘Coz we gotta get going at three.”

“Yeah I just have to finish something, Go on, enjoy your last moments as a house cat for nine years,” said Genevieve smirking.

“Alright, cheeky. You remember the plan, right? You go in the fire with Pixy before I do, and Andy will help you from there.”

“Yes Dennis, we must have been over the plan over a hundred times.”

“Oh, uh, right.”

“Dennis can ask you something?”

“Yeah sure. What is it?”

“Are you gay?”

Dennis cocked an eyebrow at her. ‘What kind of question is that?’ he thought to himself.

“What, no why?”

“No reason,” said Genevieve looking away embarrassed. She only thought he was a bender, because of the way he spoke of Andy. ‘Maybe he really is hot. For now, I’ll just leave Dennis alone.’

When everything was packed and sent off to England to his home, it was almost time to leave. He had told Genevieve not to fuss over his home, because he hasn’t seen it in awhile so doesn’t know what state it’s in whether or not Andy was staying and keeping care of the place. Apparently, this guy, Andy, was a slob. ‘Whatever’, she thought of the pigsty her bedroom was usually in.

“Now, so I don’t forget, you have full inheritance of this residence. You can come here whenever you want. It’s invisible to everyone, but you and me and whoever else you want to be able to see it. To get inside all you have to do is recite, who you are, your date of birth, a bit of the Australian anthem and who your last best friend was ever was in this country. Full name.”

“Can’t I just say ‘open sesame’?”

“And there is that too.”

“Cool, so this house will be empty when I come and visit right?”

“Not necessarily. You can if you want it too, but not if you need it. All the furniture will be covered if so.”

“Sounds good to me.”

“Would you like to take one last look at the house, Gen.”

She nodded stiffly. She didn't want to take one last look. She wanted to take her last breath and die here, but that wasn't a choice, because she knew her parents wouldn't want her to kill herself. Plus, she was like a missing piece of the puzzle to saving millions. She didn't want to tell Dennis this because he thought nothing bad was going to happen in the future, unlike she knew as well as Eva.

They were now in the entrance area, near the front door. She remembered the first time she walked through that front door.

She would have been, hmm, five years old. The ceiling was higher than most ceilings were, and it made her feel smaller than ever. She had still had her blonde hair, which was still in its short bob cut with the fringe. She ran around the empty house shouting her glee throughout the house along with her sister. Their parents were smiling down at them, and it was the happiest they ever were.

From that position, she walked on to see the study on her left. Many fights had occurred and many of the cheerful moments had happened. She turned to look to her right where the open living room was. It was where her and her sister played and sang when they were home alone. This happened one night in the year, seeing as they were only ever home alone when it was their parent's anniversary.

She walked on further, through the infamous door, which connected north and south ends of the house. She saw the kitchen. She learnt a lot from her mother in the kitchen. She had learnt how to cook the basics, how to bake almost every cake, pastry, desert and sweet treat. She learnt from her father how to speak French, seeing as he learnt French from his mother.

To her further right, she saw the dining room. There was either a verbal fight or a food fight on that table. She looked over to the lounge room. Genevieve remembered how her family would sit down in winter, the fireplace filled with a burning fire; they would watch movies and eat chocolate. Altogether, as a family.

Genevieve smiled for the first time in what seemed two months. She moved onto the bedrooms, first her sisters. Genevieve sadly laughed. She used to come in her bedroom when she had a nightmare. Evangeline would sing to her, just like her Nan did. When she went to her room, many memories appeared. Ones of her when she was little, and recent ones from the year before. She began to get a headache at how many were all appearing into her mind at once, so walked out, and into the guest room where she used to think. It didn't matter what she thought of, whether happy or depressing, she always thought in that room particularly. It was where all the old and antique things were kept as well. Many old home videos were found and watched as well in that room.

She closed the door to every room in the house, though Genevieve was not finished yet.

Dennis was getting the floo-powder ready, and asked her, "Done?"

"Ugh, no, I just have one last thing to do, could you conjure me up some flowers, please?"

Pulling out his wand, he muttered an incantation, and transfigured some leftover cleaning supplies into a bouquet of daffodils, the family flower.

"Thanks," she said taking them gently out of his hands.

Opening the back door, she went out to the backyard. There was a decking, with a couple of steps to a garden, where her parent's ashes were spread. Many daffodils had sprung up from where their ashes were strewn. It was a beautiful sight to see. Many butterflies littered the area with their colours. There was a gravestone of her parents created by Dennis of course, but with Genevieve's wording.



Spread across this garden,

Are the ashes of,

Susanne Taylor,

A witty woman, who was beautiful, lovely, independent and strong.

And Phillip Taylor,

A man of many wonders, kindness and of course, a child at heart.

May They Rest In Peace.

“Do not pity the dead, pity the living souls who have to endure the world we live in.”

Genevieve smiled again. It would be a long time, before she visited this place again. Tears started to flow down her cheeks and before she knew it, she was pouring out her feelings.

“Father, I understand why you took your life for us.

To protect us, and keep any harm away.

As I hurt every other day, the image of you in my head stops me from crying and weeping on and on.

You were the one I trusted my whole life, I told you everything, from how my school day was, up to the time I was too depressed to give a damn about my life.

You were there for me, when mum went to work and when Eva was out partying.

You were there. I wanted to repay you but now all I could do is lay some flowers down for you in respect. I won't see you in a long time. Goodbye, dearest Daddio.”

“Mother, you took my hand when I had to have shots. Bird flu, Hepatitis B, you name it and you were there squeezing my and, hoping it would take the pain away. You cried every-time you saw anyone cry. You would worry all day when I’d left something at home, which I needed for school. You’d tie up my hair, even though I complained about you brushing the tangles out. I was so stubborn to you, even when you didn’t deserve it. You would call me a sullen teenager, when I’d call you an ancient. But I understand now. More than ever. Goodbye, wise Ma.”

“For two months I believed that you two didn’t live a full life. But then I realized. You have. Dealing with teenagers and all, you may not have met your grandchildren yet. But they will meet you, in this garden, one day. I will love you both until the day I die. Not even, when my soul, becomes eternal and reaches the heavens above, I will meet you, and we will reunite once more, together, as a family.”

“Goodbye...”

Genevieve came an hour later. She had been crying her eyes out, hoping them to rest in peace. It was too much for her, and one day she hoped that she would be braver than ever. No more will she be an emotionless wreck, she will be just be stronger. Like she had promised to her dear, Bellatrix.

Her eyes were not puffy and bloodshot like before. They were plain and ready to leave the burden floating around in the atmosphere in the house. She breathed in and now she was definitely ready to leave. Picking up her white and snowy cat Pixy, she looked into his yellow eyes as he looked at her, with his head tilted to the side, questioningly. She smiled, sighing and said to him, “Let’s go, to our new home, in England, I’m sure you’ll like it.”

“Ready when you are,’ Dennis said simply.

“Yep, what do I say to get to your house, then?”

“Davies Manor, England.”

Genevieve's whole face widened when he said 'manor'. "Manor? You live in a manor? Crap Dennis, you plan on telling me this now?" she asked him incredulously.

"What did you expect, a small flat in London? I'm a pureblood, whose whole family, boasted about how rich we were. Although, I didn't care much. Right now, my whole mind is set on you getting there, so get in."

"Alright, alright." She held Pixy steadily in one arm and walked into the green fire, wary of what might happen. She then took Pixy in both arms and he squirmed trying to break free realizing he was in fire. But it did not burn; it was rather warm and crisp. Genevieve felt she could fall asleep in it, but decided not to, seeing as it wouldn't get her anywhere.

"Davies Manor, England", Genevieve shouted, using as much emphasis as she could, so she made sure she was clear.

## Chapter four-

### A Beginning and An Ending: Part II

“Davies Manor, England”, Genevieve shouted, using as much emphasis as she could, so she made sure she was clear.

She found herself being pulled away into another dimension. Pixy was digging his nails in, not liking the feeling at all. Neither did Genevieve. She was feeling queasier by the second. She was getting many glimpses of other wizard manors and just normal wizard homes.

Finally, she was thrown out of a fireplace, tumbling away until she banged into a wall, or a couch or a table. She couldn't tell seeing as she didn't know if she was definitely in Davies manor.

However, she didn't hear any, 'Holys!' Or any 'what thes' or any screams. That was a good sign. It was an even better sign, when she was greeted by a very pretty woman, with dark brown eyes, and light brown hair, with light tanned skin, wearing a nurse uniform, that said 'St. Mungos MM&I', on the pocket.

“Hey sweetie, you must be Genevieve, I'm Amelia Cunningham, but you can call me Andy,” said the kindly English accented woman.

“You're Andy? So why does Dennis call you Andy, when your name is Amelia?”

“It's a long story.”

“Hun, I've got all the time in the world, and by the way, you can call me Gen, Genevieve, is way too much of a hassle and I'm a tad lazy, so go on.”

Genevieve brushed herself down, as all the soot went toward the fireplace. Her light blue jeans were a bit grubby, and she definitely wanted to change her top. It was from a savers shop back in Australia, which was now regrettably torn. She didn't mind at the moment though, the woman in front of her with the name Andy, was absolutely gorgeous, no flaws at all, and she wasn't wearing one layer of make

up. Genevieve looked around her. Yep, she was definitely in a mansion alright, a huge one at that. They were in the living room of the house, and over the top of the fireplace, was a French-polished wood mantle. There was a portrait of a man, and to Genevieve's surprise, it was moving and all. Then again, this shouldn't have really been surprising to her anymore, so many weird and magical things had happened in front of her with just a flick of Dennis's wand. Still she wasn't used to it. However, Genevieve decided to just put all her attention on Andy.

"Well, before I found out I was a witch, I was always called Amelia. I'm a muggle-born, and when I met Dennis on the trains to Hogwarts, I told him I felt my name didn't suit who I really was, seeing as I have such snobby parents, so when I told him about my middle name, Andréa, Dennis came up with Andy, and everyone, except for my boss, has called me Andy from that day on."

"Neat story."

She sat down on the couch, and Andy, being a healer, saw some symptoms coming off Genevieve. However, Genevieve was only awestruck and was realizing why Dennis spoke so fondly of his best friend back home. "No wonder", she said aloud accidentally.

"I'm sorry, what was that?" Andy asked confused.

"Oh! Um it's a good 'no wonder'. You see, because your name was Andy, I thought you were a guy, well I presumed because, well Dennis never confirmed what sex you were, and when he would talk about you over and over and over, I thought he was gay, and you were a really, really, really hot guy. And now I know you're a woman, well, it explains a lot to me, basically."

However, Andy was gushing, and couldn't stop smiling and spoke out, "he talks about me?"

Genevieve smiled, "but of course he does, he probably spoke of you everyday! Wait a minute! Oh I see what's going down". Genevieve's kind smile turned into a playful and mischievous smirk. It was pretty darn obvious to her, but maybe it was a reaction from not seeing your

best friend in nine years, not knowing what was going on with them, when really, they were still thinking about each other everyday. 'Aww, young love'.

She knew Dennis would come out of the fireplace soon, because he was doing a last minute check on the house. In a split second, she felt eager to do something with Andy.

"Uh, um Andy, I know I've just met you and all, but can I do something to you?"

"Like what?" Andy asked looking scared.

"Um like THIS!"

In a few seconds, Genevieve had pulled out Andy's loose bun, which came out in some sexy looking locks. Genevieve pulled out her lip-gloss from her jeans pocket, and applied a light layer. It went perfectly with her eyes. Andy already had mascara on, so it was all done for her.

Surprisingly, Andy was not pissed off about this sudden approach at all, in fact she was laughing. The whole mini makeover didn't hurt a bit. Genevieve flipped out a compact mirror, showing Andy her beautiful complexion. She graciously smiled when she saw her reflection.

"I just thought I would add my famous touch, do you like it?" Genevieve asked hopefully.

"I love it", but they were interrupted by someone coming out of the fireplace. Before looking at anyone, he neatly brushed himself down, still not noticing anyone else in the room, he looked around and said, quite bitterly, "Home, sweet, home, hey Gen"

He looked to Gen, but was caught in a position where he couldn't move his head anywhere else. He could only look into her eyes. Andy's eyes. Andy became immensely shy under his gaze and looked away.

“Dennis, are you going to stop staring at this drop-dead-gorgeous girl, and greet her ever-so-kindly? I mean it’s been nine years since you last saw your best friend, I’m sure you’d want to at least hug her” asked Genevieve smartly, taking him out of his gaze. Dennis’s eyebrows rose to their highest. He knew she was up to something, and she also figured out herself, his obvious feelings towards Andy. God, what was he going to do?

Dennis walked up to her and hugged her tightly, just like he did nine years before when he left. She was the only one with the knowledge of him leaving nine years ago. Andy stood up and held him tightly back. She didn’t want to let him go, not again. Andy knew he was staying for good now, but she could never be sure.

“I missed you so much Andy.”

“I missed you too, Den.”

Genevieve felt rather awkward. Maybe it would heat things up, if she left.

“Um, Andy, could you just tell me where my room is?” Genevieve asked awkwardly.

“Sure dear”, Andy said breaking the tight embrace. Dennis looked a bit sullen that they weren’t still hugging.

“Just walk down the main corridor, go up the staircase to your left, turn right from there and the door at the end of the hall is your bedroom,” said Andy breezily. She knew this house better than anyone else, probably even Dennis.

“Thanks”, Genevieve smiled sincerely.

“Do you need me to guide you there, I can if you want.”

“Oh no, I don’t need any help, I’ll be fine, besides it looks like you two have a lot of catching up to do”, She winked at Dennis.

He went red with embarrassment. As much as he wanted to kiss Andy, he had many reasons why he couldn't. Sadly, he felt he was bad luck to her.

Genevieve walked down the long, main corridor. It felt like she was in a haunted mansion, but whenever she got lost, a lamp out of nowhere would light up, showing her the right way. The paintings were helpful too, it was most of the ancestors, and they couldn't tell whether she was a pureblood or not, but gladly accepted her, as one of the humongous paintings fell down and she helped it back on its hook. Finally she came up to a large 18th century door, which was black with gold outlined on the door design.

It was really a beautiful design, and she guessed that was the beauty in some pureblood things.

Turning the gold doorknob carefully, she placed her head around the door, and saw the most amazing bedroom, in the history of bedrooms.

It was an antique sort of a bedroom with a high ceiling, just the way she liked it. Andy sure had taste, but then again who wouldn't with her looks.

The wood slat floor was finely evened out. There was a wooden four poster bed, with a pretty set of bed linen, which had printed on it a design with light pink and roses and sparkling gold outlined each and every rose. Then pillows matched the linen and Genevieve's doll Daisy and teddy bear, Alfred, sat against the pillows, their faces still.

The wallpaper was a bit darker than the bed, but still suited it well enough. On the ceiling was a painting of angels in the sky; however, these weren't the angels that muggles thought so longingly of. These were the witch angels. Pureblood angels.

They were wearing ancient wizards and witches robes, and once again, were totally moving and talking. To her. In fact, they were insulting her blood type.

"You filthy mud-blood, what are you doing in this room, exactly?"



"I'm living here, and if you mess with me, which you really shouldn't, I'll get my guardian up here, and make you frozen for eternity so you may never call me names again, how does that sound to you, Hmm?"

The evil angels in the painting shut up, still sneering at her, which made her say, "That would include making faces, too."

Their faces now lay expressionless. Genevieve walked in the room into full view of the painting on the ceiling. They gasped.

"HEY! No speaking, and don't look at me so amazed, I know you've never seen me before, but God, you don't have to be all shocked, jeez."

"My goodness, the girl, she's one of them! And she looks exactly like her," said one of the pureblooded angel women, taken aback.

"What?!" Genevieve didn't know what they were on about.

"You, girl, are the descendant, of Eviana Napoleon..."

She rolled her eyes, knowing full well about her 'nuts ancestor'. "Look, I already know that, so you don't have to bag me about it, okay?" she said talking to the painting on the ceiling.

"Stupid mudblood", one of them muttered, loud enough for Genevieve to hear. She glared in the figure in the paintings direction.

"You insolent little girl, you shouldn't disrespect Eviana Napoleon. She has powers that no other can possess, and if you were lucky enough, you might've inherited the great seers powers. That woman wasn't mental, she actually was the most beautiful, intelligent, magically powerful, witch and seer to ever be born."

Genevieve snorted. "And let me guess, because she ran off with a muggle boy, she was thrown out of the pureblood mania you, oh so cherish", she said darkly.

"Don't you dare question us!"

“OH DEN-“

“YES, yes we did throw her out. But it was for her own good. She deserved what she got. It wasn't until after she was thrown out, did we find out she was a mind reader, a seer and a powerful witch. With her help we could have raised Salazar Slytherin from the dead so we could rule once more!”

“Okay, you are creepy, and you were going to raise Salazar Slytherin?”

“Oh he's only pretending to be all hateful toward you because he was in love with your ancestor”, said a decent one, shushing him up.

The creepy man blushed and muttered angrily to the decent one, “I think you should keep the secrets about me inside that mind of yours, Medocius!”

The decent one, named Medocius smirked at his companion. “You know as well as I do that the girl looks exactly like her, Peridian.”

“Peridian?” Genevieve asked confused.

“Hey, it's not a common name you know, also, I'm apart of a very wealthy family-“

“Were-” corrected Medocius calmly, looking away from Peridian.

Peridian glared daggers at Medocius. However he continued bragging about his family.

“Anyway, my family, the Selwyn's, is a very wealthy, pure-blooded family.”

“Selwyn, Selwyn, Selwyn, where on earth have I heard that name before?” she muttered to herself.

“You know, talking to yourself is one of the first signs of madness.”

Genevieve glared at Peridian. He looked away instantly.

"Yes, though at least mine hasn't died out. Medocius Malfoy, on your ceiling," said Medocius, introducing himself a bit more.

"You, You're a-a-a Malfoy? But you can't be..." Genevieve was unsure. She knew of the Malfoy's, rather well. Not in the social sense, but from the books. They were the most snobby, arrogant and rich of all purebloods. They were a tad egotistical about it too. Well, actually, a lot.

"Well of course, do I not look like one?" he asked incredulously.

"Ah, well, no really, they aren't as tan as you and you definitely have black hair", said Genevieve simply.

"Oh, that would be my brother's famous trait. How I hated his coldness towards the non-wizarding world, especially muggle-borns. Day in and day out, he'd complain to my mother and father about how they were in Hogwarts. They were proud of my intelligence my mother and father, and unlike many other pureblooded parents, didn't mind that I didn't loathe the muggle-borns like they all did. Luckily I was the oldest in the siblings; otherwise I probably would've been lashed."

Genevieve smiled genuinely at Medocius. He reminded her so much of someone, but she couldn't quite put her finger on the name that particular second. She went on exploring the room. An eighteenth century dresser sat opposite the bed. It had many old make up brushes and powders, and there was also a hairbrush and a few perfume bottles. It was really something.

Up on the ceiling was a small chandelier, glittering in the light. Dragging her eyes away from the chandelier, she looked out at the dark night, through her huge window. The curtains were a certain colour that matched the room and were light. Outside was windy, but okay for a walk. It was a full moon. The werewolves would be out, including Remus Lupin.

Remus Lupin was just about Genevieve's favourite person and she looked up to him. For years, she idolized him, but only thought herself

demented to be admiring a fictional character, but after everything that happened, he was definitely a real person, a real werewolf, and a real wizard.

It was still a bit shaky, this whole magic thing. Yes she was used to the fact that Dennis would pull out his wand and mutter some words and something would happen like a minor explosion, and that pictures in the mansion could talk, but it was still all unbelievable. She thought at the start it was some very, very, very, sick joke. But it really wasn't. It was all real.

Genevieve took herself out of her own thoughts and investigated a bit more. She discovered an ensuite and a humongous walk in wardrobe.

She took a shower, which felt extraordinary, but then again, it was probably some magic or something like that. Nothing in this place would be normal, ever. When she had gotten out, she looked around the room more detailed. The colours of the bathroom were of the ocean sea. Many blues and greens mixed in together, and there were beautiful mermaids all around, floating along the walls. Genevieve grabbed a blue towel from a neat pile next to the bath and wrapped it around her sun kissed body.

The one thing she loved about herself was that she had a nice body, it was tanned from the Australian sun, and because of her metabolism problem, she was the perfect body shape. Not too skinny neither fat, not one flaw.

She slid the door on the other side of the bathroom, revealing the walk in wardrobe. Rummaging through almost every drawer, she found a dark blue, long-sleeve top and a matching, dark blue, pair of skimpy shorts. Her hair was drying faster than normal, but remembered that nothing was normal in this mansion. Tying it up in a messy bun, she went out of the wardrobe and back into the bathroom. Genevieve was enhanced by the bench top and sink. They were dark green and blue marble colours. It was smooth to touch and looked very expensive. Opening up the cupboards underneath the sink, she heard many voices. She kept her distance, incase it was another death eater, ready to attack. Though she was wary, she realized that no one could fit in a bathroom cupboard.

Finally opening it fully, she found herself looking at bottles, tubs of face and hair care and make-up. Then who the hell was talking? Her question was answered as lips and eyes formed on the bottles logos.

Here eyes widened. Slowly crawling backwards, her eyes not reverting anywhere else, they started speaking to her at once.

“OH MY, girls, we have A LOT of work to do, look at those pimples-“

“And those blackheads!”

“And those scars!”

“So many imperfections that must be perfected!”

They started jumping up and down, but could move no closer to Genevieve. Genevieve was too stunned to move anywhere. Nothing they said to her hurt her fully. She was used to covering up her flaws with make up, but for the past two months didn't bother, seeing as no one else had seen her day to day, except Dennis, and now Andy. But the scars, weren't because of hormonal issues, they were there from the night of Eva's kidnapping. She hadn't noticed them in a while, but they were still slightly there. Fenrir Greyback scratched her, when he was backing away from her as she screamed. When she asked Dennis about it, he said it was no use worrying over some scratches, as they wouldn't give her any werewolf infections.

However, when she did try to cover up her scar, there was no use. All she could do was wait until it healed.

Frustrated and angry at what they were beginning to say, she slammed the cupboard doors.

“WE WERE ONLY TRYING TO HELP!” she heard the muffled voices scream from behind the cupboard doors. She got even angrier.

“Why does EVERYTHING in this mansion HAVE TO speak!” she screamed to herself. Slamming the bathroom door with such force the

bottles small screams of terror could be heard all the way to her new bed. Genevieve flopped on it, pulling all her weight down with her.

However, a humming sound made her lift her head up. It was a soft acapella sound. She slumped off the other side of the humongous bed and over to the window. She looked out to a forest with glittering yellow lights all around, only seeing a many trees and a small lake, with a pier. The only answer could be fireflies. Her face lit up.

Oh how she loved fireflies. One of her most favoured creatures they were. They definitely reminded her of home. But the ones back in Australia, never hummed so in tune. It could only be magic.

The only reason she moved was for the magical folks sake. As normal as she was, she wished she were like them, different to all the muggles, powerful. She wished she could maybe have her ancestor's powers, mind reading and seeing the future. She wished she were a witch...

Falling back onto her bed, she looked over at the time on the grandfather clock, which read three o'clock in the morning. Genevieve fell asleep in an instant, not noticing Pixy jumping up on the bed to sleep with her as well as a black cat known as Noir...

## Chapter five-

### 'The Reason'

A week after the arrival at Davies Manor, Genevieve awoke in her bedroom, clothes laid out on the bed, ranging around the colours of blue.

How come every piece of new clothing that was given to her was in the ranges of blue? She had been asking herself that question almost everyday of the week it seemed. Pixy and Dennis had been sleeping on the bed almost every night. Pixy always did it, but Dennis's excuse was that he was protecting her at night, as he did bring his wand with him every time. Personally, she thought he just wasn't used to sleeping in human form again and would miss sleeping on top of the duvet with her, instead of under it by himself. In fact, Genevieve thought he had a lot of cat characteristics when in human form. He would just have to outgrow that. Especially since she caught him licking his hand. Was that a laugh.

It was funny because whenever Andy came down for breakfast, he tried his hardest not to do any feline things around her.

Ahh yes, the awkward love between Dennis and Andy. Genevieve didn't understand why they couldn't confess their love for each other, get married and have a handsome son and a beautiful girl. It didn't make sense to her. They were best friends at Hogwarts, but apparently hadn't ever gone out, according to both certain people. Maybe something had happened between them that made it really, really awkward for them. Though it mustn't have been that bad if they love each other so much still, (yet they can't tell each other that).

Having a quick shower and getting changed into the clothes that were on her, now made, bed, the two protective cats were gone, Dennis probably back in human form and Pixy probably in the library where he discovered isolated, dark hiding places where he liked to play with the escaping rats and such small annoyances. Dennis was glad Pixy had taken to the mansion so well. It took cats ages to get used to new places, and because the snowy cat was kept in so he wouldn't run

away, he found many fun places. Plus, he was too much of a house cat to go outside.

Going back into the bathroom, her old hair dryer was on a hook. Taking it in her grasp, she turned it on. It was loud but it dried her damp hair in seconds. It was light and smooth, not brittle and ruined like it used to be. Magic was the instrument in this amazing fix up.

Going into her cupboard and ignoring the bottles that all shouted at her at once, she grabbed the bottle that didn't talk and slammed the doors closed to shut them all up. Andy told her that bottles were the hardest objects (other than most of paintings) to throw out as they were bound by magic by their last owners. Apparently, only the person vacating the room can pick them up and use them, but throw them out, not possible. They became nicer, after her skin began to clear a lot more, only pointing out very small blemishes. But they had to be nice; otherwise they would've leaked out how scary Genevieve's wrath was for the gossipy bottles.

Applying a light layer of foundation, mascara and bronzer, she pinned up her side fringe, which made her look cute and petite. Her hair was getting lighter, but she guessed that was because of the warming sun. Her hair always went lighter when it was warmer and her hair always went darker when it was colder or in winter. It was strange what her hair was like, but she got used to it. She had the theory that it was an affect. When she dyed her hair as a dare by her sister, it was winter, so it was very dark. Eva had dyed her hair blonde as they were supposed to dye their hair opposite to each other's. They both suited these colours well and had many compliments the next day. However, when summer came, their hair became lighter, but stayed permanently the colour it was dyed, which was very strange as you usually had to go back to re-dye the roots, which never happened as their roots grew the hair it was dyed, which scientifically never happens. Whatever.

She ran out of her room, saying a goodbye to the people in the ceiling painting, especially Medocius who had possibly become her best friend, even though it was unusual to have paintings as your best friend, but he was really good to talk too. Genevieve told him of her isolated feelings about the wizarding world, as she was no witch, but



a muggle who knew too much. He simply told her that her ancestor had felt the same way about the wizarding world as well, and he remembered telling her that, no matter who you are or what your choices are, you'll fit in somewhere, there's always a place to belong to.

Rushing out through the hall, down the stairs and turning a corner into the corridor to the kitchen, she banged into Dennis in human form and fell on her behind. Dennis took her hand and pulled her up. He looked excited but also a little afraid.

'I have a surprise for you, come and have breakfast, I'll tell you there.'

Genevieve followed Dennis; wary of this surprise she was to receive.

In the kitchen, Andy was cooking at a stove. Genevieve could smell bacon, eggs and sausages from where she was.

They were slid onto three plates while three glasses were being filled with orange juice from a floating bottle. Genevieve sat down next to the head of the house's chair, i.e. Dennis's, as he was the man of the house, while Andy sat across from her. They both looked like they needed to tell her something dire and important.

"Well?" Genevieve asked impatiently.

"Um Gen, we have to tell you something, something about you that you may not know or figured out yet," said Dennis slowly.

"You see, we got a letter last night about you from Professor Dumbledore. He's pretty positive about it too." Andy put in.

"So what is it?" Genevieve asked suspiciously.

"Um, ok here's an example, do you remember when you were about nine, you baked a chocolate cake for the new neighbours next door. Because you were only nine you didn't have the best baking skills you do now, and will, it didn't taste very delicious. Do you remember how the parents were nice about it, but their son blurted out how disgusting it was?"

“Yes, he was a frikkin bastard! HA, then he ended up liking me that fool!” Genevieve said loudly and triumphantly.

“Yes, and do you remember what happened to that cake?”

“Uhh, I only remember turning around and storming out, hoping the cake would blow up in his face, why?” she asked curiously, half laughing at the memory.

“Gen, it did blow up in his face-“

“Literally?” she asked bemused.

Andy and Dennis nodded. “I heard your parents talking about how the parents of the boy couldn’t stop laughing, because they thought the sodden little brat deserved it”, said Dennis taking a bite out of his sausage.

“Okay, so what about it then?”

“Well Gen, think about it, cakes just don’t blow up on their own. It’s a sign.” Andy, for the first time was being serious to Genevieve.

Genevieve understood what she was on about. Remembering Harry’s childhood life, he had done weird things when he was angry, scared, or just wanted things back to the way they were.

“If you’re telling me I’m a witch...”

Dennis and Andy looked at each other worriedly. They thought that she would lash out at them for not telling her this two months ago. Though that didn’t happen, she only asked for more proof until she could be certainly sure.

“The beach, you were six years old, and a bee had stung you” Dennis profiled perfectly.

“But I didn’t make it better, Eva...EVA!”

“Yes she’s a witch too, but what else happened that day when you came home?” questioned Andy already knowing the answer, but seeing if Genevieve did too.

It was all coming back to her. They had come back from the beach. They were getting out of the car, when Genevieve saw Noir (Dennis) across the road. He started to walk across the road and it was dark that night. A set of headlights was beaming and Noir was still walking to Genevieve. Genevieve ran in front of the car, knowing what would happen to him if she didn’t. She had no thought about what would happen to her, in fact she didn’t care at all, as she was a child and still cared for the small things and was pretty reckless. The car hit her, and she felt the pain, but it was a pretty lucky save.

“Yeah, I remember...” she said looking softly at Dennis.

“You know Gen, both you and I would have died anyway, if you didn’t want to save me and not yourself. With your unknown magical protection I would have lived anyway, but you would have died as well.”

“Either way I would’ve died basically?” she said a little sadly.

“Sadly yes, but someone else’s protection surrounded you. A magical and loving protection. Your sister’s, Gen, you lived as well because of her protection.”

Genevieve’s eyes were large. It was all too much information for her that it could last a lifetime. There were way too many strange events for her to contain during the past months. Her parents’ murders and her sister’s kidnapping, moving to England for ‘her benefit’, which is half way around the world from her real home. Living in a huge mansion, which just happens to be one of the most noble in pureblood history, finding out her ancestor actually wasn’t nuts and could read minds and see the future and was a pureblood as well, becoming best friends with a painting and to top it all off, after almost fourteen years she finds out she’s a witch!

“But you said I was a muggle, remember, you said that I was the only muggle other than Eva who could help the wizarding world! Why me?

Why not some other emo kid who needs a life. I had one before all of this, I was just mending it all and then it all happens to me! WHY ME?! WHY EVA?!" Genevieve screamed, running away back to her bedroom, tears falling down her cheeks.

Honestly, she would never wish for anyone to experience what she had. None of the despair, sadness, isolation and emptiness. Not any of it.

She collapsed onto her bed, sobbing softly to herself. The paintings on the ceiling could only look down at her sadly and sympathetically, pitying her crestfallen heart.

"Why me?" she asked herself quietly and breathlessly.

Genevieve had tried ever so hard to move on with her life, but she knew she could never be complete again. Maybe for an adult, it would be easier, and as much as she looked mature and older, and as much as she hated to admit it, she was still a child. It took children a very long time to grieve for the loss of their parents, because they couldn't understand why they would leave them. But it was nothing like that. It may have been fate for her parents, but that was because they didn't have fair choices. Giving up their children or dying for them.

And Eva? Well she had no idea where she could be. But she felt she was close. She had to be in the same country as her of course, because this is the only country purebloods would approve of. But was she even still alive?

A knock at her bedroom signalled that either Dennis or Andy was standing outside her bedroom door, trying to advance their way in.

"Go away!" Genevieve's muffled yell came from the bed.

"Please Gen, don't do this, I have to explain to you why you are who you are."

She lifted her head up and sat on her bed and thought about it and looked up to the ceiling painting.

“What should I do, Medocius?”

“I’m guessing you found out about your true destiny?”

“How did you know?”

“I may just be a painting my dear child, but I know a witch when I see one, even if they are in such disguises, I’ll know, that’s why Peridian called you a mudblood instead of a filthy muggle. There’s a difference to the many insulting names, which I know myself are absurd. But you are most definitely, a witch. I know you wish to learn more about it too, so I think you should let the young man come in and say what he has to say.

Medocius was a wise man, and was probably even wiser when he was alive. Despite all the hatred she had towards her ‘roomies’, which she regretted feeling, she called Dennis in.

He timidly walked in. Genevieve looked very upset and rather disappointed in her life. It had not been going very well, and Dennis knew it was really hard for to let go of her past. He could sense it every time she was talking about something, whether it was the house, her school, her ex-friends, her sister or her parents. Especially the places she loved best in Australia.

Sitting near the end of the bed not looking at Genevieve, but at the floor, he commenced with his speech.

“Gen, you must understand, that your parents did not die in vain. They loved you and your sister very much so. I know you ask yourself a lot, why it was you who was chosen for this particular responsibility, but fate chose you for many reasons.”

Dennis looked around at Genevieve who was listening intently to him, her eyes were bloodshot and her wet cheeks were starting to dry crustily, but she didn’t care at the moment. All she needed to know was why, and to her impression, he was dragging it out.

"You and Eva have a gifted ancestor, as Medocius has told you before." Dennis continued looking up at the ceiling

Genevieve looked up at the ceiling as well, to see Medocius Malfoy smiling down at them.

"Young girl, I happened to be this boy's conscience. He'd tell me everything, just like you do."

"Anyway, as you know, she's not as mental as she seems, in fact, she was probably the most sane person in her time. She was a pureblood, and when she married a muggle, well things for the Napoleon family changed. There was a new line, and not of the magic either, but it was still connected. I think you may know that the lack of magical ability is."

"Are you saying that the whole of dad's side of the family, were squibs?"

"Pretty much."

"But you said anyone connected to the wizarding world wouldn't be able to read the books, so how come Eva and I still can?"

"You passed as muggles when you were born. After a name like Napoleon dies out, well, you simply are labelled as a muggle. The last witch in your bloodline would have been Eviana."

"You get checked when you're born?" asked Genevieve incredulously.

"Not literally, they can't just give you an operation when you're born, to tell whether you're a muggle, muggle-born witch or have magic blood in you. It's just your determined whether or not, and it's never wrong, until Evangeline was born of course. It would have been the first mistake in wizard birth history, and they only realized it when you were born and sent off to live like a muggle. However, when the prophecy was made, you two were perfect. It may have been a mistake, but you probably would've been chosen to be a reader anyway."

"It makes sense now. But what do you mean, I probably would've been a reader anyway?" asked Genevieve inquisitively.

"Muggle-children may believe in fairytales and super heroes, but after awhile, they lose the faith. The lack of faith that makes the tooth-fairy disappear and Father Christmas become only a figment of their imagination, when they would see him downstairs, placing gifts under the Christmas tree. They forgot how to keep faith in all of it, losing it completely, never dawning on them what precious gift they've lost. Evangeline may be sixteen, Gen, but even she still believed in magic at her age. You because of the books, and as she already read them before you, remembering every significant detail; she will be able to go on with her journey. But something else kept the faith in your sister, I'm not sure what, but it definitely kept her believing in magic, and it's taken her a long way."

Genevieve could only think. She thought her life was rather plain, until everything changed. She thought that she had a bad past, and in fact a boring family. But that was when she found out her so-called 'nuts' ancestor, she started to see how important and special her family really was. She sighed, knowing now that she knew almost everything she thought she needed to know. It was time for her to move on, and definitely start fresh. No more feeble grieving here and there, this was the last day to live in the past, to remember everything that had happened, to try forget her old home and move on. Today was the last day of Genevieve Hazel Taylor, the sad orphan. It was now Genevieve Hazel Taylor, the brave, witty and most genuine girl you'll ever meet.

"Dennis I'm starting over. I know it; you know it and Andy knows that I very well need to. As a start, I'm going to place every piece of reminder of home, except my clothes and Pixy, away in the back-storage room. Is that okay?" Genevieve asked getting up, gathering every photo, but one, into her hands.

"Sure, you need some help?" he asked her looking at the toppling pile she was hiding behind.

"That would be very generous of you Den."

He took half the pile, walking out of the room. When Genevieve was out with her huge mountain of photos, Andy was standing outside, with a look of query. Dennis looked at her, a bit too long, but then answered by nodding toward Genevieve.

"I need them all somewhere I can't see them. Can you help, please?" Genevieve asked politely and desperately.

She laughed at them, turned to Dennis and said, "Are you a wizard or what?" taking out her own wand. With a flick, it floated out of Genevieve and Dennis's hands. Dennis took out his own wand and helped her along the way.

Genevieve was held back so that she didn't know where the photos would be. No, Dennis and Andy weren't being cruel. They were told by Genevieve to do so, and when she was finished with one of her longest journeys, she will find them and look at them. All of them.

On that day, Dennis planned for a trip to Diagon Alley, to get all the books from years one to three, as she apparently had to catch. According to the books, she would still be in the third year. As well as the infamous trio...



## Chapter six –

### Diagon Alley

It was the morning of the trip to Diagon Alley. When Genevieve remembered, she jumped out of bed as fast as she could, and got ready at the speed of light. She was happy now, that she knew she was a witch. It made her feel complete. Oh yes she still thought of her family, but most of the time, she always remembered her father saying to her, “When one is alone and in doubt, they should really enjoy their lives while they have it, because you only ever have one chance for it...”

Genevieve believed now that her parents really knew what that meant and lived it out.

That’s what always kept her from being sad and isolated from the ones that care for her.

She came down, and because she knew the mansion so well already, had taken a few of the secret shortcuts she had tripped upon whilst exploring her new home. Entering the kitchen, she walked over to the dining table. Once again, Andy was serving breakfast.

When they were finished, Dennis used a lazy spell to clean both sets of teeth. Genevieve felt the weird clean minty water rush all around her mouth taking away all signs of unswallowed food and furry-feeling teeth, making it disappear, making her feel minty fresh.

Dennis could tell what she was feeling and laughed. “I guess you’re not used to these lazy spells, not yet anyway.”

Genevieve smiled. Now she definitely couldn’t wait anymore.

They walked over to the entrance area where the driver was waiting for them. Genevieve rolled her eyes and looked at Dennis with an eyebrow raised as if to say, ‘ok, what are you, a rich snob?’

He looked defensive, and told her, “What! I can’t drive, and I’m sure as hell not going to let a thirteen year old drive a car, plus, I wanted you to see everything on the way, other manors, etc.”

She snorted in disbelief and laughed at his new expression, which was of mock hurt. Soon enough, he was laughing with her. They stopped when they noticed the driver was started to get impatient and he looked at them and how they were acting as they laughed at each other. ‘What strange ones’.

Dennis became very serious, when he saw his driver look at him questionably, which made Genevieve stifle her everlasting giggles.

“Ah yes, Eric this is Genevieve, Genevieve, Eric. Let’s just get in the car.”

Genevieve only realised that that was the first time she had ever been outside before. As she stepped out the door before Dennis, she closed her eyes and inhaled the fresh air around her. When she exhaled she opened her eyes. The front of the mansion was amazing. There was a lane, and on both sides of the lane, were neatly trimmed trees. It reminded her of the movie with Julie Andrews in it, when they go to that huge, Austrian house. It was getting warmer, but as she was so used to the cold weather back in Australia at that moment in time, she felt a bit hot.

“C’mon, I want to get going, so I can show you all the great wonders of Diagon Alley. Plus, it’s been almost ten years since I’ve last been there.”

Genevieve shrugged and slid into the open doors of the fancy black car. Dennis slid in after her, as the driver did neatly in the front seat. The inside of the car was bigger than it should’ve been and always the answer was, ‘magic’.

“The Leaky Cauldron is it, Mr. Davies, sir?”

“Yes, Eric, but just take a, how do you say it? Nice Sunday drive, I want to show Genevieve all the other Manors near our area.”

When Genevieve found herself staring at Eric, she looked away, knowing how rude she must have been. Eric the driver, had many scars along his face, and Genevieve did not notice until then. She would ask Dennis a bit later about it. Maybe I wasn't that bad anyway.

The car started smoothly, turning around the small round about that was in front of the mansion. Genevieve looked out of her window to see a nice gleaming sun. The spring leaves were nice and green and fresh in the trees as they waved about by the wind. She smiled at this pleasant sight.

They were coming out of the lane, into a deserted main road. Only a few modern houses were on the other side of it.

They turned right and kept going for a while, and it was rather boring as the car was playing any music.

She looked out of her window as bored as ever. The road was just like the laneway, yet wider. Without thinking she said aloud, "This reminds me so much of that movie, don't you think?"

Dennis turned to her, as he looked as bored as she was, and was glad some kind of conversation struck up right then. Her guardian smiled and knew what movie she was thinking of as he too looked out the window.

"You mean the Sound of Music? Oh yes I remember quite well when you used to watch that movie, over and over again," He said answering to her strangely amusing statement.

"I remember you always used to fall asleep on my lap every time I watched a movie. But now that I know you're an animagus, I'll just push you off, unless of course you're fully white and not black. The only other person you could trick is Andy, since she gets confused of which one you are!"

At this sudden comment, Dennis blushed deeply and Genevieve couldn't help but smirk, shaking her head.

“You know, when you love someone for over a decade Den, it gets pretty obvious after a while. So how do you think you’ll ask her to marry you?”

Dennis was blushing a deeper colour than before. Genevieve however, was calmer than him.

“Wh-What do you mean, G-Gen?”

Genevieve had another smirk playing across her lips. Though she wasn’t looking at him, she could tell his reactions were quite nervous. “I mean to say Dennis, that it’s practically out in the open for everyone to see and I’m surprised that you have admitted it to yourself yet. It’s been a bloody decade!”

“I-I still don’t g-get what you’re on about Gen,” said Dennis, trying to keep his cool, but Genevieve could see deeper than that. Plus anyone could tell he was acting tense.

“Could you excuse us for a second Eric?” she asked the driver politely. He responded by flicking his wand as a small wall between the driver and the passengers slid upwards to the roof of the car. “Thank you Eric.”

Genevieve turned back to Dennis and said as if she were speaking to a five-year-old, “You are completely, and deeply in love with Andy. I want to know why on earth it hasn’t come across your mind yet, though as you look at her like there is no other woman in the world that could be as beautiful as her, you still haven’t asked her out. Haven’t you ever heard about how best friends of the opposite sex ALWAYS end up falling in love with each other and get married and have cute kids?”

Dennis looked down, slightly ashamed of himself. Only at that moment did he admit it, but to admit it to himself, he had to admit it to Genevieve.

“You’re right, but I have my reasons for not going after her...”

“Then talk about it. Maybe in your opinion they’re good enough reasons, but maybe in my opinion they’re not good enough. Other than the fact you’ve been protecting my family and I for the past nine years, you must have wanted to hold her close to you, sleep in the same bed as her, place a ring on her left hand on her ring finger...plus, this may sound cheesy, but love will always conquer all...”

Dennis smiled gently to himself. He had remembered Mr. and Mrs. Taylor saying that when they were telling their daughters about how they got together. They were forbidden to love each other, as Genevieve’s mother’s family were very overprotective and thought that Genevieve’s father was not adequate for Susanne. But her mother had never cared about what they thought was superior of her husband-to-be, she was in love after all...

“Den, you’re going have to tell me why the hell you don’t think you deserve Andy. She loves you too, I know it. Just tell me why.”

Dennis sighed and said, “I’m bad luck for her. I mean, my animagus just happens to be a black cat, I was almost too late...”

“Too late for what? She didn’t have a boyfriend at the time did she?” she asked a little stricken. Dennis shook his head and continued, “No, she almost died...”

Genevieve let out a gasp and looked away from him. How could Andy have died? Maybe she had a cancer or a disease or something along those lines, but Andy looked healthy in the photos in her special albums that only Genevieve was allowed to look at. Though there was not a symptom in sight in those photos. Maybe someone tried to kill her. Yeah, Andy was apart of the Order; also she was a very beautiful woman, so there was that reason to be envious of her. Genevieve didn’t ever want her to die though, even if her beauty was over-powering, Genevieve had never dreamed of her being murdered.

After an awkward silence, Genevieve bravely asked, “How?”

“I-I-I was going to tell her my feelings for her one night eleven years ago. I was pondering whether to get her daisies or sunflowers, as

they are both her favourite flower, and it took some of my time and when I went to her apartment, I found her, lying so still that I didn't know how to react. It was lucky that she showed some sign of life, otherwise she could, would have died right then. I apparated to St. Mungos and luckily she was revived. I didn't think I could ever do it again. Her body was so frail...I just couldn't do it."

Dennis himself started to look pale, his breathing was heavy. Genevieve moved over closer to him, and hugged him as tight as she could. "Noir, Noir, Noir, do not be afraid of bad luck. It lurks upon every one and any one, even the luckiest people have bad luck. Don't let it stop you though, I have a plan brewing inside of me and I'll make sure, the day you confess your undying love to her, bad luck will be kicked away from the two of you, by me of course."

"That's sweet of you Gen, but even if you tried, it still probably wouldn't work. Andy's probably moved on. Who in their right minds would still love someone for almost ten years, while there are other men who deserve to love her and protect her out there?"

"Because, if you have noticed, women don't let go of their feelings just like that," Genevieve said while snapping her fingers at the right time. "Andy obviously loves you too if she hasn't had a boyfriend for ten years. You love her too Den, she needs to know that before she gives up on you."

The colour in his face came back. After all the talk they had, Genevieve looked out the car window for the rest of the journey. It was then they finally arrived in a dodgy looking street, with a few places boarded up, and according to Dennis's information, the shops had been boarded up and out of business, because of the strange happenings on that street. Of course, muggles who had no connection what so ever to the wizarding world, couldn't see the old pub with the faded out gold letters 'The Leaky Cauldron', the ASTIN Martin had stopped outside of.

"Shall I wait for you sir?" asked Eric patiently.

“Actually Eric, you can go in and have a drink, I don’t want to leave you here bored with nothing to do but wait. Just no Firewhiskey, we don’t want any accidents on the way home.”

“Yes sir,” said Eric delightedly, doing a mock salute to him. Eric opened the door to the Leaky Cauldron, letting in Genevieve in first as Dennis came in after. The pub was slightly crowded, but it was still easy to get through. Many strange folk littered the dimly lit pub, the bartender calling over Dennis and Eric. They walked over, Genevieve in tow, to greet the old bartender.

“My word! If it isn’t Dennis Davies, back from Merlin knows where after several years. How are you M’boy?” said the bartender cheerfully.

“Hello Tom, why yes it has been a few years, hasn’t it? Sorry, but I can only chat for few minutes, got to go shopping for a thirteen-year-old witch, if you know what I mean.”

“Ahh, so who is this young lady?”

“Umm-“

“I’m his second cousin, but we’re quite close, my name’s Genevieve Tay-Davies and Dennis here is my guardian.”

Dennis looked at Genevieve with surprise. How did she think of such a believable story like that? Tom smiled kindly, not noticing Dennis’s expression.

“What a strange accent you have my dear Genevieve, I’ve never heard of such a voice before,” said the bartender intrigued.

“I guess you’ve never met an Australian witch before then?” asked Genevieve.

“I guess not, well it looks like your dear cousin is getting annoyed at how we’ve been keeping him waiting. You go ahead and do your shopping, love,” said the bartender sending them off on their way through the bar.

Half to the back door, Genevieve lost contact with Dennis's guiding hand, and was shoved along the crowd of witches, who's bags of robes and supplies, pushed her aside and Genevieve fell clumsily to the floor. She felt the blood rushing to her face, beginning to go red. 'Did anyone see?' she thought embarrassedly to herself. A hand was shown in front of her, offering help to get back. Not knowing whom it was, she presumed it to be Dennis, but when she gripped it, it felt slightly bigger than Dennis's. When she was back on her feet, she looked up to the person who helped her to see a pair of yellowy-brown eyes. Remus Lupin, her inspiration, was standing before her. Her mouth dropped as she began to stutter.

"Uhh, I, thank-thank you, I-"

"Remus?" Dennis asked incredulously but happily all the same. He had noticed Genevieve lose his touch, and went searching for her in the bar. When he ran into Remus Lupin who just happened to be standing next to his so called 'cousin'.

"Oh thank Merlin, Genevieve are you okay?" he asked walking straight up to her, and checking her all over.

Genevieve began to laugh. "Den, I'm fine, really, I just got pushed over, when Mr. Lupin helped me."

From behind Dennis, Remus Lupin was taken aback, as the young adolescent girl knew his name already. Dennis smiled and looked over at Remus again, and Remus smiled back forgetting about the girl and turning to his old friend. "It has been at least a decade boy, where have you been?" he asked now hugging Dennis who tightly hugged him back.

"Oh I've just been travelling, and taking care of my lovely cousin of course, how are you?" Dennis asked interested.

"Me, I'm the Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher, but I don't think I'll be staying for long..."



“That’s great, I always knew you’d be a teacher at Hogwarts and Rem, you better not be leaving because of your ‘furry problem’, because it’s not a problem at all,” said Dennis seriously.

Genevieve couldn’t help but smile. She really was in the wizarding world. She knew too well of Mr. Lupin’s ‘furry problem’ and thought just like Dennis that there was no problem at all. However they were not werewolves, so what did they know on that subject...

Genevieve was looking at Remus Lupin with admiration, when Dennis finally realised that he should’ve at least introduced them, even though it sounded as though Genevieve already knew of Remus to well.

“Remus, this is Genevieve, Genevieve this is Remus Lupin, a teacher at Hogwarts.”

“It’s a pleasure to make the acquaintance of yet another Davies,” said Remus politely, while shaking her hand, “though you do actually remind me of someone, I just can’t put my wand on it.”

“Really? Well most of my relatives lived on the other side of the world and Dennis found me only a couple of months ago. We’re long lost cousins,” Genevieve explained.

Well, I’ll probably remember next time I see you. I best be off, I need to get back to Hogwarts, this was my free period. Goodbye Dennis, Goodbye Genevieve. Hope to see you both again someday.”

“See you soon Remy!” called out Dennis, as he walked away.

Remus shook his head and laughed. Genevieve stood on the spot, just smiling, but it was a natural small smile, not cooing kind.

“Well, that was close. I guess you read about him then?” asked Dennis who took her hand again and held it tightly so he wouldn’t lose her grip.

“Yeah I did, he’s such a gentleman, and he’s the last person who deserves to have lycanthropy...”

“Yeah, he is. But luckily he lives his life, sometimes not in the way we want him to, thinking his condition won’t get him anywhere, but he tries to understand. I just hate some peoples’ reactions toward him being what he is. I’m glad you weren’t scared of him Gen, I’m really grateful for that.”

“That’s quite alright, Den, but I know that just because he has a condition, doesn’t mean he isn’t the same person, doesn’t mean he acts like Greyback.”

Dennis nodded in approval. He was happy that Genevieve had some sense, and wasn’t afraid of such things, that others were. She definitely had a heart and was very brave. If she went to Hogwarts, she definitely would have been a Gryffindor.

They came to the back door, and Dennis pushed it open slowly, to see a few bins and three brick walls. Dennis waked toward the one opposite him and started to tap his wand on some certain bricks in a particular order, with which it started to divide and open up for them. All Genevieve could do was stare at the amazing sight before her.

“Wow,” were the only words that came out of her mouth. Dennis smiled at the awe in her voice. Ever since he was a cat she would tell him the great wonders of Diagon Alley, even though she thought it wasn’t real, and he had been there many times before.

“Well, we can’t stand here all day looking at the street, let’s get going!” Dennis said to her quietly. She smirked and took his hand and said happily “Let’s go”.

They went to the wizarding bank, Gringotts, and went down to the Davies Vault, which had not been opened in years, and when they got down to the vault, which took them a long time, as it was a very old pureblood family vault. When it was opened in front of her, she couldn’t believe how big it was.

“Whoa. When you said you were rich, you didn’t tell me at least half an acre of a vault rich,” Genevieve scoffed.

Dennis shrugged off his wealth, "Trust me, at least over a quarter of your family's life savings and bank accounts money is in here too. I didn't want to leave with the thought of some bank borrowing the Taylor family's money," Dennis said nodding.

When they took two big bags of the Galleons, Sickles and Knuts, they were off. They got all of her books, years one to three and all the supplies she needed. All she needed now was a wand.

"Hey, you don't mind doing this on your own, do you? It's just that, I uh, need to run an errand or two."

"Sure I'll be fine, anyway, it's only over there, but I will need seven Galleons," Genevieve inquired holding out her hand, as the other was filled with shopping bags of school stuff.

"Okay, let me just take these and send them to the car," he said taking the bags out of Genevieve's hand and setting down his own. He pulled out his wand from the inside of his robe pocket. Flicking his wand in a complicated way, they were gone, and like he predicted, probably in the car, as Eric was having a butter-beer and a chat to Tom the lowly bartender.

Dennis left and she walked over to the wand making shop called 'Ollivander's'. She was practically shaking all over. This was what made it official. She couldn't stand the idea of not getting one at all. That would have definitely made her depressed.

'Well, it's now or never, isn't it?', she thought. Genevieve took a deep breath, opened the old door, and walked in...

You like? I thought I'd live a bit of a cliffhanger when it came to the wand.

It was a last minute decision.

love the GeeTiger x

## Chapter 7

### Pixie Dust and A Strange Vision

Genevieve was in a shop full of what looked like shoe boxes, but were for the size of wands. This was too weird for her to handle. She had always dreamed as a child that she would come here, but she didn't think that one day it would actually happen.

From a dark corner, an elderly man, wearing a beaten old looking, brown apron, was walking past her, but not acknowledging she was here, as he was polishing a brand new wand he had just made. Genevieve was about to say her greetings to the old man, when he spoke before her.

"I was wondering how late you would be to get your wand, Miss Taylor. I didn't think you would be this early though. I was rather suspecting fifteen or sixteen, but thirteen? My, I'm losing my touch."

Genevieve's mouth was open in shock. As she quickly calmed herself, she found her voice and said, "I guess you aren't losing it, because you haven't even looked at me in your life, and yet you still know how old I am and who I am."

The old man turned to look at her. He was definitely the wand maker Ollivander. He smiled at her, as it calmed her down a bit more. "My dear child, you should know what I'm like already, you are one of the two, are you not?"

Genevieve was rather confused until he spoke again.

"One of the 'Readers', Miss Taylor, you are, are you not?"

"Of, yeah, I am."

"And I'm guessing you found out you were a witch? Yes, yes, let us not ponder here with such chat, and get you a wand."

Genevieve nodded. Ollivander could have been one of the 'Readers' too, but instead of Harry Potter's life, he knew Genevieve's and probably Evangeline's life.

He brought out at least twenty boxes. Everyone that she tried out, would not suit her. She felt really depressed now.

"Goodness me Miss Taylor, you must have been through at least thirty boxes by now, that's a record, passing Mr. Longbottom's record of twenty-eight."

"Oh, I'll never have a wand will I?" she asked despairingly.

"Oh nonsense, there's one you haven't tried that I have been thinking as a perfect match for you, and if it is, then all shall be explained."

"Alright," said Genevieve agreeing.

It took Ollivander at least ten minutes to return from wherever he went to get this 'perfect wand'.

"Here we go," he said placing it on the counter. The box was very dusty, and looked like it hadn't been tried or even searched for, for years. It was a black box that had a small warning on the side saying 'Please only use for right witch/wizard, not delinquents or foolish folk, and be careful handling it!'. But it was probably her last hope. The wand maker took the lid off carefully, revealing an unscathed, brand new looking wand, although, judging by the box, it must have been there in a wand store room, for decades.

The wand was a dark colour, but you could hint blue in it, if you looked close enough and for a very long time. Ollivander handed the wand to Genevieve with precaution. Gripping onto it tightly, she felt powerful, but not in an evil sense. She felt nothing was impossible. When she held it, a power of winds rushed around her, making her hair flow behind her. Out of the tip of the wand came a spark of welcoming. It was like the wand wanted her as its owner. She smiled down at it, like a child would when they were given chocolate.

“This is the one...”

“Yes, now everything makes sense...”

Genevieve turned to see Ollivander. He was now sitting in a chair, thinking carefully. He closed his eyes and massaged his temples and finally said, “Miss Taylor, I have only twice in my life have made two of the same wands. Mr. Potter’s and You-Know-Who’s, which I know you are very aware of, yes?”

She nodded and answered knowledgeably, “The phoenix feather that resides in both their wands, came from the same phoenix. So what resides in mine?”

“Pixie dust,” responded Ollivander simply.

Genevieve stood there for a second, looking bemused. “Pixie dust?” she asked now beginning to laugh. “You’ve got to be joking me? Of all the things I’ve heard before about how wands have unicorn hair or veela hair or dragon scales in them, I have pixie dust?” she said through laughs.

Ollivander waited for her to calm down. When she finally stopped, she asked solemnly, “You’re not joking at all are you? You’re being serious.”

“Why yes I am, Miss Taylor. It does sound funny, pixie dust. Another name for fairy dust or the elfish word for it, *magicia powdera*. Rather childish, though to the elder population, pixie dust is taken more seriously than you think. It is a rare, powerful, substance. It is so powerful, that even You-Know-Who dares use it himself. But luckily Mr. Potter wiped him out just as an infant, and he never got the chance to use it.”

‘So it’s not as childish as you think?’ said Genevieve’s conscience. ‘Oh shut up you!’ she thought to herself.

A question popped up into her mind as she thought over what Ollivander was on about. "Mr. Ollivander, what other wand has a connection to mine?"

"I sold the other back in the end of January, you would know them quite well..."

"I'm sorry to say so sir, but I know a lot of people quite well, even without ever meeting them. Everywhere I turn, there'll be someone I know, but they won't know me. You will have to be a bit specific, maybe a name would do?"

The old wand maker sighed. "I'm afraid I can not tell you that, Miss Taylor, as I literally can't say who, you'll understand when you're older...or maybe you'll figure it out on your own..."

Genevieve's eyebrows were raised. 'Why can't he tell me!' she thought annoyed. She huffed and a sigh followed after she gave Ollivander the seven gold coins and walked out of the shop, wand and all.

She found Dennis through the crowd in Diagon Alley, which was now dying down rapidly as there was only an hour left until all the night joints, restaurants and pubs opened up and the rest of the shops closed for the night. The sun was in a midst of a darkening sky. When they both met up, they told each other what had happened during their time. Of course, this meant lying to each other. Genevieve didn't dare tell Dennis what she almost found out; otherwise he would be on the case as well. She definitely trusted her guardian, but this was one thing she wouldn't be telling anyone, she knew that if she told someone, it would keep her lingering on the certain person, which she sadly had no idea who. Dennis just happened to be hiding something, but behind his back, in a cage with a cover over it. 'That looks interesting...' she thought sceptically, while looking at Dennis questioningly.

He seemed to notice, and looked away, holding it away from her sight even more. "So, we better get going back to the car, Eric must have

been waiting for a long time, and hoping he hasn't decided to start on the fire whiskey", he exclaimed.

"Whatever you say Den," she said smirking.

They linked arms, carrying all sorts of bags, and a cage, which began to hoot madly. Dennis flicked his wand and it was quiet at once. Genevieve smiled brightly; Dennis and Amelia already had owls of their own and he seemed to be trying to hide it, but failing terribly. 'Does he seriously think I'm that oblivious?' she thought, while laughing out loud. People stared at her as if she were a demented idiot. Blushing, she dragged Dennis as he was walking at a slow pace, which wasn't at all helping her humiliation.

When they were rushed through the bar, Genevieve throwing five of her own sickles as a tip, on the bench top, which Tom the bartender, took gladly in his pouch. As Eric had only drunken butter beers, he was capable of driving, in fact a lot faster than before.

Genevieve looked out the window, to see the sun setting. It really was a beautiful sight. Though she still believed it was only really beautiful when you were in the Outback of Australia with all the orange dirt and it was definitely a lot of a better view than the rest of the world. Sighing, she shook her head of such a good memory with her parent when they travelled across the country and remembered, 'I have a new life now, they're gone, I've moved on...or maybe I still have to...'

As she stared at the pretty sunset above the modern apartments of London, the dying beams blanketed well against her minimally bare skin, and she fell asleep in that minute. Dennis left her be, for she looked so peaceful, that he didn't wish to wake her up from her slumber. What he didn't think about doing, was checking her dreams...

Walking down a long and old looking corridor, leading to a very old, dirty cellar. A voice from the cellar was screaming, and it sounded very tired and strained, like it had been stuck in the cellar for years, but the voice definitely wasn't going to give it up. Though it died down quite soundlessly. The person walked up to the door, prepared to open it, wand at the ready for cruciatus curse. A man with a wand



silenced the creaking of the door. He looked around cautiously, not wanting his wife to have heard the screaming and yelling from the cellar. That was when the prisoner inside the cell started to do something he had never heard her say or do. She was singing...

"I am not a child now.

I can take care of myself.

I mustn't let them down now-

Mustn't let them see me cry.

I'm fine,

I'm fine..."

A piano began to play this sad and desperate song. The man knew there was a piano in the cellar, but it was old and broken and too magical to fix with a simple house spell. So how did it work once again? The prisoners voice was very magnificent, not a hint of strain like she had when she screamed, and her pitch? How did her voice sound so smooth and delicate?

"I'm too tired to listen.

I'm too old to believe:

All these childish stories.

There is no such thing as faith,

And trust,

And pixie dust.

I try,

But it's so hard to believe.

I try,

But I can't see what you see.

I try,

I try,

I try.

My whole world is changing,

I don't know where to turn.

I can't leave you waiting,

But I can't stay and watch the sitting burn;

Watch it burn...

'Cause I try,

But it's so hard to believe!

I try,

But I can't see where you see.

I try.

I try.

I try and try,

To understand,

The distance in between:

The love I feel,

The things I fear

And every single dream...

I can finally see it,

Now I have to believe:

All those precious stories,

All the world is made of faith,

And trust,

And pixie dust.

So I'll try,

‘Cause I finally believe,

I'll try,

‘Cause I can see where you see,

I'll try,

I'll try,

I will try,

I'll try,

To fly..."

The man walked down the stairs to the cellar, not caring if the door made a sound now. The female prisoner was now ready.

“Mudblood! Come here NOW!” yelled the blond wizard, turning on the dim light.

The prisoner, who was in a corner near the piano, slowly scuffled over to the scary tall blond man, wearily bowing down to him like she had been told and told over again by him.

“What services may I provide today, Master Malfoy?” asked the girl, teary from crying and wary of what could happen if she made any sudden moves.

“You will not be cleaning today, mudblood, you have now proved yourself worthy, enough. Do stand up.” Mr. Malfoy was actually holding his hand out to her. She couldn’t believe her eyes, and she was even more shocked when she took it and stood up. She wobbled a bit to the side, almost falling, but Mr. Malfoy pointed his wand to the ground, creating a soft cushiony floor, instead of a hard cold, stone cellar floor.

“You – You – You just – “

“Yes I know, now get up,” demanded Mr. Malfoy.

“Yes sir,” she answered afraid of him.

“Now, I’m going to explain to you what’s going to happen to you, mudblood. Only in private will I ever be able to call you a mudblood, unfortunately. Anyway, now that you have proven us worthy of living in the manor I have a new plan and life for you, am I clear?”

“Yes sir.”

“ You are now my third cousin, Evangeline Connet, not that mudblood last name of yours, however the first name is agreeable. Your parents were squibs, however you weren’t and you ran away, to be the witch you were born to be. You absolutely detest your close family, and only found a good resource of magic and a pureblood descendant, me. You’re a blonde and may I say so, young lady, very beautiful, so you’ll fit in as a Malfoy.”

“W-w-what?! A Malfoy, but you said it yourself! I’m a mudblood, kill me and spare this lie of a life! Please why won’t you! And why won’t you explain to me about all of this reader nonsense! And why the hell did you make me buy that stupid stick if I haven’t been allowed to use it for almost three months!”

Mr. Malfoy’s eyes widened in shock, how dare she backchat to him in such a tone. Though he didn’t yell at her. What was going on? Maybe it was the fact that she was one of these ‘readers’ that made her more powerful over him. Or maybe not, though she hadn’t a clue as to why he needed her so desperately.

“Because”, he exclaimed slowly, “You are not to be killed, you are much too important to be harmed. I shall explain all when no one except you and I are in the manor, and you’re a witch for Merlin’s sake, you could’ve escaped with your wand. I’ve told you time and time again, you stupid mudblood!”

“Back to mudblood are we?” the blonde girl said sarcastically. “I know what that means, I’m not as stupid as you think. Now, with all due respect, not that I have any for you, I would like to get out of this hellhole. Excuse me.” The young girl turned on her barefoot heel, walking toward the creaky old stairwell

“Miss Connet, before you go up, I must tell you, you have a superior voice. You shall sing for my family, everything I’ve told you, is it clear enough for you?” asked Mr. Malfoy, as arrogant as he could be.

“Crystal clear.”

She walked away, no caring how rude she was being to someone. Hell, she didn’t give a damn about what happened to her right then and there. Her whole family had been pronounced dead the second night she was thrown in that cold old cellar. The death eater had said it with such glee she thought she could break through the chains she had on her, become green and turn into the Incredible Hulk. If she ever met that death eater ever again, she was prepared to kill the bastard.

She reached the door at the top and turned around to Mr. Malfoy who was staring at the dirty floor and said maliciously, "You know, I'd love to leave you here, locked up in chains, like I've been for the past three months, though unfortunately I don't know my way around this 'manor' of yours, even if I've been living here for three months, I should be well aware of every speck of dust, but you decided to keep me here like a prisoner instead. You owe me more than this Malfoy. You owe me my family and well being. Is that clear?" she asked in a mock tone.

"Nothing less, Miss Connet."

The girl was surprised that he was so obedient to her. Was this man really kind and innocent? But no, she wouldn't trust him, she didn't know what he was like, then again, she was able to see things and hear people's thoughts. Now that was weird, ever since she had gotten that wand, she had had strange dreams about a red headed family, and strangely enough the future. It was like ever since she went to that wand store in a street that seemed so familiar to her, but only got to see a glimpse of because Mr. Malfoy forced her to shrink so she could fit in his pocket, 'Bloody wizard', she remembered thinking, ever since she went there and got that ruddy wand, which weirdly was tinged purple, she could see things and hear thoughts of other people.

It was a very peculiar thing, though she hadn't told anyone, not that she needed too, it was like a weapon to use against the enemy for information, though without really hurting someone.

As Mr. Malfoy, walked up the stairs to the ground floor, he looked down at the blonde girl and said, "You best behave when you are in this mansion, or everyone will get suspicious."

With this warning, she walked out the door, free from the cold nights and the desperate days of loneliness and depression, who would she be now? According to Mr. Malfoy it was now Miss Evangeline Connet, French pureblood, with squibs for parents and an only child, a third cousin to Lucius Malfoy and his family of pureblood maniacs. Evangeline Meredith Taylor was no more...

That was when it happened. Genevieve woke up startled and gasped, to what she had just seen in her own dreams. She was breathing heavily, not remembering she was still in the car, her eyes were wide and in definite shock.

Dennis looked around hastily at the sound and vibration of her shaking. 'Oh Crap, something's wrong, it's happening, it's really happening, I really should have researched that ancestor of hers more thoroughly!' he thought rather swiftly.

"AH! What do you mean researched my ancestor more thoroughly?!" asked Genevieve horrified.

Dennis blinked once, and it was a very long blink, as he was taking what had just happened in. "Genevieve," he said slowly, his eyes still closed, "Did you just read my mind?"

"I think, I think, I did, I really did Dennis...DENNIS WHAT'S GOING ON WITH ME! I just saw a vision and now THIS!" she looked desperately in Dennis's eyes, as if answers would appear out of thin air.

"You saw something in your dream, didn't you?" Dennis asked Genevieve calmly, trying to figure things out at the same time.

"YES, I BLOODY WELL DID!"

"Hey, is everything alright back there?" asked Eric worriedly, winding down the sound proof glass, which he could hear Genevieve's voice clearly through.

"It's nothing, Eric, just get back to driving us home, Gen is a bit distressed is all."

"A BIT?"

“Okay, put a foot on the accelerator, we need to get her home now, she’s too hysterical to be in a car, with full power of magic now, go! Go! Go!” Dennis ordered the driver hurriedly.

Everything was going way too fast; why did this all happen, and was what she had seen a true vision? Was her sister really living in a manor, presumably Malfoy Manor? Was she the one she shared the wand connection with? All she knew was that she’d find out soon, very soon.



## Chapter 8

### A True Napoleon.

Genevieve Taylor, or Davis, was in deep denial. She was definitely a witch and as she was told by Andy, 'a true Napoleon'. Apparently it had run in the family if you gained magical powers, except her father and grandmother and so on, we're all squibs, it ran in the family that you were a foreseer with dreams and a mind reader. God she couldn't handle that blow.

"Sweetie, you okay?" asked Andy with concern. Andy of all people knew that most major things like these had always hit her hard. Not the fact that she would start crying over this or anything. It was just happening all too fast for her to catch up and try understand the situation at hand. What she did understand was that her family and her ancestors were a peculiar bunch indeed.

"Yeah, I just can't control this new power, the reading mind thing, I can take the dreams, because they're not horribly disturbing, but the mind reading, well that is going to take a long time to get used too."

"Not particularly. All you need is practise. I've fully researched it, now. Anyway, all you have to do is concentrate on something that you enjoy doing and if the power is taking over that favourite things of yours, well you'll physically will have to do it. I'm sure we'll figure out something soon", said Dennis confidently, his arm around Genevieve protectively.

Andy however was still concerned about her, "Gen, do you want to tell us about this dream you had?"

"Um", Genevieve began, but decided against telling her two youthful guardians of her dream of her sister Eva. Wait a second, Eva.

"Not right now, probably soon though, I just don't feel comfortable, but one thing I need to ask, If Eva is a witch, then she must have the same powers as me, right? She is one of the descendants of Eviana Napoleon after all."

Dennis sighed deeply, "Wherever she is, she must have them by now. It's just uncanny, that you guys only get it now, instead of before...Gen, did anything happen when you bought your new wand?"

"No, not at all."

This response was a bit fast in her guardians opinion, but he didn't linger on it, he knew he would tell her soon enough.

"That's right I will", Genevieve said with a smirk on her face. 'I'm starting to like this mind-reading thing.'

She got up and walked to the kitchen to get some food, though was stopped by Dennis's strong voice which said, "We'll be starting your schooling tomorrow, you better have a good eight hours of sleep young lady."

She smiled and walked onwards to her destination once again: the kitchen. Once she was there she thought about all the things she would be learning. She knew some spells already because of the books, but would need to learn more than just those simple spells and those very advanced ones as well. She knew the worst thing that could happen was that it was going to be difficult. She smoothed out the bench top in the kitchen, closed her eyes and smiled as she finally realised that it would soon be time to use her wand. What a thrill that will be.

You like?? Oh what do you care! whatever, I'm still faithful to it. Anyway, if you read it, please do review, every striving writer likes reviews you know, as much as I like reading others, at least I have the decency to REVIEW!

## Chapter 9

Three and a Half Months Later.

It was the second of June, as the train had been delayed a day before. Platform 9 and  $\frac{3}{4}$  was filled with many young adolescent children, the youngest of them, yearning for their parents hugs and kisses, the kids whose age stuck in the middle of seventeen and eleven, thought they were way too cool to show any affection to their own family, while the elder kids were much more mature than that and actually did PDA's in public. Steam was billowing from the crimson red train, which was officially called 'Hogwarts Express'. A group of third year graduates stood close by to an area of pureblood maniacs, this teenage group would also be known as the Slytherin third year, now fourth year, clique.

A blond boy who looked as arrogant as them all was handing out invitations to all of them with the comments going along with them like, 'you must come to the Malfoy Ball', 'It's apparently going to be the social event of the year!' and 'I'll call you a blood traitor for the rest of your days', which surprisingly enough was a joke.

All the girls of the group were already talking about what they were planning on wearing, while the guys just thought about sneaking some Firewhiskey from the free bar that was written on the invitation. Draco smiled smugly at his friends' as they seemed so very excited about the ball of the year. And he also knew that one lucky pureblood daughter would be snogged by a Malfoy that night too, that was only if he was really bored though.

He felt someone tap him on the shoulder and knew it was his mother's straight away, as he smelt the French manicure from his shoulder. "Good afternoon mother, how do you do?"

"Very well, my kind son, there is someone I'd like you to meet. Say goodbye to your companions, you'll see them soon." Narcissa nodded to all of his friends in approval. They were all from pureblood families; there was no doubt about that.

They walked swiftly over to another blonde girl. Her hair was old fashionably curly, though it made her look very elegant from behind. She was wearing a nice set of fashionable wizard robes that were the colour mauve.

“Evangeline, turn around, you’ll finally get to meet my son!” Narcissa told her in excitement. The blonde girl apparently called Evangeline turned around at the sound of her name in an instant. There was no denying, she was a beautiful girl indeed. Flawless in fact. Still Draco was not sure, she had the traits of a Malfoy, beauty, a blonde and probably witty too, but was she a real pureblooded Malfoy.

His mother looked worriedly down to her son, who really was the same height as her, as he was very lean, though still muscle toned all the same.

“The low down is: she ran away from her squib parents, she is the third cousin of your father, meaning she’s related to you too, she is definitely a pure blood and a witch and she isn’t in the mood for muggles or muggle-borns right now, and she’ll want to get out really quickly, so shake her hand and welcome her into the family, you’re the one to seal the deal”, his mother frantically whispered in her sons ear. He nodded clearly understanding, walked up to the girl and said, “Draco Malfoy, it’s nice to meet you Miss Evangeline?”

“You too, and it’s Evangeline Connet and I’d really like to get out of this dirty station.”

She did her best imitation of looking disgusted with the obviously muggle dressed muggle-borns and half bloods. It proved to him that she was the real deal. He smiled his famous smile that made any obsessed pureblood girl go wild. He only ever smiled like that when there was a very pretty girl, and Miss Connet was definitely a beautiful young girl. Too bad they were related.

“Yes, I agree”, sneered Narcissa Malfoy to a few passers by. They stalked out, bearing their chests proudly on the way. Draco nodded to his friends, the guys were now staring at Evangeline, who smiled kindly their way, the girls admired her, as she was a Malfoy, and at

the same time they were envious of her, because of her looks and family. Well what they thought was her family.

When they reached a fancy looking black car, they slid in gracefully, as if they all came from finishing school, except for Draco of course.

Only mere conversation was there entertainment on the way back to Malfoy Manor. Evangeline decided to find out what the famous Draco Malfoy really thought of her. She closed her eyes, pretending that she caught too much sunlight in them, and she felt herself rush through Draco's thoughts. Checking all the bad things before the good things, she found that there were no dislikes for her in his mind. Only the most charming thoughts a guy could think of a girl. 'What an endearing fourteen year old pureblood boy', she thought happily in her mind. She smiled lightly to him as he returned it.

Truthfully, she was dreading meeting someone as obnoxious as Draco Malfoy, famous nemesis of Harry Potter, from the books of course, but maybe it was with people like Harry that he could not stand their presence, also like people who have a slight muggle blood in them, and that was in Evangeline's blood this second. Then again, Lucius had told her that pureblood men say that even beauty takes over blood status. Apparently she was one of them.

"Draco dear, I need you to run an errand for me in at least ten days", began Narcissa, "Evangeline will be helping you of course and has already agreed to it."

Evangeline nodded slightly in remembrance of the promise she made with Narcissa of this errand.

"Of course mother, but no need to be rude or anything, but we have servants for a reason you know."

Narcissa looked at him, making him shut up. "This is something we can't use servants for unfortunately, I'll need you to hand out some invitations to the other manors down our lane."

“Are you being serious mother? There are at least another 5 manors, and they are a couple of miles away!”

Narcissa gave him another look. He shut up again. “Yes I am being serious, and you won’t be walking for Merlin’s sake, you’ll be riding on your horse, he hasn’t been ridden in awhile, and the caretakers keep advising me I should let him go for a run, but because you weren’t there I told them to hold him back, as I don’t want a pure bred horse running off away. Do you know how much they cost! Anyway, we can’t get the servants to do he errand because remember last time we got them to hand out invitations?”

Draco sighed. He had remembered that fiasco. They had ordered the servants to go out and hand out invitations for a party they held a few years back. Not many people came because they thought the people who were holding it seemed rather snobby to send off their servants, instead of introducing themselves before the party. That wasn’t his mother’s most cheerful social event either.

Draco annoyed at the fact he was doing servant work sighed and asked his mother another question. “Why in ten days? And why do Evangeline and I have to do it?”

“Because, you two will be busy for the next ten days”, replied Narcissa. That was so like his mother to plan everything for him and the new family member, and it would always be very filled. “As will your father and I, and on the day your free week starts, your father and I will be going to the ministry for that business about that hippogriff escaping, you know as well as I that you want that half breed in Azkaban.

Evangeline knew they were talking about Hagrid the keeper of keys and the games keeper of Hogwarts. When she read the books she never cared for him that much, which meant she wasn’t so offended to their conversation about him.

“So it’s settled then”, said Narcissa breezily, “You two will run that errand for me, and then I don’t have to give out late invitations or look bad to the people I give them too.”

Draco sighed again, he really couldn't be bothered with such a task, but he was an obedient child and he did what he was told, plus he didn't want to be beaten by his father like last time... but maybe this would help him get to know the new girl a bit better...

It had been three months since the night before her teachings of magic by her guardian Dennis were to begin. Three months of tiring hard work, but it was all too easy, just the fact she needed to know each and every spell in the first to third year. She managed to fit in a year each month, and she was now free from it all, finishing her third year exams the day before. Andy couldn't believe it, when every month she seemed to be as smart as any fifth year already.

The answer was because she was so interested in it all. She had been dreaming since she was a child to learn the ways of the magic wand and every spell it could perform. She hated Muggle School though; it was never as interesting as magic. That's why she only ever got C's and B's and sometimes D's and E's, but never F's or A's. Who wanted to learn about science or history? Then again it wasn't much different with history of magic for her. Dennis usually gave her notes to read over before each yearly, more like monthly, exam, which she always passed with flying colours like the rest of her subjects.

She was now a fourth year; she liked the feeling of catching up, especially since she could spread it throughout the year now. When she had been home-schooled, she was an antisocial, not that she really had any friends her age anyway, but she only ever did homework, and sometimes in the middle of the night, snuck in a room where her old guitar was, so she could play some notes and now that she discovered it in her old spare room in Australia, sing as well. She also had another project she was working on: getting Dennis and Andy together. For some reason she always failed miserably, because one of them was interrupted when they were talking, for example, Andy's beeper went off right when Dennis was about to confess.

Now Genevieve had all the time in the world. Also the perfect plan that would not fail at all, as she thought of all the escape exits out of it,

even the most extreme ones, and had a bit of a bonus for them as well. She couldn't wait for the night of her fourteenth birthday!

As the three of them sat at the dinner table she started up the conversation again by saying, "Dennis, Andy, you know in ten days or so is my fourteenth birthday, I was wondering what you were planning."

Dennis and Andy didn't plan on telling Genevieve anything of the night of her birthday. They looked at each other worriedly. Genevieve's eyes went wide because she thought those tense faces were because they had completely forgotten about her birthday.

"We didn't", said Dennis reassuringly. "We just weren't really planning on telling you..."

"OH! So it was supposed to be a surprise! Aw how sweet of you two. But really, you guys should know me well enough that surprises and me are not a good mix, at all."

Andy chuckled, which made Dennis turn to look at her. He gazed at her dreamily. This boy was extremely lovesick. Genevieve snorted at him, which made him wake up from his daydreaming.

"So?" she asked curiously.

"We're not telling you", sung Andy in her best singsong voice while smirking all the while.

Genevieve pouted and used her best set of puppy dog eyes. It was always good to have big blue eyes and very long eyelashes. Andy only shook her head. Genevieve now turned to Dennis and he said, "Don't ask me Gen, I was forbidden to tell you. Just be patient for the next ten days, okay?"

"Fine", she said a little grumpily. When she was finished, she grabbed her plate, walked into the kitchen, and placed it in the sink, in which it magically disappeared. She walked back in the room, where



Dennis was now staring blankly at the table. Genevieve's first guess was Andy. She was ready to tell him the plan.

"Dennis", she spoke softly.

"Hmm?" he answered as if very tired, only to realize he was daydreaming again.

"Dennis, it's time..."

Dennis raised an eyebrow and said, "Time for what?"

Genevieve smirked; looked around carefully, to check if anyone was coming, pulled out her wand, and said an incantation Dennis had heard back in his seventh year. 'How did she know that spell?' he thought to himself, forgetting that his thoughts were out in the open for Genevieve to hear. Dennis, you forget sometimes that I'm a reader don't you? Anyway, it's time to put my brand new, full-proof plan into place, so listen up."

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GeeTiger x

## Chapter 10

### A Pleasant Surprise

Ten days had past and it was now the twelfth of June, Genevieve's fourteenth birthday. She decided to make herself look good because the only hint she got from Dennis, with the permission of Andy, that it was going to be an evening thing, a small get together of them three.

She decided to make an effort, better than she did for the past three months since it was only school and the only people she ever saw was Dennis and Andy. Now her face was clear from any possible zit or blemish, as magic came in good use, as well as those gossipy bottles of pimple cream and face wash. Her body was now in perfect shape, well a bit better than before, and luckily her Australian tanned skin stayed as dark as her normal British inherited skin, from her mother and father, could get.

She had just gotten out of the shower, where along the end of the pool sized bath was her evening dress, which she got for her thirteenth birthday and never wore because she was a bit too tom boy a year before. However things changed for her, her perspective in fashion had a big impact in this change as well. There were a pair of high heels, that weren't too stiletto like, though not kitten heel either. They were just a good height, enough for her to be able to walk without stumbling anyway. Before she put it on, she decided to put on some make up first, whilst the drier dried her hair and she set her wand to work.

Getting out some concealer, eyelash curlers, mascara, various eye shadows, tweezers, lip gloss (not that overly shiny American stuff) that made her lips look soft, some bronzer, a make up brush and an instant teeth whitening potion. Her eyes had a very sexy effect when dark eye shadow surrounded them. Her eyelashes were longer than they already were. Her hair was let loose, set with messy curls, which made her hair look a bit more volumized than her normal straight brunette hair. It wasn't as bushy as Hermione Granger's but it looked messy in a way that would make any boy goggle.

She put everything away, checked herself for any slight imperfections, which surprisingly they were none. She put on her black metallic high heels, which had a hint of gold in them. She placed her dress on her carefully, hoping that none of the delicate sequins would fall off. She slowly pulled out her now curly hair out of the back of the dress. Placing her matching dangly earrings, she fluffed her hair a bit and spread the dress out, hoping again the sequins wouldn't fall off and that there weren't any creases. Walking into her bedroom, she walked over to the full-length mirror that had an old fashioned design around it. When she looked into it she was amazed.

Many gasps from up above from her ceiling were heard. She smirked, as half of them didn't even like her even if she was a descendant of Eviana Napoleon that was until that very moment of course...

"Absolutely divine my dear child, you don't even look like a fourteen year old girl anymore." This comment came from none other than Medocius. She looked over to him and smiled. "Why thank you, Mr. Malfoy, I do say I look different."

"Different! You're still the same brat of a mudblood to me!" This insult of course came from Peridian. Genevieve was about to retort by saying she wasn't a mudblood, but it looked like everyone else in the painting bet her to it.

Medocius' wife was the one to begin with, "Oh hush you old fool, and you're only annoyed because she looks exactly like Eviana with her hair like that!"

"Can't you just admit the fact that you did and always will love Eviana?!" said another woman, which funnily enough was Peridian's sister.

"You're supposed to be on my side Orphelia!"

"Most of the time, yes, but every time you insult the poor child, it seems to be bloody well ridiculous! Admit it! You're just upset, after 289 years, that you weren't the one to marry Eviana! She was my best friend and I was at the wedding." Orphelia started it out lashing

at Peridian, but ended with a kind matter of fact tone to Genevieve. Genevieve smiled at this, most of the purebloods, except for that cowardly Peridian, had cared for her ancestor, even if she had run off with a muggle boy. She was proud to hear that at least back then, pride and family name wasn't as important to these people as it probably was to their parents.

"You best get down there, otherwise the plan might not go ahead as you thought it out to be." Medocius had helped her plan get on its way, for he knew that every attempt she made, never worked. Genevieve smiled happily at him, as he grinned back down at her.

She left the room, whilst turning off the lights, as it was already darkening outside. She would tell Medocius the future events in the morning. She was in the huge long hallway, walked slowly near the marble staircase and had a sudden thought pop up into her head. 'The guitar', she ran carefully, wishing not to trip, walking into the spare room, where she placed her three different guitars, and near her desk was all of her newly written lyrics and notes to go with it.

Her cat Pixy, was sitting on an office chair, while meowing happily as he saw her enter the room, in which she placed down everything in her hands, and petted him and rubbed his tummy. It was hard to go near something that reminded her so much of home...

When he finally decided he wanted her to get on with what she was doing, he turned around and lay down on the office chair, preparing for a little catnap.

She smiled gently, picked up her guitar and music notes and walked out the spare room, which was also called the music and Pixy's napping room, because he liked hearing Genevieve's calming plucking as she played the classical stuff for him all the time for the past ten days. He must have been reminded of home as well.

She walked down the marble staircase carefully and walked down a corridor or two, and found herself at the door of the dining room. She placed her guitar and music notes near the door, brushed herself and her hair down once more and turned the handle.

Sitting at the dinner table was Dennis, in a white suit shirt, with a casual dark, dark blue vest over the top and fancy suit pants with an expensive looking pair of crocodile style shoes.

He looked as handsome as he could get, as his dark locks were shaggy but at the same time neat. Andy wouldn't be able to take her eyes off of him. Perfect.

Right that second Andy walked in the room, her back facing to them, mits and all, holding a tray with a metal cover over the top of it. When she turned around, Genevieve had to blink a few times. She was wearing a strapless, knee length, white lace dress that had a black corset lace looking thing around it. A black ribbon was tightly tied around the centre of the corset thing, and in places there was black lace around the edges of the white flares of the dress. Her curly dark brunette hair was now straightened which made it very long, in fact a tad longer than Genevieve's. In her straight hair was a black Alice band. Her shoes were from the designer Zoe Wittner, which she recognized instantly because she had so many of them, as well as Evangeline.

"I am SO borrowing that dress at least a hundred times", said Genevieve gaping. She turned to see Dennis's expression. He was in a trance alright. When he realized it was Andy he was looking at, he shook his head, and smiled ever so gently.

'Okay, if that girl's heart doesn't melt now, I swear it's as cold as the Antarctic seas.' Genevieve thought, because Dennis's gentle smile could make any girl run into his arms. But she didn't linger on these thoughts because she then said to herself, 'Ew, he's my guardian!'

She then heard Andy's thoughts. Genevieve smirked as she heard, 'Does he like it, oh please I hope he likes it! Looks like he does! YAY!'

Dennis thoughts were also out in the open for Genevieve to hear as well and what she heard was so romantic book much? He thought, 'God, she is so beautiful, even with her hair straight, if only I could pluck up the courage...Genevieve GET OUT!'

Genevieve burst out laughing, both of them realizing she had probably read their thoughts. They both went very red, and then they started to give her a look of authority. 'Shit, I'm in deeps.'

"What?! I can't help it if I can hear your thoughts. Let's eat, shall we?" Genevieve finally said.

This time Genevieve was at the end of the table, with Dennis on her left and Andy on her right. Andy lifted the cover to the tray to see a chicken sitting upon it. It was a well done chicken and Genevieve was ready to take a bit as well as Dennis but they couldn't do much, since Andy put the cover back on and said, "We must say grace first!"

Draco got onto his horse while Evangeline was already to go on her new white pure-breed horse called 'Blanche', which was close to the meaning of white in French. The whole Malfoy, including Evangeline knew how to speak fluent French.

"Draco, hurry up, your mother will kill us if she finds out we decided to hand out the invites at this time of day!"

"Well it's not my fault we got along so well and had a fun day getting acquainted!" said Draco in mock offence.

Evangeline laughed at this and galloped away, with Draco and his horse, racing to catch up to her. Draco decided that Evangeline was going to be like his very close sister whom he never fought with. They both laughed with glee as they raced each other out the gates of Malfoy Manor.

Yes, without question Draco and Evangeline got along very well. Evangeline felt like she made her first real friend. She knew what his attitude was like before she met him, but he never spoke of muggles in front of her. Never had he spoken hatefully about anyone when she was with him. Yes you could say that they had gotten close over the past ten days, but knew they were going to be separated a lot those summer holidays, because Narcissa made many plans for Evangeline, which made a lot of Draco's plans cancelled, because his mother was going to some event the Lucius Malfoy and Evangeline.

Again, it surprised Evangeline that Draco didn't really mind that he wasn't going to a different event every second day.

The only reason Draco was a tad sad was because his and Evangeline's fun days were very limited. 'Man I need some more friends like Evangeline', he thought to himself, thinking of his cronies, Crabbe and Goyle. Then again, there was Blaise; he was always a good, pureblood Slytherin, trustworthy friend, who at least had a brain. At least neither Blaise nor Evangeline would praise or bow to him like he was a God or anything. Not that he didn't mind it from people he barely knew in Slytherin. But Pansy? That was plain wrong!

He couldn't stand that people thought that he liked that pug. She was worse than him, and that was very hard for himself to admit that. Sadly his parents were probably going to make him marry Pansy when he was older, to 'secure the family name's future'. Draco was all for his family name, but to conceive a child with Pansy was just very, very wrong indeed.

As Draco rode up to the last house on his list (Evangeline decided to split the list, as there were six other manors close by, full of pureblooded families), he jumped off of his horse with ease and walked up to the door, noticing that the post street lights outside this way humongous then the last two he went to, Manor were just beginning to magically switch on. The light was so bright the particular spot he was in could have been mistaken for daylight. He knocked the dragon knocker on one of the two big black doors. This family was definitely as wealthy as the Malfoy's.

He waited for about half a minute, when he heard a voice behind the door, it sounded very familiar, but it had a bit more youth in it. The doorknob to one of the black doors started to turn and there in front of him was...

Genevieve, Dennis and Andy were now in the lounge room, chatting away, as the plan struck inside Genevieve's head, when both Dennis and Andy stopped their conversation for a sip of their Firewhiskey, Genevieve decided to speak.

“Andy, I think you’re the only person who hasn’t heard me sing yet, am I right?” asked Genevieve innocently.

“Why, yes, you’re correct.”

“Then I must play for you! Goodness I’ve been saving my best song for you two!” she said with a matter of fact tone.

“Well alright then, I have been dying to hear you, go on, get your guitar now.”

The plan was definitely piecing into place. This was definitely not going to fail. “Dennis, could you summon my guitar and my music notes please?”

“Sure”, said Dennis whilst shrugging. He flicked his wand and the door opened as they flew in, the guitar, in place for her ready to play, and her music notes on a stand just behind Dennis and Andy. The notes on the stand were enlarged, just in case she needed them, as she already knew the song off by heart. When she was prepared she began to play...

“It's not so easy, loving me,

It gets so complicated

All the things you gotta be,

Everything's changing,

But you're the truth,

I'm amazed by all your patience,

Everything I put you through.

When I'm about to fall,

Somehow you're always waiting with



Your open arms to catch me

You're gonna save me from myself,

From myself, yes,

You're gonna save me from myself,

Oo oo oo oo,

Oh yeah,

Mmm, mm, mm, mmm.

My love is tainted by your touch,

Well some guys have shown me aces

But you've got that royal flush,

I know it's crazy everyday,

Well tomorrow may be shaky

But you never turn away,

Don't ask me why I'm crying

'Cause when I start to crumble

You know how to keep me smiling

You always save me from myself,

From myself, myself

You're gonna save me from myself.

I know it's hard, it's hard,

But you've broken all my walls,  
You've been my strength, so strong  
And don't ask me why I love you  
It's obvious your tenderness  
Is what I need to make me,  
A better woman to myself,  
To myself, myself  
You're gonna save me from myself.”

When she was finished, she strummed the strings slowly and calmly for an even better affect. Genevieve couldn't have been happier. Dennis and Andy were looking into each other's eyes, forgetting completely that Genevieve was there. She smiled and thought quickly of a way to excuse herself, thought as if right on cue, she could hear the doorknocker being knocked against the door and hard.

“I'll just get that”, she said awkwardly. She swiftly walked into the entrance room, where the two marble staircases were laid. She opened the very heavy black oak door to see none other than the blond nightmare herself. Draco Malfoy.

Draco had never seen such a girl his age, dress as if she were seventeen. She looked stunning and he couldn't help but stare. She seemed to be in shock as well. Genevieve couldn't believe Draco Malfoy was standing at her doorstep. But why?

“Good evening, Miss Davies I presume”, he said remembering at the front of the entrance was a plaque that said Davies Manor on it. ‘Stop staring you idiot, she'll think you're a pervert!’

“How do you do? Draco Malfoy I presume?” Genevieve asked back. She didn’t know why, but she couldn’t help but smile kindly.

“How did you know I was Draco Malfoy?” he asked curiously.

‘Damn I leaked something there didn’t I?’ she thought mentally slapping herself.

“Ahh, I um”, she started thinking of the best excuse. “Well, you certainly look like one to me.”

Draco frowned, “What’s that supposed to mean?” he asked, a little bit annoyed, a bit meanly and a bit embarrassedly, because he spoke in such a way to a girl who looked very attractive and had done nothing to him.

“Oh sorry, I meant that in a good way.”

“Oh! Of course, so how did you recognize me then?” he asked, now wanting to know what she thought of him.

“Well,” she started, walked out of the doorway and circled him in the warm night, “You have platinum blond hair, that practically runs in your family as I have heard, you’re quite tall and lean, but still have some body build in there, probably from when you play quidditch on the Slytherin team-“

“How did you know I play quidditch, and for my house team?” he asked looking deeply into her eyes, trying to seek an imposter, but there were none, she seemed like an innocent witch to him.

“Everyone knows you do. Isn’t it obvious, it’s in a, um, witch magazines and everything, the most talented seeker in all of Hogwarts!” Genevieve pulled out of nowhere.

He smiled smugly at this. “Go on, how did you know I was a Malfoy?”

“Your pale, but what English person would be tan? And there are your eyes... the grey in them shouts out MALFOY, MALFOY, MALFOY! But there’s a misunderstood sparkle in those grey eyes of yours. No one holds such a family name like you do.” It was true, she knew what terrible things his family did, which set him a very depressing future. In a way she felt sorry for him, especially because he was a very good-looking young wizard.

“So what did you come hear for in the first place?” she asked, getting away from pitying him.

“Ahh, yeah, right, that. I came hear to give you and your family this.” He passed her the invitation, in which she carefully read. Pure-blood seemed to be in bold or underlined every time it was written.

“Oh, I’m sure my guardians will accept gladly,” she said a little too quickly.

“And you?” asked a very hopeful Draco Malfoy.

“Um, I’m really sorry to tell you this, but I’m not full, I’m a half.”

Draco didn’t get her for a moment and realized she was talking about her blood status. He had a face of disappointment, knowing he was going against every thing he believed in, because he seemed to have taken a liking to her, too bad she was a half blood. He handed her the invitation and said, “You will give this to your guardians then, won’t you?”

“Of course,” she said a little rudely, but didn’t care, because he seemed to only care what her blood status was. ‘Stupid prick!’ she thought whilst she slammed the door in his face.

He felt a pain in his stomach and what he just said to her. What the heck was that pain; he’d never felt it before. He’d ask Evangeline tonight, she must have felt it at least once, as she was older than him.

What a loss. She was a beauty too, one that he sadly loss, due to her being a half. He got on his horse and sighed, pulling back the reins and galloping all the way home.

Meanwhile, Genevieve remembered how she left Dennis and Andy alone. She placed the invitation regrettably on a table where there were all sorts of goodies like chocolates and tiny snacks. She placed her head against the living room door, where sadly she could hear no conversation. She thought that one of them must have stopped talking, or Dennis messed up the plan, or the worst, they were dead.

She held up her wand close to her, just in case they were dead. She walked in and saw them, they were alive indeed...

Review

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Review!

And here are the sources in which I got these lovely dresses from (I know you'll be saying Andy's was a tad eccentric, but I didn't want to use the boring brown one I found for her).

Gen's dress: </shop/dresses/viewitem-PD355701>

Andy's Dress: </shop/dresses/viewitem-PD313978>

Andy's shoes: [.?catid112#](http://www.etsy.com/listing/112112112) (but think of them in that style but black, because i've seen the actually black pair in shops, and they're nice but the would never match the dress).

## Chapter 11

### Her First Letter

Dennis looked up as he saw Genevieve walk in and she immediately smiled. "So, I'm guessing you told her then?" she asked smartly as she looked towards Andy. She was as red as a beetroot. She just caught her two guardians, making out. Man was she going to put this against them at their wedding, which she was already planning, secretly.

"Yes he did tell me about the whole thing, then he told me he loved me and, things started going and then you walked in," said Andy, poking Genevieve's nose with the last three words. Andy then turned to Dennis and said in disbelief, "I still don't think the superstition of your animagi being a black cat was a good enough reason."

He smirked while he shooed Genevieve away, as he probably wanted to kiss his new girl, again and again. Genevieve rolled her eyes, but inside felt a feeling of a good deed bursting throughout her whole body.

She walked past, not caring about that son of a witch Malfoy's invitation. She looked at it and thought, 'how typical, a nineteenth century ball at the Malfoy Manor, pfft.' She then threw the invitation back on the table and walked up the left marble staircase, which led her closer to her own bedroom. She walked in and saw a pair of pyjamas laid out on the bed, as she did it before she went into the shower before her birthday dinner.

She bade goodnight to her fellow friend Medocius Malfoy, and fell asleep in an instant.

Draco Malfoy was sitting on a bar stool in the Malfoy's kitchen, where a house elf was pouring him a butter-beer, while Evangeline sipped on a black coffee. They were chatting about some stuff, before complaining about what they were doing for the next three months.

“Tell me what the Minister of Magic’s son is like, Draco. I’m to meet him in a week and Narcissa told me to make sure I made a very good impression. Is she trying to set me up?”

Draco chuckled at the poor soul. “That is very like of my mother, setting pure-bloods up. Well, I’m going to have to tell you the truth to save you from the shock. He’s as dumb as a two – year – old and drinks til he unconscious. Also, he is most definitely NOT good – looking. And I thought my mother would have picked better...”

Evangeline’s face was full of regret. What was she to do?

“Don’t worry, you’ll be fine, just tell mother the truth. She won’t take it badly, trust me.” Said Draco very wisely.

She took a gulp of her coffee and then asked, “So who’s this girl you were going to tell me about, hmm?”

The house elf left to do some minor chores before going to bed. Draco smiled as he remembered her perfect face, but then remembered how she slammed the door in his perfect face. He felt that panging feeling the pit of his stomach again, and now felt it was the best time to tell Evangeline. “Eva, what’s the pain I have in my stomach right now?”

“I don’t know, um, stomach ache? Cramps? Something along the lines of that?” asked Evangeline sarcastically.

“Not really, it’s different, sort of like a feeling, you should know, you’re a girl, girls know lots of things.” Draco was pleading for an answer, as this awkward feeling in his stomach would not revert.

Evangeline was very confused. ‘What is he on about?’, She sighed when she realized the only way of finding out was by reading his mind. She closed her eyes, and rubbed her temples, which really wasn’t helping in any way, but gave Draco a distraction so he couldn’t feel her roaming around in his mind.

She finally came to the conclusion that he was feeling down about something, which she had seen a memory of a door being slammed in his face, which she had to admit, was rather humorous. She figured that he was feeling bad about what he did or said to this person. She felt the same thing almost every time she had had a fight with her sister or her parents.

“Draco, have you done or said anything to anyone in the past day? One of the house elves perhaps?” she asked quietly.

Draco wasn't prepared for this question, but sighed and answered, “Last house I gave an invitation to, a girl my age answered, she was the most amazing thing I've ever seen. We talked and then she asked me why I came in the first place, then I gave her the invitation. She told me her guardians would be able to go, and when I asked if she could, she pointed out that it said purebloods only. That's when she told me she was only a half blood. Pity, I actually thought about opening up the first dance with her.”

Evangeline completely forgot that she was supposed to be pretending that she was an all against muggles, pureblood and said to him, “So tell me, what's stopping you?”

Draco was taken aback. “Excuse me, you did just hear that she was a half, right?”

“Yeah, so?” she retorted a bit frustrated. Boys were so stupid sometimes. Hadn't he ever heard his father saying to him...perfect. An idea struck up in her head, when she then smartly said to Draco, “You know, your father, and many other pureblooded men have said something about very amazingly beautiful muggles and half's, right?”

Draco was still not getting it, but then decided to just let her continue on with what she was saying.

“They say, that if a muggle-born or a half-blood have the equivalent beauty of a pureblood woman, or the beauty a Athena, one of the Greek Goddesses,” Evangeline explained, making it sound like a perfect quote, “Than they are accepted, but only just.”



“Okay, I get it. She is...indescribable. I mistook her for a pureblood before she told me. Maybe I could get away with it, but you’ll be the only one to know, other than that, my parents, the house elves who tell mother everything, nor anybody else, BUT YOU shall know, alright?”

“Perfect, so I guess you should apologize for whatever you said to her. What exactly did you say to her, anyway?” Evangeline hoping for not the worst, which he could have said maliciously, but you never knew with Draco.

“I told her to just give it to her guardians. She just told me she would, rather rudely, and that was when she slammed the door in my face. I was standing there like a lunatic on this girl’s front porch, until I finally snapped out of it and got on Valiant, and went home, and I had that feeling in my stomach each time I thought about it. So do you know what it is?” he asked helplessly, for he wished for it to go away, but this pain in his stomach would not go away by any potion.

“I know exactly what it is Draco.”

“And?...”

“Guilt Draco, it’s guilt.”

“...”

“Thought so, never felt it before have you? When I used to fight with my uh, squib parents, I would feel it too. It’s a feeling that won’t go away until you redeem yourself of it. Try by apologizing to this girl that you have obviously taken fancy too.”

“I guess I could, but she probably thinks I’m a prick enough to never even try to see my face again. That will make things even more complicated between us, and I just met her for Merlin’s sakes!” he said hopelessly, while throwing his head down to the table, a little too hard for comfort too.

“Then ask to start over with her! God, you boys always go on about how complicated females are, but the only reason we are complicated is because you boys make it complicated! And if it’s not you, then maybe women are just making it complicated, because they want to know if you boys care enough to fight through those complications!”

“Well, gee Eva, I never thought of it that way. You just gave me the philosophy and the understanding of females. Thanks.” Said Draco surprised by this outburst from Evangeline on women and the reason they have these complications.

“ Now, for that apology, I have an idea...” said Evangeline mischievously.

Genevieve was sleeping soundly in her king-sized four-poster bed, when she heard a tapping at her long and creepy mansion like window. “What on earth...” she said while trying to wake up, rubbing her eyes. She looked at her alarm clock, to see the time was two in the morning. She turned to look out of the window, to see a huge owl outside of it. She got up, curious as to whom would owl her and why they would at this time of morning.

She cautiously walked up to the window, hoping as to not have the owl attack her. Medocius awoke from his slumber, unlike the other people in the painting, to see Genevieve walk up to the window slowly. He waited for her to unlatch it to let the owl in. When it was opened, a gust of unnecessary wind flew in, blowing her curtains aside, the owl dropping the letter in her hands and flying back out into the very late night. Genevieve walked back to her bed quietly, hoping as not to wake up her ceiling portrait roommates. Picking up her wand from the bedside drawers, muttering the incantation, ‘lumos’, she saw it was addressed to the ‘To the fair maiden of the house of Davies’.

How corny was that?

Genevieve shook her head of this weirdo who sent her a letter at two in the morning, with the corniest name to give her. She wasn't even a real Davies!

She read the neat slanted writing, and realized it was from the boy whom she met that evening. She rolled her eyes and began to read this letter.

Dear Miss Davies,

I must apologize for my actions this evening, or may I say, yesterday. With a bit of convincing from a family member, and myself I wrote this letter for you.

Miss Davies, I never got to acknowledge your first name, as I so yearn to know it. I must apologize again for never asking. I was raised a gentleman and no youthful beauty like yourself should deserve to receive such rudeness from thy.

Please do forgive a forgetful fourteen-year-old boy, for blood status doesn't always count in my books. Or that's what I think now anyway...

I will know that you have forgiven me, if you come to the ball with your guardians, whom I would also like to meet.

Please don't throw that invitation away if you've already decided to never face such a senseless jerk like me. Just think it over, please.

Regards,

Draco Medocius Malfoy

Genevieve was very surprised, and the thing she found humorous in his name was that his middle name just happened to be painted on her ceiling.

"Miss Genevieve?" asked a voice from up above, which could be only recognized as Medocius'. She looked up at him and smiled. He

then asked again, "Miss Genevieve, may I ask what that is in your hands?"

"A letter, Medocius, from one of your descendants, who happens to have your middle name, it's an apology letter, as he this evening decided I was not good enough for his ball. He apologized for not being the gentleman he was brought up to be and invited me as well to come. That is if I forgive him of course."

"One of my descendants kept my name, well that really is an honour. Miss Genevieve, you do forgive him don't you?" he asked.

"I'm going to think about it Medocius, I really am."

Secretly, she already decided. Genevieve was going to that ball all right, as she wanted to meet so many of her beloved though evil characters. Then again, they weren't really characters, were they? She remembered the ball was to be in three weeks, enough time to prepare. She also remembered that blue 1800's dress which would be perfect for the occasion.

She put the letter in her drawer next to her bed, saying the reverse charm to turn out her wand light and placed that on the drawer surface. She went to sleep, dreaming of what was to happen at the ball, not that she wanted her visions to go into the future, even though they never were about Genevieve's personal, personal life. Sometimes her sister was in her visions, but never herself. So she highly doubted that she would dream of what would really happen at the Malfoy ball...

Like? Like?

Pfft.

REVIEW!

## Chapter 12

### The Beginning of a Very Beautiful Friendship

Draco Malfoy was sitting at a desk chair and was working on some holiday homework for the magical year ahead of him. However he couldn't stop thinking of her face. The girl who he knew as Miss Davies still hadn't replied to his apologetic letter...yet. It was the first time he had ever apologized to anyone, that wasn't his father, especially a half-blood. It felt weird, but still rather good. Like Evangeline had said, it redeemed him of his bad ways, well in front of Miss Davies anyway.

However, he felt regret, that maybe she wouldn't turn up to the ball, which was that evening. What if she was introduced to his parents? His mother would be fine with the fact that she was being taken care of by purebloods and was related to them, and the fact that she has some wizarding blood in her veins, but his father...well he wouldn't accept who she was, unless Evangeline's saying was true.

Draco decided it was better to be safe than sorry by not telling his mother or father that the girl he had taken a liking to only had half decent blood. It was funny though; how Evangeline acted though she hated any other blood apart from hers, yet she didn't really give just in front of him. He went back to thinking of Miss Davies after looking at a drawing of a lamppost in his History of Magic book.

He was still thinking of that stunning girl, when Evangeline came in, gasping for air as if she had been running a marathon.

"I – Hate – This – Bloody – Mansion!" she spluttered. She collapsed, not literally, onto his bed. He couldn't help but smirk. That would have been the fiftieth time Evangeline had said those five words. Truthfully she knew her way around very well, but there were those times when she turned a corridor and ended up in one of the parts of the mansion she wasn't allowed in. She would always run from that place, trying to find her way to Draco's room so she could complain about it. It always was she was on the other side of the house, while Draco's room was all the way on the other side.

“By the way, I didn’t get lost this time, I came up here to give you a message from your mother. But I forgot while bloody sprinting here. It was that important.”

His eyebrows raised and remembered that that evening was the ball once again. He turned to the clock beside him, which said half an hour til the ball was to begin. Draco eyes widened, he turned quickly around and told Evangeline that there was only that much time until the ball. She almost squealed, but decided against it, and ran to her room, which was only a corridor away from Draco’s.

On the bed lay her purple eighteenth century dress, with matching mask and shoes. No feathers of course, she couldn’t stand feathers.

She got changed and magically put on her own make up and bewitched her hair curlers to curl her hair into neat curls. She looked like she just came out of the ‘Phantom Of The Opera’ movie. Speaking of that movie...

Draco was awaiting Evangeline to come out and go down the black marble staircase with him, so that he wouldn’t look like an idiot. Plus, he needed the support.

She came out, looking as elegant as ever, of course, she naturally was already, but nonetheless, she still looked fabulous. She smiled nervously at him. He took her hand, so she wouldn’t accidentally trip on one of the steps. When they were down the bottom of the staircase, many guests had bombarded the entrance room, Evangeline found herself being pulled by Narcissa, so she could introduce her to as many eligible bachelors and other wealthy or famous wizards and their families, all the while of having a chat as well.

She gave Draco an apologetic look, and then was dragged off into the crowd of guests. Draco sighed. He decided to look for his friends. He took a butter-beer from one of the trays the waiter was holding and drank it all in one gulp, then swallowed and wished himself not such a terrible night.

Three very well dressed people entered Malfoy Manor. Lucius Malfoy was there greeting people who came in. He looked over the three people that had just entered his mansion. He took an interest in them almost instantly. Thank god they were wearing masks.

Dennis Davies was the first to be greeted by Mr. Malfoy. "Good evening, I believe you're our neighbour who lives down the lane, am I correct?"

"Why yes, I'm Dennis Davies-"

"You mean the last Davies alive? I know of your family very well, I'm sorry for the very large loss."

"Thank you for your condolences, this is my, er, wife, Amelia Davies" said Dennis quickly making up a cover story for Andy, as well as using her first name which she was only ever called by her mother.

"And this", Dennis said, gesturing to Genevieve, "is my cousin, Genevieve Davies, father's side, my uncle and his wife died, it's very painful for her to talk about." He whispered the last bit, and even though Genevieve's real parents were dead, she played along, pretending not to have heard, and smiled, eyelashes fluttering girlishly as he kissed her hand, although inside she was gagging at a forty year old man kissing her hand. It was too old fashioned for her taste.

When Genevieve was allowed to leave, she went to a downstairs bathroom, almost colliding into a group of girls, who were her age. She had fish eyes when she realized they were the Slytherin posse of their year. 'Ugh, not now' she thought depressed. They were all telling Pansy Parkinson how she would be the one who would dance with Draco.

"Oh it's got to be you Pansy! I heard he was going to snog you tonight Pansy."

"Yeah no doubt babe, you look too good to not be taken away into his bedroom..."

“Millicent! I’m fourteen; I’m not going to sleep with him!” although Pansy didn’t mind how far she got tonight...

‘Whoa slut much?’ Genevieve thought when she heard Pansy’s thoughts.

“Oh, looks like we have a little eavesdropper. Who are you?” asked Pansy while sneering.

“I’m Miss Davies.”

The group all gasped, as they knew well of the large amount of deaths in that family. A bad omen they were. Pansy stepped back as if it protected her from being cursed, even if she was curse free.

“Oh well, you don’t need to check in the mirror, you look fine, you can go now.”

“No, I think I’ll stay, as I do need to powder my nose.”

It so went along with the slutty jokes that probably worked well for Pansy. Pansy just sneered and walked out, her group of girls following, however one glanced back, and that was Daphne Greengrass. Intrigued by the girl, she only took one last look.

She hurried off with her friends again. Genevieve after five minutes of breathing, walked out, full of confidence, well what she thought was confidence...

Draco was practically sweating and the feeling of rejection fell upon him. He walked over to his good mate Blaise Zabini, because let’s face it; he was the only person you could trust out of the whole group.

“Draco, the life of the party, is down in the dumps!” he said putting on his best baby Pansy voice.

Draco shuddered at the thought of Pansy. She of all the girls will want something from him, which he did not feel like giving, and would have



made out with Granger, except, he wasn't in the mood for kissing Granger either.

"Look Blaise, I'm looking for someone-"

"What does she look like?"

"How did you know it was a she?"

"I know you too well."

"Okay, she's got silky, shiny brown hair, these amazing blue eyes, I don't particularly know what she is wearing but-"

"I'll find her in no time, are you going to look too?" interrupted Blaise.

"Yeah, of course."

"Okay well let's get this search party started!"

"Oh and if you do find her, ask her if her name is Miss Davies, got it?"

Blaise nodded his head quickly and went into the ballroom. Draco sighed. 'God she's got to be here somewhere.' He walked off to the entrance hall, just missing her back...

Blaise had entered the ballroom at the right time. People in the ballroom were staring at a particular girl admirably. Many males were surrounding her, asking her for a dance later on. She politely said 'no thank you', over fifty times, before throwing herself out of the crowd. She was the description, or the brief one anyway. He walked up to her slowly, waving to her, to see if she would see him and stop walking. Luckily for him she did.

"Good evening Miss Davies?" he asked ever so kindly. She nodded, a smile playing on to her full soft lips.

‘Wow, she really was a beauty, a pureblood no doubt, but definitely a rare breed.’ He thought amazed. He hadn’t known she was reading his mind uncontrollably and when he said such things of her, she couldn’t help but blush.

He thought that it was because he was staring at her, and told her, “If you’re looking for Draco, he’ll be entering anytime soon. If you’ll wait with me please.”

She nodded shyly. After an awkward minute or two, he appeared just as amazed of her looks than the night he met her three weeks ago.

“Thank you very much Blaise, for your help.” She said while kissing him on the cheek.

He was dumbfounded by the kiss on the cheek that he hadn’t realised that he never had told her his name, so how did she know it?

She saw him touch his cheek with shock. ‘Pfft, boys.’ She thought while rolling her eyes and smiling before Genevieve turned around and saw him. Draco Malfoy.

Draco was so relieved she came and so grateful to Merlin that she did too. He took her hand in his and said charmingly, “You look beautiful, Miss Davies, as always.”

She smiled her warm smile and replied, “As you look handsome as always, like a true Malfoy.”

He smirked; she made him sound like pure royalty, even though he felt like it all the time anyway. “Would you care for the first dance, Miss Davies? My parents will be forcing me to open up the first dance anyway, and you would be the perfect partner.”

“I wouldn’t say perfect, I’ve only ever been able to do the waltz once without stepping on my cousins toes or tripping.”

“I’m sure it’ll be a breeze,” he said smiling, once again using his charm to get her to almost girlishly swoon, but wouldn’t dare to act so foolishly or in other words, Pansy like.

He led her to the dance floor and the music began, and the band, were playing a song of swaying and of power, she liked the sound of the Middle Ages guitar. She was surprised when someone began to sing, a black man with scars on his face, had a soothing voice, but it was a very strong voice. To make sure she didn’t make a wrong move, she stared into his eyes, like she did when she practiced with Dennis and Andy. That was how she became a professional at dancing with partners. Looking deeply into their eyes...

“Bayaya bada bada bada bayaya

Bayaya bada bada bada bayaya

Bayaya bada bada bada bayaya

Bayaya bada bada bada bayaya”

“There used to be a graying tower alone on the sea.

You became the light on the dark side of me.

Love remained a drug that's the high and not the pill.

But did you know,

That when it snows,

My eyes become large and

The light that you shine can be seen."

"Baby,

I compare you to a kiss from a rose on the grave.

Ooh,

The more I get of you,

The stranger it feels, yeah.

And now that your rose is in bloom.

A light hits the gloom on the grave."

"Bayaya bada bada bada bayaya

Bayaya bada bada bada bayaya."

"There is so much a man can tell you,

So much he can say.

You remain,

My power, my pleasure, my pain, baby

To me you're like a growing addiction that I can't deny.

Won't you tell me is that healthy, baby?

But did you know,

That when it snows,

My eyes become large and the light that you shine can be seen."

"Baby,

I compare you to a kiss from a rose on the grave.

Ooh, the more I get of you

The stranger it feels, yeah

Now that you're rose is in bloom.

A light hits the gloom on the grave,

I've been kissed by a rose on the grave,"

"I've been kissed by a rose

I've been kissed by a rose on the grave,

...And if I should fall along the way

I've been kissed by a rose

...Been kissed by a rose on the grave."

"There is so much a man can tell you,

So much he can say.

You remain

My power, my pleasure, my pain."

"To me you're like a growing addiction that I can't deny, yeah

Won't you tell me is that healthy, baby.

But did you know,

That when it snows,

My eyes become large and the light that you shine can be seen."

"Baby,

I compare you to a kiss from a rose on the grave.

Ooh, the more I get of you

The stranger it feels, yeah

Now that you're rose is in bloom,

A light hits the gloom on the grave."

"Yes I compare you to a kiss from a rose on the grave

Ooh, the more I get of you

The stranger it feels, yeah

And now that your rose is in bloom

A light hits the gloom on the grave"

"Now that you're rose is in bloom,

A light hits the gloom on the grave."

The song finished with such ease, that Genevieve felt like lying down comfortably on the cold marble floor. Pansy looked furious, Blaise smirked as he looked at the two of them and Daphne Greengrass, the only Slytherin who considered Genevieve, smiled, hoping of course Pansy had not seen.

Genevieve had only noticed that there was a tinsy bit of blue in Draco's eyes. It showed the softness in his soul. She flushed when he was smiling calmly down at her. For once in her life, a guy was taller than her and was comfortable to be around, but then again, most British guys were taller and more charming than both American and Australian men, but she was pretty glad that it was that way.

She hadn't seen everyone else was dancing around them and clapped for the band and for them? Yes, they were clapping for Draco and her, the band were clapping and smiling joyfully for them as well.

She blushed deeply when Draco's cue to take her hand and lead her to one of the waiters for a drink, came in. When they were away from the staring eyes, horrendous looks, stamping of feet and sayings of:

“Lucky bitch”, “What is that slut Davies doing dancing with my Drakie-Pool!” and “AUGHHHHHHH!”

Draco and Genevieve started laughing when they were in a quieter spot of the mansion where only a few guests were, chattering about such things that could be classified as ridiculous.

“I think I got your girlfriend Pansy jealous!” she said between chuckles.

‘Wow she has a beautiful laugh- WHAT!! PANSY MY GIRLFRIEND?!’

When she saw the horrified look on his face she stopped laughing and said while shaking him out of shock, “It was a joke Draco...wow you really don’t like her in that way do you?” she asked unbelievably. Ever since she knew Pansy’s name, she thought that she were the person Draco would fall in love with because of her muggle hatred. But maybe she was wrong, as well as that stupid author Janette. Some things she had gotten completely wrong, she realized when she had been living in England for six months.

“No, I would rather make out with a house elf then even think about doing stuff with her.”

He was being very serious at this point in time. He then thought of something to talk about, hoping it wouldn’t offend her.

“Miss Davies, did you tell my father you were a half blood?” he was taking cautions, just in case she lashed out at him, and he didn’t want to be there when her wand was pointing at his throat.

“No I didn’t, why?” she asked coldly.

“It’s just – I – um.”

“Sorry, half blood got your tongue?” she retorted and was about to get up and walk away from such a cowardly person. But he stopped

her by grabbing her arm; it wasn't fierce, but gentle, like he didn't want to lose her at all.

"No it's not that, it's just, I know my cousin and mother would understand about your status and that I like you the way you are, but my father isn't as understanding to the subject. I don't want to not be able to see you just because you're a half blooded witch."

She sat back down and considered him. He made a valid point about himself that she would remember forever, as this was completely different to what he would usually say. Who the hell persuaded him that muggles and halves aren't that bad?

"So," said Draco, taking her away from her curious thoughts, "Do you plan on telling me your first name anytime soon?"

She smirked and said, "Maybe, by the end of the night..."

"You like being mysterious, don't you?" he asked smirking. Was she playing hard to get?

"Something like that, also I'm stubborn as hell sometimes and will get my point of any argument across pretty quickly and widely."

He smiled; he already had this girl figured out. He really liked her personality, and frankly the mysteriousness of her, was damn sexy.

Genevieve giggled at his thoughts, 'Sexy now?' she thought while still giggling. He frowned in confusion, and Genevieve covered it up by saying it was the look on his face that made her laugh.

They were conversing about Merlin knows what, when the Slytherin gang came along to ruin their fun. "Ehem", coughed Pansy aggravated by their pleasurable laughs.

"Oh, hello Miss Parkinson," said Genevieve still laughing slightly about what her and Draco had been talking about.



“Don’t mock me stupid whore! How dare you dance with my Drakie!” she hissed murderously.

Draco rolled his eyes, while Genevieve said to her sarcastically, “Oh, I’m sorry, did I torment your Drakie-Poo into dancing with me?” pouting for a funny affect at the end.

Pansy glared daggers at her, Genevieve just smirked, the rest of the girls who were supposed to be behind Pansy, were silently laughing, Crabbe and Goyle looked stupidly to one another, not getting what was going on, while Blaise just laughed out loud. Draco’s expression must have been the best though. No girl had been ever able to stick up for themselves to Pansy. They weren’t even close to wrecking her when they tried, but this girl had succeeded.

Pansy huffed and yelled at her, letting everyone in the room hear now, her mask violently falling off her face, “YOU’RE NOT HIS TYPE ANYWAY!”

Genevieve was taken aback. The last person her age who had yelled at her like that would’ve been her ex best friend, because she was jealous of her because the hottest boy in the year above them had a thing for her. Apparently it was one of those undying things too.

Genevieve got her butter-beer, and poured it all over Pansy’s front. Genevieve was pissed.

She stormed out, Draco looking pissed as well, but satisfied with what Miss Davies had done to Pansy, the last girl on earth he would date. Blaise quickly used a memory charm on Pansy and the outraged girls, except for Daphne because he knew out of all of them; she would want to remember the time Pansy didn’t get her way. Crabbe and Goyle shrugged not really remembering, because they were that thick anyway.

Draco, Daphne and Blaise ran off to find Miss Davies, leaving the others behind, who were clueless as to what had just happened, not remembering what had happened and Pansy looking dumbfounded thinking, ‘How come I’m so wet?’

Genevieve was rushing through a throng of people, when she bumped into someone on her way. "Oh sorry, I didn't see you there."

She looked up to see a pretty blonde girl, wearing a very expensive looking violet dress. The girl smiled down at her. Genevieve had no idea why.

"That's alright," said the girl kindly. She looked about the age of sixteen, and was a blonde; she must have been the cousin Draco was telling her about.

'She must be the girl that Draco was oh so lovingly describing', the blonde known as Evangeline thought to herself.

"You sound very familiar, have I met you before?" asked Genevieve curiously.

"We might have, you sound very familiar too."

"..."

"Well, this might help, my name is-"

"Ahh There you are!" said a happy male voice.

"Sorry gotta run, this guy has been after me the whole night, Minister of magic's son." The Blonde girl ran off from the horny predator, who stopped to ask Genevieve which way she went.

"Um, that way, into the ahh, bathrooms!" Genevieve said creating some kind of distraction while in fact, the poor sixteen year old ran into the ballroom. He ran in the completely different direction of the girl, while Genevieve smiled to herself. She walked into a random direction and bumped into the protective masculine and lean body of Draco Malfoy. Behind him were Blaise Zabini and Daphne Greengrass, the only Slytherins who were nice to her.

“Hi, sorry about the incident back there, I hope she isn’t a tattletale, if you know what I mean.”

Draco didn’t want her to get in trouble. He knew that the Parkinson’s would easily find out she were only a half if there daughter complained about her to them.

“It’s alright,” said Blaise smiling devilishly. “I took care of that.”

Daphne chuckled remembering their stupid looking faces. Genevieve looked at all three of them. Daphne wasn’t what she had expected in a Slytherin girl. She was very different. A pretty, dark blonde, almost lightly brunette, very pretty green eyes, but it was a light, invigorating, green. She was wearing a green dress and mask that matched her eyes perfectly. She had a petite figure and a half decent bust, not that Genevieve really looked there, she had and never would experiment that feeling for girls, then again, when you were a girl, you still notice when a girl has nice breasts, but still not swing that way.

Daphne also had a pretty smile, straight white teeth and all. Kind of like Genevieve, she had inherited her teeth from her mother, unfortunately for Evangeline, she had inherited their father’s teeth, and therefore she had braces for three years.

Blaise was definitely a one of a kind kid. A very handsome young man and almost of African decent, but not really. His mother was a beautiful woman she knew, and had had many husbands, who always mysteriously died, leaving her a fortune. Genevieve didn’t think though that Blaise was the type to be a gold digger, because he seemed to be looking at Daphne with utter love and devotion, and she was only a bit wealthy, not as wealthy as many of the people in the Slytherin group, but not too bad. He definitely couldn’t be a gold digger.

However when she looked over to Draco, he was looking back at her, into her intense blue eyes, which he couldn’t help but look into.

“Come on, let’s go up into my room.” He said it so quietly it could have been a whisper. Genevieve’s eyes widened. He looked shocked,

and then smirked and said; "I don't think I'd be wanting to do anything with you after the second time I've met you, plus I'm only fourteen."

She laughed, and from there, the foursome went upstairs, talking about the fun things and things they detested, boys asked girls why they're so complicated, funnily enough Genevieve gave Draco the same answer as his cousin, Blaise didn't stop staring at Daphne, who was talking to Genevieve about how her mother was annoying her about this arranged marriage thing with a boy from Croatia, which Daphne already had a plan of divorce, at the age of fourteen, while Genevieve had an incredulous look on her face.

"That system is still around?" she asked her eyes widened.

"But of course! It's the only way to keep purebloods together," said Daphne rolling her eyes. "The guy I'm engaged to isn't even the slightest bit nice or handsome, he's fat and ugly, just like his personality!"

"Kind of like Crabbe and Goyle."

Daphne chuckled. She was never close to anybody in the group except for Draco and Blaise, though she didn't hang around with Draco as much, because she knew there were consequences: Pansy's wrath.

As the night went on, for what seemed like days, which she enjoyed, sadly it was soon time to leave. Blaise and Daphne left with their parents, while Genevieve was one of the last.

"So do you plan on telling me what your first name is?" he asked, as he was very close to her now, that her heart skipped a beat and butterflies fluttered around in her stomach.

She smiled at him gently, which turned into a smirk and said, "I think you'll have to figure it out for yourself." She turned and left; linking into Dennis and Andy's arms, after giving Draco one more glowing smile before leaving.

Though they didn't know it, they both thought at the same time, 'This is the beginning of a very beautiful friendship.'

Do You Love It?

Whatever.

Please just review it!

## Chapter 13

### Fireflies & Woodland Animals

It had been three weeks since the ball. Draco Malfoy had never been happier about having a good friend, one of the best, best friends he could ever have and it was a girl too. But he still didn't know her name. He was going insane, just looking through ancient baby name books. But he still couldn't figure it out!

Genevieve decided to be nice and gave him the first letter, G. He guessed so many different ones that it was surprising he hadn't guessed it yet.

They were swimming around in the lake, close by their mansions, splashing around, and he was still guessing her name. She laughed at the strange ones he said, which he thought matched her personality.

"Unfortunately no," she said when he guessed Gemini, "But you got my star sign," she laughed.

"Gemma?"

"Nope."

"Gwen?"

"Nope, nice name though, in fact, it's my cousins name."

"Really, so I've guessed most of your family members names, but not yours, well I give up. I might have to call you G for the rest of my life."

"I'm sure you haven't said one or two obvious ones." She said persuading him to guess some more.

"I'm pretty sure there are a few hundred more." He said smiling.

Out of nowhere it began to rain, it was surprisingly cold, for summer. They got out of the lake and ran to a nearby forest for cover.

“G, you do know where we are, don’t you?” asked Draco looking around warily.

“No, it’s just a forest, right...?” she asked now slightly afraid of what might dawn upon them.

“The locals say it’s magical.”

“And we’re not?” she asked holding up her wand, “Lumos”.

“Isn’t that illegal?” asked Draco cautiously.

“Not when it comes to me, anyway a) it’s a measly lighting spell and b) our lives could be in danger,” she said with scared sarcasm in her voice.

“I guess you’re right, this forest looks pleasant enough,” said Draco, shaking his head at how afraid he could have been of the harmless forest.

They walked in deeper, as it began to pour down, the tall trees tops, still sheltering them from rain. Before they knew it, it was dark, and Draco checking the time, saw it was seven o’clock and his parents and cousin wouldn’t be back from the wizard races til the next day, so he was fine, but he wasn’t sure about G’s guardians.

“Do you hear that?” asked Genevieve, turning to Draco, trying to listen harder.

“What? Are you trying to scare me G?” asked Draco a smirk on his face.

“No I’m being serious. It sounds like humming...there’s a light, over there!” She ran towards the sound and light, her face became shocked of the amazing sight.

“Draco, come here...”

“What is it G?” he asked looking at what she was too. “Wow”, was all he could say.

It looked like a part of Neverland. Fireflies were everywhere, humming as they began singing different tunes, above and below trees, buzzing around, where toadstools were different colours, and the oak trees had small chipmunks and squirrels, badgers and beavers and all those amazing animals small woodland animals.

The fireflies started to sing a famous muggle 70's song.

“Is this the real life,

Is this just fantasy?

Caught in a landslide

No escape from reality

Open your eyes

Look up to the skies and see

I'm just a poor boy

I need no sympathy

Because I'm easy come, easy go,

Little high, little low

Any way the wind blows

Doesn't really matter

To me, to me”



“Mama, just killed a man  
Put a gun against his head  
Pulled my trigger, now he's dead  
Mama, life has just begun  
But now I've gone and thrown it all away  
Mama, oooo,  
Didn't mean to make you cry  
If I'm not back again this time tomorrow  
Carry on, carry on,  
As if nothing really matters”  
“Too late, my time has come  
Sends shivers down my spine  
Body's aching all the time  
Goodbye, everybody  
I've got to go  
Got to leave you all behind and face the truth  
Mama, oooo  
I don't want to die  
I sometimes wish I'd never been born at all...”

“I see a little silhouetto of a man

Scaramouch, scaramouch will you do the fandango

THUNDER BOLT AND LIGHTNING, VERY VERY FRIGHTNING ME!

Galileo

Galileo

Galileo

Galileo

Galileo, Figaro - magnifico

I'm just a poor boy, nobody loves me

HE'S JUST A POOR BOY, FROM A POOR FAMILY

SPARE HIM HIS LIFE FROM THIS MONSTROSITY

Easy come, easy go, will you let me go

Bismillah! NO! WE WILL NOT LET YOU GO!

LET HIM GO

Bismillah! WE WILL NOT LET YOU GO!

LET HIM GO!

Bismillah! We WILL NOT LET YOU GO!

LET HIM GO!

Will not let you go

Let me go

Will not let you go

Let me go

(Never, never)

OHOHOHOH

NO, NO, NO, NO, NO

Oh, mama mia, mama mia

MAMA MIA LET ME GO

Beelzebub has a devil put aside for me!

FOR ME!

For me..."

"So you think you can stone me and spit in my eye!

So you think you can love me and leave me to die

Ooh, baby

Can't do this to me baby

Just got to get out

Just got to get right out of here"

"Oh yeah, oh yeah

Nothing really matters

Anyone can see

Nothing really matters

Nothing really matters

To me”

“Anyway the wind blows”.

Draco and Genevieve clapped at the beautiful acapello, they had just sung. All the creatures saw them and ran horrified to see the humans. All the woodland animals, knew that the humans who lived around the outskirts of the forest were hunters, murderers of one of their most extinct animal friend the stags and does. Their deer friends.

They weren't prepared for the two of them. They just hid, hoping they would go away.

Genevieve noticed how frightened they all looked.

“I'm sorry we scared you,” she said carefully, walking out from behind the tall oak tree. She was wearing a knee length, flow type skirt and a white lace shirt to match the skirt. “I won't harm you, neither will Draco. You can trust us.”

They still didn't come out, afraid that they were lying, just like the hunters did to the deer's. They couldn't and wouldn't ever trust any human, not even an innocent girl like her.

She was a bit embarrassed to do it in front of anybody, but she knew it was the only way to prove herself to these small creatures. She sang her heart out.

“When you wish upon a star

Makes no difference who you are

Anything your heart desires

Will come to you”

The small creatures were poking their heads out, one brave little chipmunk came to her slowly, and as he did, she smiled gently at it, confirming that she wasn't a hunter. She picked it up and sang some more.

“If your heart is in your dream

No request is too extreme

When you wish upon a star

Like dreamers do”

“Fate is kind

She brings to those who love

The sweet fulfillment of

Their secret longing”

“Like a bolt out of the blue

Fate steps in and pulls you through

When you wish upon a star

Your dream comes true...”

They all gradually came out, applauding with their tiny hands, running up and down trees to tell others who were probably fast asleep and she giggled as they ran up to her shoulders, squeaking with delight.

They were all so cute. She felt like Snow White.

Draco stood by the tree, sliding slowly down it, his face in complete shock. ‘She can sing too? Shit, what can’t she do?!’ He thought incredulously.

Genevieve heard his thoughts; she had forgotten he was there, that he heard her sing. She became red and said, "I never really do that you know..."

"What sing like an angel?" asked Draco smiling now, the shock wearing off a bit.

By now she was beetroot red. She turned around and fanned herself a bit. Then looked back at him and said again, "Maybe we should get going..."

He nodded stiffly; knowing probably now was not the time to talk about how she had such a voice.

As she carefully picked every chipmunk, mouse and very small creature off of her, she waved goodbye to them all, but was stopped by a talking firefly.

"Excuse me, miss?" he asked loudly while landing on her index finger. She lifted her hand and smiled. "Yes?"

"Will you ever come back again?" he asked shyly. He was the lead firefly, who was the main singer of the acapello group.

"Of course, what is your name?" she asked kindly

"Julius, Julius Le Feu."

"I will, Julius Le Feu, I promise."

All the animals cheered in delight, and went on to their festivities of singing and dancing.

She walked off, smiling at what had just happened. She would remember her steps to that particular spot.

Draco found his spare broomstick and hopped on, Genevieve mounting behind him. She held onto his waist tightly, making sure

that she would not fall off like she had two days before when he zoomed off very powerfully and quickly.

She remembered that she began to fall, slipped off, and was caught after three seconds of falling. It was horrific.

Just like she predicted, he zoomed off, but this time she didn't fall off. He laughed at her facial expression, seeing it relieving. "Don't worry, I won't be trying to kill you, I would do the exact opposite", he whispered huskily, making Genevieve want to relax, but avoided it highly.

They landed by her mansion, walking in, apparently Dennis and Andy had gone out for a romantic dinner. They were both home alone that night. She honestly didn't like the thought of it. Staying all alone in a creepy mansion.

"Draco?" she asked timidly.

"Yes?" he asked looking concerned.

"I – I, I was wondering if you could, I don't know, stay the night?" she asked looking away.

"It's just, the mansion all by myself, I know I sound childish, but I know what it looks like at night, and alone would petrify me, please?" she pleaded.

He smiled. "Anything to protect you."

She looked up into his eyes; he was closing the gap between them, but pulled back when he heard a noise from a bush. Genevieve, flustered, walked to the front doors, and opened them, Draco following looking around to make sure nobody else was following as well.

They spent the night talking about home life, and what happened behind closed doors. Draco confessed that his father beat him with his cane, which Genevieve hugged him tightly for. Child abuse was a

big thing in strict families like that. She hated it. It was inhumane and insane. Nobody ever deserved it.

Genevieve only told Draco details of her past life. How her parents died, and the fact she was there, but only a thin wall away. How she inherited her voice from her grandmother, and how most of her extended family had died mysteriously.

They also came to the subject of her name.

“G, you have to tell me, I’ve practically guessed every G name in the books.”

“Well obviously you haven’t because you would know it by now,” Genevieve argued.

“Okay, give me the last letter than, please, please, please!”

She sighed, and said, “E, the last letter is E. Now try that Draco Medocius Malfoy!”

“Oh yeah, what’s your middle name?”

“Hazel.”

“Really? Pretty name.”

“Thanks, it was my grandmother’s, you know the one who could ‘sing like an angel’”

“Okay. G to E. Hmm... can I ask how many letters altogether?” asked Draco hopefully

“No.”

“Aww, why not?”

“Because, that would be too much of giveaway.”



“But you told me your middle name.”

“So? It’s not my first name now is it? And my middle name doesn’t give my first name away.”

“Okay, I’ll figure it out one day.”

“Yes, you will.”

She went into the bathroom to get changed into her pyjama’s, and grabbed Draco a pair of boy’s pyjama pants, that used to be her cousin Luke’s, but he was most likely dead by now, as she hadn’t heard from him in years. They had been cleaned so many times, and stretched out by Andy’s magic cleaning skills.

She couldn’t find him a decent top to wear, and decided that he could live for one night, without a pyjama top.

She came out, embarrassed for the fiftieth time that night and said, “I couldn’t find you a top... but I have pants.” Draco smirked. “What?! No I seriously can’t find any!”

“That’s what they all say,” he muttered under his breath.

“Sorry what?” she asked confused.

“I said I believe you.”

“Uhuh”, said Genevieve uncertainly.

She walked out and hollered, “I’ll be in the kitchen if you need me!”

When he got out of his wet clothes, he put on the silk green pyjama pants, stretching his every limb, as he was sore from that long walk in the forest.

He began to walk downstairs, to see his dream girl.

Genevieve had been roaming around in her silk blue nightgown, and silk blue robe. It was a warm night she could feel, and decided to get a butter-beer.

She was bored, and didn't like the silence in the room, so she walked into the reading room, where the fire was a blaze in the place, under the mantelpiece. She turned on the radio, as it was the only media entertainment in the wizarding world.

“Do you believe in magic? Yeah.

Believe in the magic in a young girl's soul

Believe in the magic of rock n roll

Believe in the magic that can set you free

Ohhhh, talkin' bout magic”

‘Bloody try-hard pop star singers’, thought Genevieve annoyed.

She turned the dial of the radio again, catching a news station, about Sirius Black. It was funny these casts of him being evil and dangerous, and even though magic could help aurors unravel mysteries, they were most of the time wrong. Stupid aurors.

“You idiots, Sirius Black is innocent! He would never help that scumbag Vol-“ her last word was muffled by none other than Mr. Malfoy.

“What do you think you're doing?!” he asked horrified, as she was about to say his name.

“What Volde-“

“DON'T SAY IT!” he yelled frantically but furiously. ‘Merlin, how reckless can this girl be?’

When she was out of his grip, she looked around at him and glared. He never liked receiving one of her glares.

“Please don’t say the dark lord’s name.” he pleaded taking her hand softly in his.

“Fear of a name, only increases fear of the thing itself.” She said sliding her hand out of his. “Besides it’s not like it’s his real name. I’m sorry Draco, but I do not fear such a heartless old coward like him, I pity him, for he has no one to love because his heart is that black and cold.”

“You speak as if he’s still alive...”

“Well if he’s dead, why is everyone so afraid to say his name? It really tells the society that he is still out there, somewhere, as weak as he could ever be, drinking the blood of another just so he can stay alive.”

Draco had a flashback of himself as a first year, doing detention with his enemy, Potter and a creepy old cloaked creature drinking from the body of a freshly killed unicorn, it haunted his dreams for two years straight. It sent a shiver down his spine just thinking about it. Was that creature, him?

Draco was then confused as to why she hadn’t said his name fully yet.

“Why haven’t you said it yet?”

“His name?”

“Yeah.”

“Do you want me to say it?”

“NO!”

“Exactly my point, you fear it and I respect that you do, so I won’t say it.”

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.”

She walked over to the long French mansion window, and opened up the curtains to see it was still raining. She sighed. She felt Draco’s arms wrap around her waist. She promised herself not to get too close to him, flirting was okay, but this.

She felt him trying to twist her around so he could finally have that moment with her, but secretly pulling out her wand, she pointed it at herself, and found herself fainting. She dropped in his arms and he realized what had happened. “Probably from all the excitement.” He said aloud.

Picking her up, he held her closely in his arms, carrying her all the way back upstairs to her room. She wasn’t as light as a baby, but she wasn’t as heavy as any average fourteen year old girl.

He laid her down on her bed, taking off the robes to make sure she wasn’t as sweaty as a pig during the night. He stared down at her, softly smiling. He could look at her in any way, as a best friend, and as the girl he liked for six weeks now.

He fell asleep on her bed next to her, over the covers, Medocius looking down at the two of them.

“Lookey here Peridian, one of my brothers descendants, with one of Eviana’s descendants, not your descendant Theodore Nott.”

“Shut up you old Badger.”

Medocius smirked. “Yes, I see big things for these two...”

Review?

GeeTigerx

## Chapter 14

### The Moment

Draco was back in Malfoy Manor, his parents were going to visit a family member and Evangeline was with Draco, helping him figure out this girl's name. They were both in the humongous library, looking through books and books of G names.

"Does the middle name ever give away the first name?" asked Draco hopefully.

"Of course not! The middle name is the middle name, it never gives any clues to the first name," said Evangeline matter-of-factly.

"Okay, help me think of a name that begins with G and ends in E."

Evangeline thought for a while and then a sad thought popped up into her head. Her sister's name started with G and ended in E, and it was a pretty common name, well that was what she thought anyway.

"Hmm, Genie isn't a proper name is it?" asked Draco still looking through books and books, flipping various pages.

"Genevieve."

"Sorry?"

"Genevieve." Repeated Evangeline, who was staring blankly at a page.

"Bu that's not even a-"

"Draco she a half-blood, remember? It doesn't particularly mean she'll have a pureblood name now will it?" she stated clearly.

Draco considered and closed the books. 'Genevieve'. 'Genevieve Hazel', 'Genevieve Davies', 'Genevieve Hazel Davies'.

However Evangeline was too busy in her own mind to bother to look into Draco's to hear he sister's name to be said over and over again.

She sighed. If it were this girl's name, it would only be a coincidence it was. Only a coincidence. Right...?

Draco got up and ran to the door, Evangeline waking from her thoughts and yelling across the abandoned library, "Where are you going?"

"To see her!"

"You do know it's raining right?"

"Is that stopping me?" asked Draco smiling. He walked out of the library, and through all the shortcuts of the mansion, leading to the entrance hall, where a house elf was waiting with a black trench coat.

"Master Draco best be careful in this storm, Selby is afraids you'll gets a cold in the rain, sir."

"Thanks Selby," he said while buttoning up the coat, "but I'll be fine, fetch my broomstick for me will you." He added.

Selby the house elf sighed. She clicked her fingers and his Nimbus 2001 came towards him. He mounted and soared into the wet rain, in the direction of Davies Manor...

Genevieve was playing guitar in the reading room, while Andy and Dennis cooked dinner together, while flirting and all that and probably burning dinner. God forbid love. She was singing a song she had always loved, since it came out. It was one of her mother's favourites too.

"Just like a star across my sky,

Just like an angel off the page,

You have appeared to my life,

Feel like I'll never be the same,

Just like a song in my heart,

Just like oil on my hands,

Honour to love you"

There was a knock on the heavy doors, and Dennis yelled out to Genevieve, "Gen, will you get that, love?" as Andy squealed with laughter as Dennis tickled her all over.

"Fine, just make sure I get fed tonight."

"We heard that!" they yelled in unison.

She rolled her eyes, placed her guitar down and hummed the tune she was just singing and playing whilst walking over to the door.

When she opened one of the doors, she found herself staring at Draco with the utmost shock.

"Are you mad Draco?! What are you doing in this storm?" she said trying to pull his shivering body inside, but he hesitated and pulled her close to him in the rain. He was looking closely into her eyes. She had finally accepted that this much space between them wasn't enough, but why wasn't she pulling back? He had something to say, and she could feel it. Was it 'I like you', or 'I MUST HAVE YOU!' and ravish her, until she had no choice? No, it wasn't close...

"Genevieve, I wanted to see Genevieve Hazel Davies..." he whispered. She looked into his eyes amazed. She was getting drenched, but she didn't have a care in the world. She smiled happily and asked smartly, "Yes?"

He smiled, picked her up and pulled her into the most romantic kiss; she felt she would ever have. His hand was in her wet hair as hers



was in sync. Her legs were lifted off the ground and when they were put back down, didn't mean that they were stopping there kiss just yet.

He deepened it by lightly pushing his tongue against her bottom lip. She easily obliged, opening up her lips to let his tongue roam around a bit. By the time they pulled away, their lungs were pleading for air.

“So it's Genevieve?” he asked surprised.

She nodded, not noticing that they were both drenched from the rain which was gradually stopping.

“Well Genevieve, I wanted to ask if you would like to come with me to the Quidditch World Cup, my mother decided to go on a shopping trip with my cousin instead of watching ‘a brutal and idiotic game’.”

Genevieve laughed at how he quoted his mother.

“So is that a yes?” he asked softly as he took her hands.

“Depends...”

“On what.”

“Oh you know I'll yes! I've never seen a quidditch game before!”

He raised his eyebrows. She quickly covered it up by saying, “Live, quidditch game, I've seen photos and I've heard it on the radio before, but never before live!”

She hugged him happily. “Thank you”, she said into his trench coat. He smiled and said, “Anything for you.”

“Kiss me out of the bearded barley

Nightly, beside the green, green grass

Swing, swing, swing the spinning step

You wear those shoes and I will wear that dress.”

“Oh, kiss me beneath the milky twilight

Lead me out on the moonlit floor

Lift your open hand

Strike up the band and make the fireflies dance

Silver moon's sparkling

So kiss me”

“Kiss me down by the broken tree house

Swing me upon its hanging tire

Bring, bring, bring your flowered hat

We'll take the trail marked on your father's map”

“Oh, kiss me beneath the milky twilight

Lead me out on the moonlit floor

Lift your open hand

Strike up the band and make the fireflies dance

Silver moon's sparkling

So kiss me

So kiss me

So kiss me

So kiss me.”

You like?

Review then.

## Chapter 15

### The Quidditch World Cup

It was the day of the Quidditch World Cup. Genevieve was dressed in light blue tube jeans, a pair of red and navy blue, tartan styled ballet flat shoes, a loose navy blue sweater and the dark crimson scarf as she was going for Bulgaria, and apparently meeting the one and only Viktor Krum, by the minister of course. She was excited to meet them all!

She waved goodbye to her guardians, who were happy to have practically the day to themselves, with their adopted kid sent off for some fun as well. They closed the door and Genevieve felt a chill down her spine, as she felt someone near her. She closed her eyes so she could read the person, closest to her, mind. Draco was apparently in one of the long trees and hiding, which were on each side of the lane toward the manor. She smirked, she knew what he was going to do, and played along with it instead.

She walked slowly, pretending to be afraid of the harmless trees. She looked around in her big brown handbag, trying to find some source of entertainment, while still walking down the lane. Before long she was getting impatient.

“Okay you can come out now! Draco I know you’re in that tree!” she yelled not even turning around.

He finally flew out on his broom, dressed smartly, but still a tad like a fan for Bulgaria, smirking, but still slightly surprised as to how she knew.

When she saw his expression, she said in only six words while fluttering her eyelashes sarcastically, “I guess I have a gift.”

He smiled and started to zoom toward her. She ran away playfully, but being on a Nimbus '01, the odds were sub zero and a million.

When he was close enough, he skilfully took her around the waist gently and pulling her onto the broom. She laughed in delight. They

flew toward Malfoy manor, Genevieve jumping off not so gracefully, whilst Draco got off with ease.

He chuckled at Genevieve's clumsiness and pulled her up.

"You all right?" he asked as she swayed a bit more than she thought.

"Yeah, I'm fine," she said before she stumbled and fell into his arms.

Draco smirked his charming smirk and said, "I have a feeling you're only acting faint, so you can, let's just say, be in my arms."

"Why would I want to be in your arms?" she asked with a serious face, which soon her tongue stuck out her mouth cheekily and said, "I jest, I jest."

She fixed her hair shiny, straight brunette hair, picking a few leaves, her eyes squinted and her nose wrinkled, trying to find every small green and yellow leaf. Draco thought it was a cute look for her.

When she was done, she straightened herself up, and smiled widely at him. It soon faltered when she saw the blazing look in Draco's eyes.

"Draco...?" she asked slowly, backing away, as he slowly walked forward for her.

"You know, there is something else you need to fix..." he said smirking sexily as usual. "Scared Davies?"

"Are you challenging me Malfoy?" she asked in mock shock, "because I'm ready when you are!"

He ran up to her and kissed her passionately, and let's just say by now, he was a pro.

She kissed him back; feeling so happy that this boy was at least a part of her for now. When she pulled back, she smiled and confirmed that he was the winner of the kissing duel. He grinned and said, "The portkey should have arrived by now."

He took her hand and walked to the door of Malfoy Manor.

Harry Potter was still half asleep at 11 in the morning. That was usually the case for him as he barely had any sleep with his crazy dreams of Voldemort. He hated to see images over and over again of the old graveyard keeper, dying.

Ron was looking satisfied as he looked around at all of the tents but was still yawning now and then. Fred and George were looking sullen as their mother had a go at them about their owls. The result wasn't very good.

Hermione was cheery as usual. It was obvious she was a morning person. The look on Ginny's face about the way Hermione was acting was the same question in everyone's mind about her at that moment. "What?" the bushy haired girl asked confused.

"How can you be so happy and not cranky in the morning?" asked Ginny incredulously.

"It's called having a proper eight hours of sleep, ten if necessary, and keeping a healthy diet."

'I'm surprised you even get enough sleep, probably worrying about exams and all.' She thought, shrugging off the subject.

They reached their tent and everyone walked in, Harry being the last saw that the inside was bigger than out.

Mr. Weasley turned the dial on the radio for some music and everyone found himself or herself lounging around, Ron having a nap, as he needed the proper 16 hours of sleep.

Ginny sighed, as she looked around at her snoozing brothers. Harry laughed and yawned in one, with Ginny now laughing at him. She wasn't so shy around him anymore and that's how she wanted it to be. Hermione raised an eyebrow toward Ginny, but went back to her book anyway.

A few hours had passed, and they were walking to the Quidditch stadium, face paint, scarves and hats all on. Harry and Ron were going for Bulgaria, while the rest of the group went for Ireland.

“Bulgaria have a way better chance of winning then Ireland, it’s kind of obvious,” Ron stated.

“ You may think so little brother”, supplied Fred, with George intervening, “Ireland are going to win, we have a feeling.”

“Oh yeah cause Gittins will really catch the snitch...” Ron said, badmouthing Ireland’s seeker.

“Yes, but does catching the snitch always count as a win?” asked Fred. He patted his little brother on the shoulder, when Ron had no retort to the question.

Ginny shook her head laughing and said, “Don’t underestimate the Irish, Ronald.”

“Oh shut up!”

“Ron!”

“Sorry Dad”.

“That’s more like it.”

Harry silently laughed at his best friend, while Ron thumped him on the back. Hermione rolled her eyes at the two of them. It was the usual routine.

“We’re going to be in the box, with the minister and some special guests!” said Mr. Weasley excitably.

Inside, the kids groaned, but heck, it was better than get drenched if it started to rain. They walked up the steel steps leading to the box when Harry looked out and smiled at the sight before him. His first

Quidditch World Cup. No doubt would he be going to many in the future with Ron.

“Like the view Potter? Won’t get any better if you’re heading to the cheap seats at the top of the stadium.”

Harry inwardly groaned. ‘Malfoy’ he thought annoyed.

“Oh, what a pleasure to be in your presence again, Malfoy”, said Harry, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

“Why wouldn’t it be?” he asked smirking.

Hermione rolled her eyes, grabbed Harry’s arm and told him specifically, “Ignore him.” Ron glared at Malfoy with the utmost hatred he could muster.

“Draco, why’d you stop?” asked a youthful female voice from behind him. Harry turned around to see a very pretty girl. Ron was not staring bug eyed at the girl.

“That would be the answer,” said Lucius Malfoy coming behind the girl, she looked up and smiled good-naturedly. This girl couldn’t be a Malfoy. She looked too nice and was a brunette.

“Ahh, father, I was just telling my fellow classmates how we’re in the minister’s box for the game.”

However Draco didn’t seem to notice the minister box passes in Mr. Weasley’s hands. The pretty girl next to Draco whispered in his ear, as she shook her head toward Mr. Weasley’s hands.

He looked, and noticed the passes as well and said defeated but still protected, “I guess we’ll be seeing you in there then.”

“Oh yes, we’ll have such a fun time together,” said Fred deviously.

Draco began to walk away, unsatisfied by his defeat, Lucius said one last thing to Harry, which she knew wasn’t very nice, then stalked off.



“Are you coming, Miss Davies?” he asked kindly, surprisingly for a Malfoy.

“Yes Mr. Malfoy, I’ve just got to get something out of my bag!”

“You do know your way?” he asked concerned

“Of course, and if I get lost I’ll ask someone who’s around.”

He finally walked off, leaving Genevieve behind. Genevieve took something out of her big bag. It was her wand and silently she chanted, “Muffliato”.

Harry turned away thinking it was a camera. It had happened so many times before.

“Wait!”

He turned around to see the girl looking at all of them.

“What do you want?” asked Ginny, sick and tired of Harry Potter fan girls.

“I-I-I just wanted to apologize for Draco’s behaviour. He’s honestly not always like that see.”

“You’re apologizing, for a Malfoy?” asked George incredulously.

She nodded smiling. “I know, weird huh? They’re not really remorseful for anything. Well, my name is Genevieve, Genevieve Davies, and you all are?”

She asked holding out her hand. Mr. Weasley took it first, trusting her openly. “it’s nice to meet you Genevieve, I’m Arthur Weasley, this is my son George”, he said kindly, placing her hand in George’s. When George felt the warmth in her hands, he knew she was a good person instantly.

“’ Ello,” said George with a grin, she smiled back, welcomingly. He took it as a good sign. “This is my twin brother, Fred he said handing her hand over to Fred. “Ello”, he said repeating his twin’s words.

Mr. Weasley knew it was a cute custom for Fred and George to introduce themselves, as they were not as shy as the others.

“This is my youngest son, Ron,” said Mr. Weasley happily.

He muttered his greeting and shook her hand, as he was very shy around girls like her.

“My only daughter, Ginny,” said Mr. Weasley, turning toward the only red headed girl in the group. “It’s nice to meet you, Genevieve,” Ginny said still unsure of the girl.

“Pleasure, Ginny, said Genevieve with a shake of the hand and a brilliant smile. Ginny smirked back.

“I’m Hermione Granger.”

“It’s a pleasure to make the acquaintance, Miss Granger.” Said Genevieve smartly, shaking her hand softly and still smiling.

“And lastly, this is Mr. Harry Potter,” said Arthur, surprised there was no gasp from Genevieve soft lips.

She shook his hand and said, “Of course, I thought I recognized you Mr. Potter.”

Harry embarrassedly tried to cover up his scar with his hair.

“Not because of that Harry,” said Genevieve smiling. “Unlike many, I recognized you because you look so much like your father, and you have your mother’s emerald green eyes.”

“I hope you enjoy the match, it was nice to meet you all and Bulgaria all the way,” she said lastly, winking to Ron and Harry.

However she knew Fred and George were going to be right in the end, but hell, green and white did not go well with her at all.

When she was out of sight, they began to walk up again, on the way, they chatted about only one thing, Genevieve Davies.

“She was a looker wasn’t she!” exclaimed Ron with enthusiasm.

“Ew, Ron I hear enough about Angelina and Katie from Fred and George, don’t start NOW!” said Ginny annoyed.

“Well I must admit she was a very good looking girl,” said Fred smirking, “But I think she’s way out of your league Ron.”

“Yes Ron, you wouldn’t dare do magic illegally out of school, would you?” said Hermione disapprovingly. Hermione always found a bad quality about a person when she first met them.

Ron scowled. Ginny sighed at her mishaps for brother, Mr. Weasley laughed at his daughter and Harry was thinking.

‘What a strange girl, to be hanging out with Draco Malfoy, she must have been a pureblood, I’m sure I’ve heard of that name Davies before...ROGER DAVIES! He’s a pureblood for sure, they must be cousins! Then why doesn’t she go to Hogwarts? She had a wand and was capable of doing magic.’

‘She could be home-schooled.’

‘So how did she know about my parents and what they looked like? She practically quoted Sirius for Merlin’s sake!’

His thoughts were interrupted, as the Veela cheerleaders came out onto the field.

Genevieve was satisfied with what she had accomplished. She was able to introduce herself to one of the kindest people, without them lashing out at her for being with the Malfoy’s.

She had met Ronald Weasley, Quidditch keeper extraordinaire, Arthur Weasley, father to the legends they would be in the future, Fred and George Weasley, future founders of WWW, Weasley Wizard Wheezes, the most successful wizard business, worldwide, Ginny Weasley, the prettiest red head, second best seeker and best chaser Gryffindor would ever have, Hermione Granger, one of the brightest witches of the century and Harry Potter, the young adult who would stop it all...

What she had said to him had shaken him. She didn't mean to, but she didn't want to make him feel like she was staring at his scar when really she was staring at his amazingly emerald green eyes. She wouldn't have recognized him without his green eyes, round glasses and messy black hair.

She was sitting down next Draco. He smiled to her and asked, "Want to go closer? We'll have to stand though."

"I'll stand," she smiled and walked down to the front with him. They were up closer than most, for comfort. She didn't mind though, as long as she was having the time of her life, she didn't care about Quidditch players rushing past on their brooms.

The veela were out, looking gorgeous of course, making all the guys go mental and forgetting their sense of being.

Harry she could see was one of them, even though she already knew that, and Ron was beginning to get up too. Fred and George laughed their heads off while Mr. Weasley pulled the two fourteen -year-olds back. Hermione rolled her eyes, while Ginny giggled. Genevieve smiled at the funny sight. They were all so happy, but of course, they didn't know the dangers that lay ahead of them...

"Hey. They're starting, here comes Ireland," said Draco calmly while pointing them out.

Genevieve looked in awe, as the Irish team flew into the stadium, bagpipes began to play loudly as the Ireland fans chanted, "Ireland", "Gittins", "Ackerman" or "McFadden".

She giggled lightly, happy that she was watching this game with her best friend.

Out of nowhere heavy drums played, it was the sign of the Bulgarians.

A thunderous cheer was sounded throughout the Quidditch stadium.

The Bulgarian team had flown in, The Irish team moving out of the way quickly and there he was. Viktor Krum, showing off on his broom for all the ladies, and when he rode past Genevieve, he stopped abruptly. She raised an eyebrow enquiringly to the egotistical seventeen-year-old and from his hand; he gave her a purple and yellow lily.

“For you, in my country, a young beauty like you always gives luck to those who are about to go to war,” he said in his thick accent.

“I think a Quidditch game is bit different then war Mr. Krum, but thank you, and good luck, you’ll need it,” she fake smiled. Draco smirked when he went away, and pointed to the hovering slightly faded screen. Love hearts bloomed around it, as they did the replay of Krum giving Genevieve the lily, which really was beautiful, but she wouldn’t admit it.

She turned pink when she saw herself on the big screen. Draco laughed, “Well it looks like I’m not the only one, ey?”

She laughed, and they listened to the minister announce the beginning of the game.

Review!

## Chapter 16

### The Dark Mark

Genevieve was in the hotel room, which was right next to the stadium, and wherever the stadium went, the hotel went along with it.

It looked like the Plaza, you know, the one in New York. It was that grand and unique, Genevieve didn't dare leave it. She couldn't help her fetish for antique looking places like this.

She happened to be reading one of the books, realizing that something big was supposed to happen, but, she honestly forgot, too busy caught up in her own life for once. So she reread.

"C'mon, c'mon, c'mon!" she said while skimming through all the pages. "AHA!" she said gleefully. Just that millisecond, Draco burst in, pissed off, because his father had disappeared to Merlin knows where, without a single notification to his loyal son.

Genevieve snapped the book shut and fell off the bed for a diversion, not wanting to let Draco see the book and get curious about it; he was that kind of kid after all.

When she fell off she threw the book under the bed, not getting a chance to read that one sentence...

"You alright, spaz?" asked Draco laughing when he watched her fall off the suite bed like a lunatic, and seeing such a graceful girl like her, do a stunt like that was almost hilarious.

"Chyeah", she said all in one.

She slumped back on the bed, and now with nothing to do. She became thoroughly impatient and bored in seconds.

"Drraaaaaaaaaaco!" she tiredly moaned.

"What?"

“I’m bored.”

“I can see that.”

“Okay, so can we go somewhere...”

“You know we can’t Gen, father forbid us to, do you want me getting into trouble?” he said seriously.

“Am I still talking to the rebellious Draco Malfoy, or has he started turning into a soft goody like me?” she asked seriously.

He smirked and said, “Okay, go where, and what’s in it for me?”

She sighed, “Don’t worry.”

“What’s wrong?” Draco asked concerned, had he said something wrong?

“Nothing, it just seems you don’t want to spend time with me as a best friend, the way we were before the kiss...”

“And?” he asked, regretting it soon enough.

“And?!” she repeated unbelievably.

‘Oh shit’, he thought desperately, but nothing came to mind.

“Look, I’ll go by myself, okay,” said Genevieve frustrated. They both knew that they weren’t together, yes sometimes they kissed, but they had only kissed three times, and that was because they both felt like it. She really just wanted some fresh air.

Jumping off the bed, she walked quickly over to the door, leading to the hugest living room in a hotel room she had ever seen. It was like the inside of one of the room’s Windsor Castle would have.

Slamming the door she just opened, and like always in Draco's face, she walked swiftly over to the hotel room door and once again, slammed it in his face.

"What the hell did I say wrong?!" he yelled out annoyed with himself and Genevieve who may have been one of a kind, sometimes was just a typical and complicating girl.

Many reporters were in the front lobby of the hotel, surrounding Viktor Krum and the Irish seeker, Angus Gittins. The two just happened to be friends, even if they were on rival teams. Angus was being asked many questions at once, but noticed a brunette beauty out of the blue. She seemed very annoyed and was muttering to herself. The Irish man smirked and dismissed the rest of the media, and walked over to Viktor.

"Oi Vik! I think that's your girl over there," he whispered, but unfortunately loud enough for the reporters to hear. They all turned around at once, and saw her, mentally talking to herself, like she was fighting an inner battle.

"Gus! Ve 'ave to 'elp the young woman!" Viktor said quickly. Angus started screaming and yelling for attention, saying he had some new girl, even though he hadn't had one in a week. Half the reporters turned back, but most were still rushing over to the brunette girl they recognized from the big screen in the stadium, the one who received the beautiful lily from Viktor Krum.

Genevieve looked up to see a stampede of reporters coming toward her, already asking her questions from afar. She was horrified.

Out of nowhere, someone pulled her by the hand, and ran like the wind. She sprinted alongside her saviour, not aware it was the Viktor Krum, the show off seeker for Bulgaria, who happened to give her a lily, in front of 1, 2, 3...a hundred thousand wizard folk!

They were out of the hotel, rushing past even more reporters, who were catching up to the two teens, Genevieve running out of breath,



and Viktor, finding no escape route. When Genevieve caught a glimpse of him she said, "You..."

He looked at her and then to the fast approaching reporters. He had no idea what to do. However she did. It was so easy; he was a Quidditch player and had a Firebolt for God's sake!

"Summon your frikkin broom Krum!" she yelled loudly. He did as he was told, enchanting the broom from his hotel room, which, luckily, was very close to where they were. When it arrived, the reporters were practically breathing down their necks. Viktor jumped on, as did Genevieve. They flew off at full speed, the reporters being little specks on the ground. Someone shot up a curse, so the broom would break, probably bringing them to their deaths, if it weren't for Viktor dodging easily.

"WHAT THE HELL'S YOUR BLOODY PROBLEM MATE!" she yelled infuriated, her Australian accent coming intact and making Krum look back unbelievably. The reporters were starting to go away, as Genevieve had basically scared them all the way to the safety of the hotel.

"Can you take us down now, I'm pretty sure someone's looking for me..." she said queasily.

"Sure," he responded looking at her with concern. Was she afraid of heights?

"I'm not afraid of heights, it's just after that charade I'd really like to be on the safety of land."

He smiled; he guessed that she was the flying kind of person when he first laid eyes on her. When they were back on the ground, there was not a reporter in sight, especially because they were in the protective forest, on one side was the stadium and the hotel and on the other side of the forest were the tents where three quarters of the Quidditch fans stayed.

She got off the broom, surprisingly, not tripping. It was warm in the part of the forest they were in, and all she wanted to do right now was go to sleep. She lay down along the soft grass, her hands being her pillow. She looked up at the stars and stayed there, hoping maybe Krum would leave her soon.

He had no plan on leaving her though; he had a few questions to ask her, as his curiosity was getting the better of him.

“What is your name?” he asked as he lay down, looking at the stars above as well.

“My name? Miss Davies.”

“Seriously.”

“If you must know, it’s Genevieve.”

“Eet’s nice to meet you Genevieve, my name is –“

“I think I know your name by now Mr. Krum.”

“You may, but you ‘aven’t ‘ad the full introduction.”

“Okay then,” she said sitting up and listening intently. “Introduce yourself.”

“My name is Viktor Aleksandar Krum, seeker vor Bulgaria, single and still ‘een school, though no one ‘een England knows ‘eet.”

“That’s one thick accent you got there Viktor,” said Genevieve, but she found him turning his head toward her and smirking.

“You seem to ‘ide your accent pretty vell, never ‘eard of it before, but you ‘ave a good fake English accent.”

Genevieve half laughed and huffed. It was true. For months she learnt the way of the voice of the English. It honestly wasn’t hard

because her parents had had them til the day they died. Whenever Genevieve or Evangeline mocked them in front of them, they would use their accents, and they were pretty good at mimicking them too.

“Vhat is eet, your real accent? Vhere do you really come from?” he asked curiously.

Genevieve sighed, she wouldn’t get away from this one, her real accent came through pretty strongly in front of him and the reporters, fortunately, they couldn’t catch it as clearly as Viktor could. Before answering she looked around cautiously.

“It’s Australian. You may never have heard of it before since you wizards are so caught up in your own European countries, so I guess it’s a good thing...”

“You come from Aus-tra-li-a? Of course we wizards know where Aus-tra-li-a is! It’s the only safe getaway from the ‘ectic and unsafe areas of Europe.”

“I was hoping that you wouldn’t know actually. You see, I’m not any normal witch, Mr. Krum-“

“Call me Vik, everyone except vor the elders and reporters call me Mr. Krum.”

“Okay Vik, I’m not exactly an ordinary fourteen-year-old and ever since I came here, my knowledge of witches and wizards who are conscious of the fact there is a country called Australia has grown immensely, and I didn’t think people even knew of the country in the Southern Hemisphere. If people found out I’m from there, they’ll rampage me, telling me how much of a paradise it is and how it’s always sunny and welcoming, but it’s not all true. Even though it’s my home, I’ve been trying to get away from it...”

“Oh...” was all Viktor could say to this response. ‘Shaky past’, he thought.

“I can’t believe I almost blew my cover!” she said quietly frustrated whilst throwing her fists beside her head to the soft forest grass. That confirmed the shaky pass for Viktor and knew all too well not to ask anything more of it.

“Come, let us go to the tents, don’t worry, I’ll disguise myself. The reporters won’t be there either,” he said getting up and holding out his hand, “C’mon, eat will be more relaxed.”

Convinced, she took his hand, and walked off to the other side of the forest. By the time she reached the tents, Viktor now had wavy black hair and hazel eyes and his skin colour was now darker than before.

They walked on through the tents; Genevieve was stared at for her flawlessness and because she was recognized from the game, the girl who got the lily from Viktor Krum. Even though some of the people didn’t know what her name was, she knew some of the people’s names, their background and how she knew them was because of the books.

Viktor was relieved that no one had recognized him through all the fake disguises. He breathed in the atmosphere happily, though got annoyed when people started shouting in his face ‘Ireland Rules’. He got that they won, but really, did they have to yell in his face about it, their breaths stunk too, that was a minus.

Genevieve still walked around in her Bulgarian colours, not caring whether Ireland won, she looked better in those colours anyway.

“You know, a girl like you should be going for Ireland,” said an Irish accented boy about her age. She turned to face the boy to see him sitting outside his tent with his black friend. More characters-people from the books. Seamus Finnegan and Dean Thomas.

“Yeah and?” replied Genevieve looking at Viktor cautiously, to see him almost burst out laughing. He went closer to her and whispered, “I guess I’m not the only one?” guessing that Seamus was flirting with her, which was quite obvious by the way he was looking at her.

She smirked and replied, "No you're not, and you're the second person who's said that today!"

She turned back to Seamus and said, "Genevieve Davies, you?"

"I am the magnificent Seamus Finnegan! And this is my sidekick Dean Thomas."

Dean rolled his eyes and when Genevieve had a confused look on her face he explained, "My friend here read my old comic books, now every time he meets someone new, he has to introduce the both of us in that particular manner and with the great booming voice as well."

Genevieve chuckled, "Not used to muggle customs I see?"

"Not really, even if he is a half."

Viktor and Seamus were now staring incredulously at the two muggle acquainted people with suspicion. Genevieve and Dean rolled their eyes at these clueless wizards. Genevieve looked at Dean incredulously and asked, "he should know some muggle things if he's a half."

"Yeah it doesn't really make a difference, he was raised more by his mother, while his father never put a thought in his education of the muggle world."

"Ahh. Well it was nice meeting you boys, we best be off. Oh and I go for Bulgaria because the Bulgarian seeker and I are pretty close, friendship wise."

"Oh yeah, you're the girl who got the lily, right?"

"Yep, now we'll be going, farewell."

She walked off, flipping her hair because it got in her way, not noticing that the two boys were guffawing at the sexy sight before them Viktor silently laughed until they were out of the two boy's sights.

“You do realize what you just did, do you not?” asked Viktor smiling uncontrollably.

“What?” asked Genevieve concerned.

“You just did the ‘air flip. Wasn’t it obvious?”

“Oh, I really didn’t mean to, it’s just it gets in the way sometimes!”

“Oh yeah, I believe you.”

She mock scowled at him and when he wasn’t looking back at her and smirking she was concerned.

“Oh My Merlin...” was all he could say.

“What is it?” asked Genevieve warily. He took her hand and began running, as screams and shouts all around them erupted as well as the tents lighting on fire.

“SHIT!” she said as a curse was fired before her but missed by inches. People were now running with them and people were being kicked around so that others could get through and save their own lives.

They ran back into the forest, parents and elder people were out fighting what caused this massacre. That was when it all came back to her.

‘Death Eaters, no killing but harm, tents a lit, Harry Potter being blamed for the dark mark, a house elf under control, using a wizards wand, the dark mark being shot up in the sky...’

She opened her eyes wider than ever. She had to help, she felt like she needed to.

“Vik we have to help!”

“You’re too young, I’ll go, just wait here!” he yelled orderly. She nodded stiffly, knowing she was only fourteen but not caring about it. Yet her feet would not guide her toward the fight. ‘Instinct’ she thought to herself.

People were leaving to the other side of the forest and apparating all over the place until she was practically all alone.

She really felt like someone was watching her. She took her wand out of her strap, which was underneath her top. “Lumos.”

When she still didn’t feel safe, she chanted, “Lumos maxima.”

The light on the tip of her wand grew larger, catching the top of three red heads. She knew who they were and decided to not make it look like she were scared and said, “Come out, Mr. Weasley, Mr. Weasley and Miss Weasley.”

Ginny came out first and asked curiously, “How did you know it was us?”

“I could check if you were death eaters if you like?” Genevieve asked plainly.

“We are no death eaters. Besides, if any death eater decided to use polyjuice potion so they could get information, I think they would be disgusted to be in a blood traitor’s body,” stated Fred bluntly.

Genevieve shrugged and because of her good side vision, she could see that something had lit up in the sky. She looked up, the three Weasley’s following, shocked to see what it was.

“The dark mark,” said Genevieve darkly.

It glowed green in the sky, a skull with a snake seeping from the mouth. It was an evil looking signature and suited the death eaters perfectly.

“Strange, you’re friends with one of the sons of an ex-death eater, and why aren’t you sneering at us like any other common pureblood?”

“Because I’m not a pureblood. I’m a half blood. Draco doesn’t really mind that I am either.”

“I wouldn’t either if I were him.”

Genevieve frowned at this comment. ‘What the hell was that supposed to mean?’ she thought defensively.

“He’s making a compliment,” said Ginny rolling her eyes at George.

“Oh, well I’m not sure where Draco is, but I’m guessing he’s in the hotel room, safely locked up by his father’s commands,” she sighed and slumped down to the ground. Ginny looked to her brothers, not knowing what to do and decided to sit down next to the girl.

“Are you two alright?” she asked kindly of Genevieve and Draco’s situation.

“Not really, but we’ll fix it tomorrow, we always do. Anyway, my Bulgarian friend ran off to help the others fighting against the death eaters. Where is the rest of your family and friends?” Genevieve asked at once, even though she knew Mr. Weasley would be fighting against death eaters and Harry, Hermione and Ron would be trying to find Harry’s wand, thinking he had lost it, but really it was stolen from him.

“We don’t know at the moment, we have a feeling they’re okay though,” said George but he was shaking a bit. Genevieve nodded.

Ginny looked to her twin brothers for an unknown approval and they nodded.

Genevieve was playing with the grass when she looked up as a question was being shot her way.



“I know this might be a bit personal, but, what’s a good girl doing mingling with the Malfoy’s for?” Ginny asked cautious to the fact that she could get yelled at for insulting her muggle-hating friends. However she was surprised when she saw Genevieve was darkly chuckling.

“You know you’re the first person who’s asked me that. And you are right to ask of such a strange match. As I said before, Draco likes me for who I am, and well he likes me for this,” she said pointing to her face and body, “But I don’t boast, for I’m not that type of person. I also am good friends with Draco and I see the kinder, warm hearted side to him, not his other side, which I know he’s rather famous for, just like his forefathers.”

“So you two are best friends, not together?” Fred asked even more surprised.

“That is the correct statement, yes, but we have our moments...a lot”, she said going red, using her long brunette hair to cover her burning cheeks.

Ginny smirked, she knew there had to be something going on between those two. She decided however not to ask more of it.

Genevieve twiddled with her wand, thinking of Draco and where he was this second. Her powers were not intact with the strength to be able to hear someone’s mind that could be far, far away.

The bushes started to shake next to Ginny. She pulled her wand out as Genevieve jumped in front of her; she did have more extreme spells come to mind easily if it were a death eater just over the bushes. Fred and George also had their wands out ready to defend.

“Come out whoever you are! We are armed!” said Fred loudly and manly. Genevieve and Ginny stifled a giggle as they were in a serious situation.

Three more teenagers popped up out of the bush, their hands up. “It’s okay, it’s just us!” said Ron warily.

Genevieve didn't know for sure and said to Ginny, "ask them a question, they could be death eaters disguised."

Ginny nodded and asked Ron, "What did you think I did to your breakfast on the morning of April Fool's Day when I was five and who was it really?"

"I blamed you for putting a fake, but very realistic tarantula in my porridge, when really it was Fred and George."

"That's definitely Ron, he's always had the argument that it was very realistic," said Ginny with a smirk on her face.

"Okay, you might have to ask the other two questions as well, you never know."

"Alright, Hermione," said George smirking, "What did I catch you getting from Ginny?"

Hermione walked over to him and whispered in his ear, and he nodded in approval of her answer. Ron and Harry looked at her strangely as she was red in the face. "What was that all about?" asked Ron curiously. Ginny smirked and said, "Girl's business."

Genevieve read Hermione's mind, wanting to know what she got from the red head, and heard, 'I should have never agreed to that makeover!' Genevieve smiled as she did still have her bucktooth front teeth and the untameable bushy hair. She felt sorry for her and badly.

"Harry," said Ginny, waking Genevieve from her thoughts. "What did I say to you when I first met you?"

"Good luck," Harry said annoyed that Genevieve was making the Weasley's interrogate their family and friends.

"That's them all," said Ginny turning to Genevieve who smiled but looked over to Harry who looked pissed for some reason.

“Excuse me, but shouldn’t we be asking if you’re a death eater too? You seem all over us, why not with you too, seeing as you do hang out with death eaters.”

“Before you judge Mr. Potter, I was doing what I was taught to do in times like these when death eaters are around, they all know I’m not a death eater and now I know you’re not death eaters, so I’ll leave you now. I don’t seem to be wanted here anyway,” said Genevieve looking at the trio’s judgemental stares. She rolled her eyes, bade them farewell and walked past the three fourteen year olds, off into the forest, her wand still a lit.

Someone yelled out to her, “Oh yeah! Your boyfriend’s back there by the way!” it sounded like Ron.

Genevieve retorted, “God, you are worse than the Slytherins!” and stalked off back to wherever Draco was said to be. The three of them were appalled by this comment.

Fred and George sighed while Ginny was annoyed at the trio for being so rude, even if they were being questioned for being death eaters disguised, it was for Fred, George and Ginny’s best interests. “Honestly,” she muttered to herself.

Harry was surprised with what Ginny said, the girl with the supposed crush on him, and said to her, “Gin, she hangs out with Malfoy, she has to be somewhat immoral.”

Ginny shot at all three of them, “For your information, she is completely the opposite to what you think she is”. Pushing past Harry particularly, even if she liked him, no, used to, she was aggravated with him especially. She was going to hold a grudge against the three of them until they felt best to apologize. It worked every time like a charm.

“Oh no,” said Fred and George in slow unison.

“What?’ asked Ron disgruntled.

“We know that look pretty well, you should by now too Ron, you get it twice as much as we do,” said George shaking his head at his idiot of a brother.

“What look?” asked Ron even more cross then before.

“The ‘I won’t ever talk to you again’, mixed with the ‘I’m going to get my revenge on you all’ look. Ron you should know not to mess with a red headed girl,” said Fred shaking his head at Ron.

Even if Ginny didn’t know it yet, this was the reason she would start going out with other boys...

Genevieve was sad to think that she may not be able to help Harry beat the dark lord in future. Maybe he would begin to get over his protective self, but that was very unlikely. She pushed past many bushes, hearing certain noises that made her tread cautiously.

“Draco, are you out here?” she asked warily.

“Up here.”

He jumped down from the tree and walked slowly over to Genevieve, as she looked upset.

“Gen come here,” he said softly.

She walked over to him swiftly and squinted, thinking he was going to yell at her for storming out of the hotel room. He grabbed her and hugged her tightly. She hugged him back, happy for no loud noises following.

“Gen I was so worried about you...I thought I lost you when I couldn’t find you anywhere out here and everyone was running for safety-“ Draco gabbled,

“Draco?”

“And I had to ask all these muggle borns where you were-“

“Draco?”

“Then I saw Potter and he was looking for people too and I had to act like it was funny to see everyone running away-“ but Genevieve shut him up as she placed her lips on his. She remembered her sister telling her that if a guy is worried and won't shut up about it, you kiss them, it usually calms them.

She pulled back and said, “You haven't lost me Draco, I'm still here, you don't need to worry anymore, I was in good hands.”

He nodded and smiled a true smile that she only ever saw. Except for his cousin.

They walked off, Draco's arm, wrapped around her shoulder. She felt protected but was now very tired and just wanted to go to sleep.

They got back to the hotel room in time, before Lucius came up, absolutely worried about Draco and Genevieve, and seeing if they were all right. Genevieve went to sleep after Draco fell asleep right next to her in the small double bed...

Don't worry, nothing kinky going on.

Just sweet friendship/not yet admitted first love.

Anyway, the trio will be nicer soon, as Genevieve is a selfless person, but not fully selfless.

They'll soon realize she's not that bad, with Ginny's help of course.

Review!

GeeTiger

P.S. thanks for the past reviews!

P.S.S. Thanks for somebody liking the names

## Chapter 17

### Fourth Year

It was a chilly and foggy day on the birth of the first school month, September. Tears slid down cheeks, big bear hugs were embraced and hand waves were a constant action between two relatives: a student and a family member, either too old or too young to be going to school.

This was the same situation for the Malfoy family. A Mercedes Benz was waiting for them, and even though they despised muggle things, Narcissa Malfoy hated floo-powder more. So they dealt with one muggle custom, and that was enough for their likings.

As it were, Mr and Mrs Malfoy were waiting for their son in the car, ready to ride to the station. In the doorway of Malfoy Manor, was Draco, who was saying his goodbyes, Evangeline only lucky enough to get a goodbye hug the night before as she had to go represent the Malfoy family at a witches fashion show in Paris. Genevieve was in his arms, only tearing up a bit, the realisation that her best friend was leaving her for the next several months had only just hit her and hard. Suitcases were being dragged by house elves, which Genevieve wanted to help so terribly, but Draco told her not to help them, under his breath he called them 'filthy servants'. Genevieve ignored what he had said, she was too sad to yell at him for calling the house elves 'filthy servants'.

"I'll miss you so much. Promise to write at least once a month."

"I'll miss you too Gen and I promise to write you once a week."

She smiled happily at his promise and hugged him tightly once more. "That was for the next nine months or so when you're away from me."

"Nine months? I'll be back at Christmas!" exclaimed Draco.

"Yeah, right..." replied Genevieve. However, unbeknownst to Draco, Genevieve knew he wouldn't be back at Christmas time.

The car outside waiting for Draco tooted very loudly and impatiently. Draco sighed and yelled out to his parents, "I'm coming, just wait a moment!"

Genevieve was looking down, but Draco's hand seemed to lift it up. "Don't be miserable just because your best friend isn't here," he advised quietly. He pecked her on the lips, but they lingered for a moment, wanting to stay, but pulled back, regrettably.

"I have to go now. I'll write to you every week, maybe everyday even and I'll be back at Christmas time, okay?" he said smiling kindly down to her. In times like these, she had only ever seen Draco smile like he did to her just then. It was one of her favourite smiles that widened across his lips.

"DRACO MEDOCIOUS MALFOY!"

"Coming mother! See you at Christmas!" Draco yelled out to Genevieve as he ran to the car. Genevieve waved sadly; to watch the car drive off out of Malfoy Manor was hurting her deep down in the pit of her stomach.

She decided to walk the rest of the way home. Since home schooling started the next day, she took the day to think.

'I wish I could see him, I know he won't be back at Christmas, not for another nine months...because of that frikkin tournament and the ball.'

She sighed as she thought desperately of a plan. 'If only there were a way to get into Hogwarts for no God-damn reason.'

It took her half an hour to walk back to Davies Manor and when she arrived back Dennis was ready to hug her. She looked so miserable to him that he had to. Andy was at work again.

As he hugged her tightly, she thought now of Dennis like a big, very protective, older brother. It had made a lot of sense for the past few months.

“Do you want anything?” asked Dennis as he pulled away.

“No, I’m definitely not hungry at the moment and I don’t feel like doing any activities right now.”

“Do you want to be alone?” asked Dennis caringly.

“Yeah, I guess,” Genevieve answered slowly. She started walking up the staircase when Dennis stopped her to occupy her with something to do.

“Gen, how about you do what you always do when you feel, I don’t know, strongly about something.”

“What do you mean?” she asked confused.

“ Play the guitar and...sing,” Dennis suggested shrugging his shoulders and walking off to the reading room.

As his steps faded away, she continued walking up the staircase and walked all the way to the room where she had her instruments and music notes.

Genevieve picked up the guitar and slowly started to strumming a nice little melody she wrote herself.

“Just like a star across my sky,

Just like an angel off the page,

You have appeared to my life,

Feel like I'll never be the same,

Just like a song in my heart,



Just like oil on my hands,

Honour to love you”

“Still I wonder why it is,

I don't argue like this,

With anyone but you,

We do it all the time,

Blowing out my mind,”

“You've got this look I can't describe,

You make me feel like I'm alive,

When everything else is au fait,

Without a doubt you're on my side,

Heaven has been away too long,

Can't find the words to write this song,

Oh...

Your love,”

“Still I wonder why it is,

I don't argue like this,

With anyone but you,

We do it all the time,

Blowing out my mind,”

“Now I have come to understand,

The way it is,

It's not a secret anymore,

'cause we've been through that before,

From tonight I know that you're the only one,

I've been confused and in the dark,

Now I understand,”

“I wonder why it is,

I don't argue like this,

With anyone but you,

I wonder why it is,

I won't let my guard down,

For anyone but you

We do it all the time,

Blowing out my mind,”

“Just like a star across my sky,

Just like an angel off the page,

You have appeared to my life,

Feel like I'll never be the same,

Just like a song in my heart,

Just like oil on my hands...”

When she placed the guitar down, something in it made her wonder, ‘what if?’

A plan was surging through her head so quickly that it hurt.

She seethed and grabbed her head and as the pain slowly died away she smiled. It was the most perfect plan. She had the voice of an angel, though she never admitted it, saying it was average and the guitar skill of Eric Clapton. There was absolutely nothing that could make this plan of hers go wrong.

Let’s just say, that the Weird Sisters would be too busy on tour, than to stop by and visit Hogwarts this Christmas...

Pretty short chapter, I know. But there will be longer ones in future.

Song: Like A Star - Corinne Bailey Rae

Please do leave some constructive criticism.

GeeTiger x

## Chapter 18

### The Band & Josh Taylor

Two suitcases, an electric guitar case and an owl cage with the owl Dennis had gotten for her birthday called Cloudy, because she was a grey owl with silver linings on the edge of each and every feather, inside it.

A limousine was waiting for a certain brunette, whilst she hugged her two guardians and old white cat.

“Now be good, and do try and study for your exams. They’ll be coming up in January for you as you seem to have already finished the years learning, which means you’ll be in the fifth year by the time it’s February!” exclaimed Dennis proudly.

“I promise Den.”

“Take care of yourself, write to us, take your vitamins, make sure you remember your manners and don’t be rude to the other band members,” said Andy in a very motherly tone.

“I will Andy, I better get going before they start smashing their guitars around the place,” replied Genevieve looking warily to the limousine. Her luggage had been shrunk to fit in the limo and the owl was taken into the actual limo, where the rest of the band members were.

She waved to them as she got in the limousine and the chauffeur drove out of Davies Manor. They were driving to Kings Cross station, where they would go on Platform nine and three quarters for their gig at Hogwarts. Her plan had worked. Genevieve and the band would be playing instead of the Weird Sisters on Christmas Eve. The Weird Sisters had become a bigger hit than they thought they would and would be touring in the south of France. They weren’t exactly smart enough to realize that they are wizards and can probably use magic to get to Hogwarts to perform. Any who, Genevieve and the band had gotten the chance to record a song, put it as a demo CD, and send it

off to Dumbledore, who had no idea how to use a CD and asked one of his muggle-born students. The muggle-born students then listened to it themselves and said that the band was sure to be a hit, not knowing of course that there were to play at the ball.

So that's how they were accepted to play at Hogwarts on Christmas Eve at the Yule Ball. Although half her plan was going to be more difficult than she thought. God the things she does to see her best friend.

She had to disguise herself, as she was still young and in magical education, so she couldn't be bombarded with newly loving fans, that is if they were a big hit of course. She had practised many advanced transfiguration and charms spells on herself and she had only got it perfectly right the second last time she did it.

"Oi Gen! I mean Erin. We're debating on which song we should play first. Chris says we should play 'Homesick at Space Camp', I think we should play 'All I Want For Christmas', because it makes sense and it is Christmas," said the one of the guitar players, Pete who was at least eighteen.

Genevieve sighed, "Boys I thought we decided this already? What happened? I was supposed to find out today, so I could practise beforehand."

"Yeah we know but it's hard to choose, coz they're all good opening songs," said Chris the Bass guitar player who was eighteen going on nineteen.

She went through all the songs they were playing mentally and had a perfect idea. She looked up at the two arguing boys and smiled like a genius would. "I think we've got our song boys."

"What?" they both asked in unison.

"Remember that song we stuffed up that we vowed to never play again. Well if I fix a few things, will you be willing to play it just once more?" she asked catching their undivided attention.

“You mean.”

“You wouldn’t make us.”

“You wouldn’t dare, Erin.”

“I’m the witch here! Anyway, you don’t have to call me Erin when we’re in the privacy of a car, which is only filled with the manager and us. Oh hi guys!” she said completely forgetting the other band members and their faithful manager, Lukhi, pronounced Lucky, who was a pretty nineteen year old girl, going on twenty. Her name meant everything to the band, as it was so true, because they finally found another singer i.e. Genevieve and they had a gig. It may have been Genevieve who sent off the demo and all, but it was Lukhi who had the recording studio, booked by persuasion from herself to the manager, who knew not to mess with an Indian girl with attitude.

“Hey Erin,” they replied, not looking up from whatever they were doing.

“It’s Gen, remember? Only out in the public it’s Erin, okay guys?”

“It’s too hard, what if we call you Gen out in the public?” asked Rebecca, the other lead singer, who was Italian and an amazing singer who was sixteen going on seventeen.

“I guess you can just call me Erin then.”

“Well that’s a relief, knowing me, I could have ratted you out by saying your real name in public!” said the violinist Felicity. Felicity was also Italian and seventeen.

“Knowing you, you could’ve done much more than just say her name out in the public,” said Felicity’s smart-ass but very attractive cousin Sam, who played the piano and the guitar, who was at least fifteen turning sixteen.

Felicity scolded her cousin. She muttered something in Italian, which made Rebecca snort. Chris was now talking on his mobile to; she was guessing his mother because of the angst voice on the other side. He was speaking to her in German, even though his British accent seeped through now and then. Pete was singing some Greek lullaby to himself, which he did a lot, but it was soothing none the less. And there was the drum player, Jordan, who was sleeping peacefully and sleep talking in Croatian. Genevieve only knew a few days ago, why on earth the band was called the Multicultural Patriots, it made so much sense, as they all spoke more than one language and came from different places, and were very attached to their home countries, even though they had been living in England for a long time.

Then her main worry came down on her. What if the students thought the band was crappy? What if they didn't like any of the songs?

It seemed like everyone was thinking the same thing, except for Lukhi of course. Genevieve decided to ask her manager a question that every band member wanted to ask.

"Lukhi?"

"Yes Erin?"

"What will happen if...I don't know...what if they don't like us? What will happen to us?" asked Genevieve slowly. The rest of the band members looked up to Lukhi, with same concern on their faces, after all they couldn't do a magnificent show because they were all squibs so they couldn't use magic to make it fantastic. That is until Genevieve got some charms out of a book to make lights and confetti come out of the sky like ceiling. That's right, all of the band, including the manager and excluding Genevieve, were squibs.

They hated telling people about it, but were kind enough to open up and let Genevieve in on their magically powerless souls. Yes they came from pureblood or half-blood families. None of them were muggles, otherwise, how on earth would they let in muggles in Hogsmeade?

Anyway, Lukhi smiled and said, "I have faith in you. All of you, and I don't think there's going to be any problems since, well, I have some inside people working at Hogwarts to make you all big."

"Who?" asked Chris eagerly.

"Shut up, I'm trying to nap here!" mumbled Jordan grumpily.

Rebecca threw one of the limousine pillows at his head and said, "Oh yeah! Well listen up, Lukhi has something important to say!"

Jordan woke up, rubbed his eyes and let Lukhi continue on.

"As I was saying, I have a few people doing an inside job, and the only way I can pay them back is by you guys giving them autographs. They're my two cousins and they're in different houses so that helps loads."

"What's this job exactly?" asked Sam twiddling with a nail file.

"They are making their houses listen to our demos and I've sent them new songs too. Let's just say, the feedback is incredible. The students keep on asking for more!"

"Really?" asked Chris happily.

"Really," said Lukhi kindly. "Day after day, I get letters from my cousins to send more."

Genevieve sighed in relief. They were bigger than they expected and they hadn't even played for them yet.

"So have you decided which song yet? Bec doesn't mind which song, because she can sing them all." Said Lukhi to Pete and Chris.

"Yeah we had two choices for the opening song, but Erin had a bit more of an extreme idea."



“Like what?” asked Lukhi interested.

“You remember that song right? The one we told each other we should never play again? Well with just enough practise we can, because we have at least a week to get the pitch and melody right, don’t we?”

“Erin, are you kidding me? Do you know how hard that song is to play?” asked Sam incredulously.

“Nothing is impossible Sam-boy,” said Rebecca smirking.

“Don’t call me that, kecks!” said Sam warningly. They hated they’re nicknames.

“Hey, can we get back to the subject at hand?!” said Lukhi loudly.

Everyone shut up.

“Good. Now Erin is right. We can play that song if we try and we won’t be lazy. All we have to do is be ourselves and rock it out, get what I’m saying?” said Lukhi proudly.

“I vote for the song Ez suggested!” said Felicity, as there were violins in the song suggested.

“I second that notion,” said Jordan yawning.

“As do I!” said Rebecca, Chris and Pete very excitedly at the same time.

Lukhi and Genevieve were waiting for a certain smart-ass to put up his hand. He just looked at them and said, “There isn’t enough time!”

“Sam!” said Lukhi, Bec and Felicity warningly. Felicity began talking to him furiously in Italian, Rebecca nodding the whole time. Sam’s eyes grew wider and wider at everything his cousin said. Even though

nobody else but Bec could understand, they all knew Felicity meant business.

Sam looked away from his cousin horrified, then looked to Lukhi and sighed saying, "Whatever."

The girls squealed in delight while the boys punched the air in triumph. Even if the song was difficult to play, they knew they could do it if they tried again and again, until they got it right and ready to play in front of the audience. The question now was, where in Hogsmeade would they practise?

The thought was swirled around as they came to a halt, the chauffer calling out to them, "Alright kids, you have all arrived at your destination: Kings Cross Station."

"How much time do we have to get on the train?" asked Lukhi warily.

"At least forty-five minutes."

"Great, loads of time. Who wants to get something to eat?" asked a hungry Lukhi.

"ME!" everyone shouted.

"Right then, everybody get your luggage, Erin will shrink it to fit into your pockets, can you do that for us Ez?"

"Sure," said Genevieve/Erin, already have done her own and was pointing her wand at Chris and Pete's luggage.

When everyone had the luggage shrunken magically so it could fit in their pockets, they walked into the station.

The boys waited by the platform, or the entrance of it anyway, while the four girls went to get the food and coffees and all sorts.

Genevieve, who had the memory of an elephant, ordered everyone's food, and making sure that Lukhi, Felicity and Rebecca were covering her, sent the food to the ravenous boys with only a spell.

The girls then walked to a nice little coffee shop, Genevieve ordering for them again.

"Hi, could I please have one de caff, a latte, one iced coffee and one creamy hot chocolate for me thanks," said Genevieve busily going through her wallet for money, only finding galleons or sickles and a knut.

The guy serving her looked at her strange money and said, "You one of them then?"

"What?" she asked a little too quickly.

"It's okay, I've met loads of them in my three months working here," said the employee smiling. He was very, very good looking, with very light brunette hair that it was almost blonde, dark eyes, who would've been at least been fifteen going on sixteen and the traditional British street kid accent, but Genevieve felt she had seen him somewhere before in her lifetime.

"I'm sorry, to be staring, it's just, have I met you before?" asked the guy, looking her up and down.

"I was just about to ask you the same thing," she said laughing ever so lightly.

"Oi Erin! We've got forty minutes to get going, stop chatting up that coffee guy!" said Felicity, it being obvious that she was trying to embarrass the young singer.

"Sorry about that, every time I talk to a guy, they seem to think I'm chatting him up. Just give me a second to get the real money."

"Don't sweat it, it's on the house."

“Really? Thanks. Wait one second.” She said going through her handbag.

She grabbed a little notebook and a muggle pen and wrote down her address. “Here, and I hope to find out who you are soon.”

“Thanks, Erin,” replied the coffee guy.

“You can call me Genevieve,” she said with a small smile.

“Well then you can call me Josh.”

She was gob smacked. “As in Josh Taylor?” she asked still slightly shocked.

“Genevieve?! You’re that Genevieve, my Genevieve? Holy Shit!”

In that moment, Genevieve fell to the ground in complete shock.

OOOH! so who is Josh exactly?

Told you there was a twist.

Anyway, please review.

GeeTiger x

P.s. questions shall be answered about these sort of twists. Please if you see mistakes, tell me.

## Chapter 19

### Third Rating

Genevieve had fainted. Yes, and not because dementors were surrounding her and trying to suck out her soul, no not at all. Her life had just taken an unexpected turn. It wasn't a very bad turn, but it was just a very surprising turn. She was stirring for a bit, while Lukhi was yelling at Josh for an explanation, as Felicity took care of Genevieve, and Rebecca ran down to the gateway of the platform to tell the boys what had just happened.

Genevieve's eyes began opening, she rubbed her eyelids and they became wider as she remembered what had just happened.

Josh, the coffee guy, was her cousin. Yes, one of the people in her family, that was supposedly dead.

She screamed in her mind and sat up very quickly, but was rejected as Felicity pushed her back down to the ground, a soft cardigan cushioning her head.

"Just relax," came Felicity's soothing voice.

Genevieve looked at her and said, "Relax? RELAX! He's my frikkin cousin Felicity, whom I haven't seen in eight years!"

Felicity looked rather frightened as Genevieve looked like a mad child.

Lukhi went down to her level and said, "Genevieve, you were out for about five minutes. We have about half an hour left to get on the train. You can talk to this newly found family member of yours while I go down to tell Bec and the boys to stay where they are." Genevieve nodded as she did as she was told.

"Felicity," said Lukhi turning to Felicity. "Take care of her, while I go down there to try and get through the platform-"

“You can’t get through to the platform unless you’re with a member of the magic society, i.e. me. Plus I won’t be long.”

“Alright, we’ll see you down there then, Felicity come,” she said ushering her violinist to the stairs.

When the two young women left, there was a very awkward silence between the two renewed cousins. Slowly Genevieve got up and walked to Josh. She did something he hadn’t actually expected. She hugged him.

“You were presumed dead. Everyone was. What happened?” she asked him as a tear rolled down her cheek.

“We were all in an accident. Mum and Dad were already dead and Luke... he was an inch close to death.”

“Luke’s still alive?” she asked, a bit more cheerful than before.

“Of course. We run the old jazz bar down on Rock Ferry Road.”

“How could I have forgotten Granddad’s old jazz spot?” she asked completely bemused as to why she had forgotten to visit there. “So what about Byron?” she asked Josh. Byron was the other uncle other than Genevieve’s father and Josh’s father.

“He died too,” he said closing his eyes, trying not to remember it all. “We were in the van, all going to a New Years Eve party, and then those evil people of your society, stopped the car and just started smashing it everywhere in the street as if it were a toy. It was only two years ago.”

“At least they’re altogether now...”

“You don’t mean...”

“Josh my parents were murdered by the people that killed off most of our family,” she said breathing in and out slowly. “It was in the end of January...”

He hugged her even tighter. A few more tears slid down her face. Josh’s eyes opened, as a question pondered his mind regretfully.

“Genny, what happened to Eva?” he asked, hoping to the heavens she was all right.

Genevieve rubbed her tears away and looked at him seriously and said, “I don’t know. She was kidnapped on the night it all happened...I really have to go now,” she finished as she looked down to her watch.

She hugged him once more and turned to leave. But something held her back. He needed more information then an address to write to her. He was her cousin for God’s sake.

“Josh, please visit my guardians, and bring Luke with you. I know why the family was killed, but unfortunately as I have no time to explain, I know Dennis and Andy can. Tell them you are a Napoleon and you’ll have to sing Nan’s lullabies to prove them you are my cousin. I’m sure you know them well?”

“Of course.”

“That’s there address right there. I’ll be back on January the fifth if you need anything, goodbye for now.”

“But not forever.” He said rephrasing his uncle. She smiled and walked off into the billowy smoke coming from below.

Genevieve felt a bit weird after the incident with her not-so-dead cousin. However, now she knew that She was not to be the last Taylor in history. That of course is if she started believing in her suspicions that Eva was inside Malfoy Manor at that very second.

She reached the band at the gateway and went through with each band member at a time. When they were all finally on Platform 9 and  $\frac{3}{4}$ , they got onto the train, taking their miniature luggage in their pockets and Cloudy hooting softly as she slept quietly.

The train began to leave the station, she watched outside the window. The longing to see her two cousins was pulling at her heart, but she had already planed on leaving, not knowing what fate would throw at her before departing. Not knowing that they were still alive, well at least some anyway. It seemed the kids were on their own now.

The boys were in one compartment while the girls were in another. The train was empty everywhere else. The day before, students from years one to three were jumping off trains to see their parents and go home for Christmas.

Genevieve pulled out a recent letter from Draco, smiling at how clearly aggravated he was to not be supposedly seeing her this Christmas. The Yule Ball was a compulsory event for every year in between fourth and seventh years. Draco was not enjoying the fact that he had not paid attention to the fact that it was compulsory, thinking he could go home anyway, so now all the tolerable girls in Slytherin were gone. The only one he could ask was unfortunately Pansy Parkinson.

Watching Draco Malfoy dancing with the pug faced Slytherin princess was going to be absolutely hilarious for Genevieve. She couldn't wait to see what the tragic Pansy would be wearing. Sadly it never said in the books. Oh well, she couldn't wait for a surprise.

Lukhi was writing a letter, which she asked Genevieve to duplicate and asked to borrow Cloudy to send them off.

Genevieve didn't hesitate to help her and gave her the supplies she needed.

“So who are these cousins of yours anyway?” asked Genevieve curiously.



“I could honestly ask you the same question,” stated Lukhi, about the events in the coffee shop.

“Trust me, even I didn’t see that one coming,” Genevieve muttered to herself.

“Well,” continued Lukhi, “You’ll see them on the night. I can’t wait ‘til Christmas Eve, you guys are going to be fantastic!”

Rebecca and Felicity squealed with Lukhi, while Genevieve laughed at their antics. The boys burst in, wondering why the hell they were screaming.

“Is everything okay? Did something happen?” asked Jordan more awake than Genevieve had ever seen him.

“We’re fine, they’re just excited,” said Genevieve happily.

“You can leave now,” said Felicity shooing them out.

When the boys left, disgruntled to be dismissed after five seconds, Felicity slammed the compartment door shut and turned to Genevieve with a smirk on her face. “So, Ez, who is this boy that seems to always make you so happy?”

“Yeah?” chorused Lukhi and Rebecca.

Genevieve smiled, not really embarrassed anymore about it and softly responded, “He’s my best friend, he goes to Hogwarts, which means I haven’t seen him since September 1st. He’s really sweet and kind and caring and everything a girl my age could wish for. But there’s one thing about him that really annoys me. He’s a pureblood and in Slytherin house. He doesn’t mind the fact that I’m a halfblooded witch, but Merlin knows what his family and the future will do to his opinion on me. Anyway, for now, I know his good side, and I really like his bad-boy-ness. It’s hard to be with him and think these things, but I know he’ll be off limits soon...”

“Aww! That is so cute, young love and things that set you two apart, but in the end you’ll sacrifice each other for love...” said Rebecca dreamily.

“Bec, you’re talking serious Romeo and Juliet here. They aren’t in a live or die situation here, they can’t be in love at this age, it’s probably just a fling,” said Lukhi in a matter of fact tone.

“Is he handsome?” blurted out Felicity. Rebecca and Lukhi had been listening intently now.

“Of course he is. He has the most entrancing eyes I’ve ever gazed into. He has a very good build, tall but muscular and at fourteen!” Genevieve sighed gazing. “Man I really miss him don’t I?” she asked them with realization on her features.

They all nodded and smiled, Lukhi turning to Rebecca and saying, “I guess you weren’t wrong about that Romeo and Juliet stuff...it looks like Erin has fallen head over heels for his mystery guy!”

“You have to show him to us! Wait, wait, wait, how is he going to know who you are with your disguise on?” asked Felicity confused and slightly worried.

“That’s my only problem, hopefully he’ll recognize my voice, or if he can try and see a resemblance through the disguise, I won’t be able to see him, unless he discovers it’s me on his own,” explained Genevieve, already aware that it might not happen on Christmas Eve. But remember, miracles can happen on Christmas...

Before they knew it, minutes became hours and light became dark and the band had arrived at Hogsmeade station. From there, they walked a mile or so down to Hogsmeade the town itself. They had received many stares along the way, only seeing one girl with a wand, which just happened to be Genevieve.

They came before the inn they were staying at, but when Lukhi walked in, Genevieve knew she could feel some negative vibes around the area.

Just as she predicted, Lukhi came out huffing angrily about 'stupid judgemental witches'.

"What happened?" asked Pete concerned that they weren't taking their pocket sized luggage in with them and getting some rest in the nice, cosy little hotel rooms.

"We aren't allowed to stay here are we?" asked Genevieve with annoyance clear in her tone. She had unconsciously read Lukhi's mind, and hissed angrily to herself, "Frikkinn judgemental witch!"

"Pretty much yeah, they said they were booked full of rooms, even though I had booked at least four rooms about two months ago! When I told the woman at the counter that, she sneered at me and went to look for the manager! The nerve of that bitch!"

"It's because we're squibs, innit?" said Chris sighing.

"Yeah, well I'm not! And I'm going to get those four rooms, no matter what you guys are; they are throwing the future success band out on the streets! Move out of my way Lukhi." Genevieve had had enough of how they had been treated as squibs. She was going to settle this. Reluctantly, Lukhi moved out of her way and let Genevieve through.

She slammed the doors open and walked up to the front desk, to see a perky woman who seemed to like her lips to purse, whenever she saw someone she didn't think was good enough.

"How may I help you dear?" she asked in the crispiest voice.

"You can give me and my friends those four rooms that we booked two months in advance! You're only throwing them out because they haven't got the use of a wand. It's funny because I have one, so if one of us has one, maybe you should let the rest of them sleep here as well. God they aren't going to contaminate you! Stupid woman!" Genevieve hissed to the woman.

“I’ll go get the manager to sort this out, this is harassment you know!”

“What? Too scared to tell off a fourteen-year-old girl yourself?” said Genevieve smartly, “And it actually isn’t harassment, if it were I’d have my wand at your throat telling you to die in a hole and that this place is third rating.” Genevieve wasn’t giving up without a fight.

She had a very good idea to scare the woman. It was so simple; she didn’t now why she hadn’t said it before.

“You know, my uncle, the toughest hotel critic around, you know, Carlos Von Zinn, is looking for some new hotels to criticize, oh and I see, one, two, three, way too many mistakes around here already.”

The woman cowered while Genevieve smirked. “You know what, I think I might just take this up with Albus Dumbledore, I’d rather like to stay in dorm rooms, then this filthy place.”

The woman cowered even more as Genevieve stalked out, feeling confident and not afraid of anything. The bitch deserved it.

She walked out into the cold snow filled area and walked up to the band. “Sorry guys, I couldn’t even get the rooms, but I did scare her, and good.”

“Well, looks like we’re out on the street for the night,” sighed Jordan.

“No, you’re not.” Stated Genevieve shaking her head.

“So we’re are we staying then, if you can get us another room without scaring the person at the front desk,” said Sam, not realizing his cousin had practically given him a death stare, which meant she’d deal with him later.

“Oh shut up Sam, at least she tried, we never even came that close to getting hotel rooms around wizarding areas, remember?” exclaimed Rebecca.

“Guys! I have an idea. I’m sure he’d let us stay until January the fifth. We’ll ask Dumbledore if we can stay at Hogwarts.”

At that second, Cloudy came back, from the direction of Hogwarts. “Perfect timing,” said Jordan smiling.

“Alright, you guys go the Three Broomsticks, while I write this letter to Dumbledore, got it?” commanded Lukhi.

They all simultaneously saluted Lukhi as they all walked off. Lukhi grabbed a muggle pen out of her bag and some muggle paper and began writing. Cloudy was waiting patiently and when Lukhi was finished she tied the letter around the owl’s leg and watch it soar into the snowing dark sky.

In the Three Broomsticks, Madam Rosmerta served them and they had a round of butterbeers. Lukhi came in and Felicity and Rebecca looked up hopefully, and she shook her head saying, “I only just sent off Erin’s owl.”

They reverted their eyes back to their butterbeers. It was silent as they waited for an owl to come back with a reply. Genevieve knew deep down that Voldemort accepted everyone as an equal, so she wasn’t that worried.

Lukhi was staring off into space when she realized something dire about Genevieve. She hadn’t disguised herself yet.

“Erin, quick, transfigure yourself, to not look so like...you!”

Genevieve’s eyes opened wide, how could she have been so stupid? She took out her wand and muttered an advance spell, making her hair go a wavy red and her eyes an emerald green. She really didn’t want to see Harry Potter’s expression when he saw her. He might think it was a reincarnation of his mum. However it was the only disguise that made her look completely different to her normal blue eyes and brown hair.

The guys looked hilarious when they saw her. "Holy-" said Sam shocked when he saw Genevieve.

"What?" asked Genevieve; afraid something wrong had happened to her appearance that shouldn't have.

"No Erin, he's complimenting you. You really should see yourself." Explained Felicity smirking at her cousin, who had actually not been a smart ass to Genevieve about how she looked. She rummaged through her handbag and found something and sad in triumph, "Aha. Look into this."

Genevieve took whatever it was from Felicity and realized it was a mirror. She clicked it open and could've sworn she was Lily Potter's twin sister, but the band knew nothing of her, so didn't remark upon it. "Wow...I didn't think I could clean up so well..."she said, looking at her wand in disbelief. The four boys nodded, looking at her, their jaws had dropped. They knew she was a gorgeous girl the way she was, but hell she was even hotter now!

"I'd close your mouths if I were you, you could catch flies in those gobs!" said Lukhi laughing. "Well at least you're safe now Erin."

"Yeah..." replied Genevieve, still looking at herself. No, she wasn't one to boast, and she wasn't admiring herself like Pansy Parkinson, what was there to admire about her though? Anyway, Genevieve still couldn't believe she had changed that much. She rather liked herself as a red head.

"So what do we do if there is no room for us?" asked Chris concerned, taking his attention off of Genevieve and onto Lukhi.

"He wouldn't leave us stranded with nowhere to stay, we're his guests on Christmas Eve and if we can't play, then no one will play on the night, and I can tell you, those kids ain't gonna be satisfied that it's only an orchestra playing, it isn't the eighteenth century for Christs sake!" replied Lukhi taking a sip of her butterbeer.

Genevieve nodded in agreement and said, "Yeah, Dumbledore isn't like other wizards, he's more accepting of squibs than any wise old wizard."

Just in that moment, an owl came swooping down gracefully landing onto their table. Cloudy, handing Genevieve the reply from Dumbledore. She handed it to Lukhi, who ripped it open quickly and unfolded a piece of parchment.

"Dear Miss Lukhi Raie," she read aloud. "It has come to my attention that you need four rooms, two to each. I'm afraid for such guests like you, we can not do such an honour- WHAT?" her eyes full of rage.

Everybody jumped by the volume of Lukhi's voice. "I can't believe it, and we all thought he was a nice guy," said Jordan sadly. Everyone else sighed, knowing, without accommodation, they were stuffed for Christmas Eve.

Genevieve wasn't ready to jump to conclusions just yet about what he meant in 'such guests like you'.

Genevieve noticed something that made her smile. She took the letter from Lukhi and continued, making everyone shut up, "However, this is because our guests from overseas have taken up the guest rooms and the students have taken their own means of accommodation. I am unfortunate to inform you that you'll have to take the student-guest dorms, instead of the normal guest dorms. My apologies for the rooms and if you're not satisfied, I am sure to pay you extra for the circumstances..."

They all took a minute for it to sink in. After that minute everybody said a loud "Yes!" of triumph and joy.

"Thank God." Said Lukhi clutching her heart.

"Well it looks like we're staying at Hogwarts for three weeks!" said Genevieve with a smile which made everyone yell out 'Woohoo!' and 'Yeah!'

Genevieve didn't know it yet, but she was going to have the time of her life as the red headed, green eyed singer, Erin Marshall.

So yeah, I know it's a bit cliché about the disguise, but hey, I couldn't imagine Genevieve having red hair and green eyes and still looking like herself. Everything else seemed to resemble her somehow. I also know Genevieve acts a tad evil at one point in here too, but it's only for the band's best interests.

By the way, reminding you, Erin Marshall is her disguised name and Lukhi's last name is pronounced 'Ry-ay'

Please do review

GeeTiger x



## Chapter 20

### Christmas Eve Day.

Snow pitter, pattered along Genevieve's window in the guest dorm she had been staying in. Dumbledore had thought it fit that each band member had their own dorm as he felt it better for any conflict, conflict had apparently happened a lot in the boy's dorms over which one had the best bed (the one farthest away from the door). This meant that, the boys took the Durmstrang dorms and the girls took the Beauxbatons ones. There was a bed to each room, as they didn't need the other three to four.

It was Christmas Eve morning, which meant that the students would be locked out of Hogwarts for the day, so the band could have an exclusive rehearsal. Genevieve got up and dressed in seconds and put on very light makeup. A knock on the door almost made her drop her guitar, only re-catching it just in time.

She opened it up to see Sam waiting with Chris. "Hurry up! We have five minutes to get down to the Great Hall."

"Alright, don't get your knickers in a twist you two!" yelled Genevieve, taking the guitar in more safe and secure hold. Another surprise, Sam took the guitar from her and said, "I'll deal with this."

Genevieve looked at him sceptically, shook her head and muttered, "Must be Christmas getting to his head."

"Hey! I heard that!"

"No you didn't." retorted Genevieve running away from him and quickly.

She slid down the banister of the staircase near her dorm, landing perfectly in the Beauxbatons common room.

"I still can't see why those foreign kids decided to sleep in their own means of accommodation," said Chris confused.

“Because Chris,” started the red headed Genevieve, “They think they’re too good to take and share rooms in Hogwarts castle, so they stay in their little cramped ships or large carriages.”

“How do you know all of this, and aren’t you French?” asked Sam, acting human for once.

“Witch,” she said pointing at herself, and flicking around her wand in circles with her index finger and middle finger, “Plus, I may be French, but I’m not fully French. I can understand and speak the language, but even I laugh at the pompous French people.”

The boys just nodded and walked out of the girls’ common room, Lukhi was perky and awake while Rebecca and Felicity were still yawning and stretching their limbs. They were muttering some things in Italian and that was when Sam turned around and said to them, “I knew you two would stay up late, but really, a night before the performance?” Sam shook his head.

When they walked down to the Great Hall, they quickly ate breakfast that Dumbledore required for them. He gave them Calming Draughts, in case somebody started to panic and a clear throat spell, which made their voices louder, clearer and free of any bug that could appear in the next ten and a half hours.

The band practised only a bit on the songs that they would play, leaving the most difficult one last. They had already remembered every note, word and rhythm for each song and by the time they were perfect with those songs, they decided to rehearse the song they were going to do first, the opening song.

The staff were helping put up decorations while hearing the band play. For a bunch of squibs, they were pretty good. Professor Flitwick charmed the Entrance Hall and Great Hall to have a set of stairs, for the opening song needed it, and it created the Ballroom effect. Basically, from the Entrance Hall, you had to walk down a set of marble stairs, instead of just walk through the doors.

“I’m sorry,” said Professor Flitwick to Genevieve, “But don’t I know you?”

“I’m pretty sure this is the first time I’ve met you,” said Genevieve smiling kindly to his mistake.

“You just look so familiar, did your mother go here?” he asked once again curiously. Before she could answer, he called over to Professor McGonagall and she came over immediately. “What is it professor?” Minerva asked of the tiny man.

“Don’t you see a resemblance to anyone we taught here?” he said pointing to Genevieve.

“Why yes, young Lily Evans. But it can’t be.”

“Now that you’re correct about,” Hinted Genevieve, “You see I’m not related to this Lily Evans you recall of. My name is Erin Marshall, not Evans or whoever she would be married to now.”

The two professors just looked at her strangely and walked away finishing off the great hall. “Phew,” said Genevieve, she didn’t want to be related to a fake family member, i.e. Harry Potter. She didn’t even look like Lily Potter, yes she had the hair colour and the eyes, but it didn’t mean she had the face or body structure.

The band continued on with their practise, and when someone’s guitar or violin string broke unexpectedly, the staff were on it like a pack of wolves and repairing it. Sometimes the teachers stuffed up, so whenever someone broke an instrument, Genevieve decided to take it to either Professor Dumbledore or Professor McGonagall.

By the end of practise, the band was ready to rock out all of Hogwarts, cheesy yeah, but you would too after getting sick of playing the same song over and over again. The Great hall was ready to go and everyone was excited to play. Lukhi gathered the band up and gave a speech.

“Now, as you all know this is our first real gig and we’ve practised so much just to make it perfect. I’m sure there won’t be any mistakes because we’ve made sure that it won’t happen with the help of the staff here at Hogwarts. The students will be arriving back at the castle in an hour or so, so it will give you guys some time to get ready for the ball. Finally, I’m proud to say, that I, Lukhi Raie am the next number one band’s manager! Now are you ready to play for your life or what?!”

“YEAH!” they all yelled out in joy.

“Great, well let’s get going. Back to the dorms we go!” said Lukhi with a big smile on her face.

As everybody ran up to their dorm rooms to get ready, they all knew that they were going to have a blast playing for the teenagers of Hogwarts. Felicity did Genevieve’s make up as Lukhi got hers done by Rebecca. Felicity and Rebecca then did each other knowing that their dresses were easy to slip on while Genevieve’s was a tad tight. Lukhi wasn’t going to play because she was the manager, but she still wanted to look pretty anyway.

Lukhi looked like a businesswoman in her skirt and blouse, which was tight but she could still surprisingly breathe in it. She had on heavy eye make up and every other feature on her face was flawless. Her hair was in a curly, messy bun, strands of her hair hanging on the sides of her face. She held in her hands a clipboard and around the back of one ear, a head phone to hear what was going on with everyone else on stage, and a microphone to tell them what to do, in case of a mishap.

Felicity had her hair down, but very volumized and it was straightened out. Her make up was noticeable enough and her eye make up was extravagant. She was dressed out in a black shirtdress with a bronze high waisted belt, to match her necklace and she wore on her feet, Greek type sandal high heels. Her violin and bow shook slightly in her nervous hands.

Rebecca's make up was on the heavy side, but still made her look like a model, her hair was like Felicity's, only she had a hairclip on the side, to hold back her out of control side fringe, like she did everyday. She had on a strapless leopard print dress, with a brown high waisted to go along with it. Her shoes were chunky bronze stilettos and surprisingly she could walk in them. She twiddled with her microphone and looked around the room they were in. She then turned to Genevieve and smiled anxiously.

Because Genevieve had her Erin Marshall disguise on, she had to wear something that matched the new red hair and emerald eyes. The girls of the band had bought a strapless, slightly short, green sequined dress for her, as a welcome-to-the-band-gift. It was perfect to wear for the show. There was a silk black bow all the way around the high waist of the dress, which tied into a bow at the back. She wore black sequined high heels to match her dress. Her make up was only intense around the eyes and everything else was only perfected. Her hair was a curly mass, and she had only noticed it then, taking out her wand from the safety strap around one of her thighs, which was hidden by the dress, and made her hair less frizzy and tamed more, making her curls go a nice 1930's look to it.

Felicity took out a black bow hair clip for her to use out of her pocket. "Just in case," said Felicity smiling, pinning the hair clip in for her.

Felicity was supposed to start the song, playing the violin. She was the most nervous Genevieve had ever seen her. Rebecca also noticed this and said reassuringly to the other Italian, "Don't worry Felicity, you're going to be great, and Lukhi's made sure nothing will go wrong."

"Yeah," said Genevieve agreeing, "You guy's really deserved this chance, you've been playing for two years together, it's your time."

Rebecca smiled at Genevieve, which helped brighten up Felicity a bit. There was a bang outside the door of the room, closest to the Great Hall. It was dimly lit in the room so that passers by wouldn't get suspicious and discover Dumbledore's surprise.

Lukhi's voice was heard outside the door, "HEY! Parvati! Stop trying to get in! I may be a squib, but I do know a thing or two about muggle fighting..."

"But Lukhi!" whined a girl Genevieve's age, which presumably was Parvati, whom Genevieve guessed was the one of the cousins that Lukhi was talking about. It made sense now to Genevieve.

"No Buts! I'll be calling Licita if you don't stop barging in!" threatened Lukhi.

"Do you think I care?" retorted Parvati.

"You're not getting in here, you'll make my singers nervous!" said Lukhi warningly and slightly pleadingly.

"Out of us two, who's the witch?" said Parvati. Genevieve could just imagine a smirk on her face and her hands on her hips.

"I don't care what you are, I was going to introduce you and your friends to them after the ball, but because you're being such a brat, I'll only let Padma and her friends meet them," said Lukhi obviously beating her cousin. "Oh and by the way, I may not be a witch, but one of my singers is, NO she does NOT go to this school, don't bombard me with questions!" she almost yelled. Felicity, Bec and Genevieve were now up against the door, trying to listen.

"Hmph!" said Parvati annoyed for not getting her way.

"And is this your date Parvati?" asked Lukhi kindly, to obviously a different person.

"Ah yes, this is Harry, Harry Potter," she said smugly.

"Nice to meet you," muttered Harry.

Felicity and Rebecca almost screamed at the sound of Harry Potter's name. "Oh my GOD! It's the Boy-Who-Lived!" they whispered

excitedly. Genevieve just laughed silently at the two, way over excited girls.

“What are you laughing at? That’s the Boy-Who-Lived out there, and you’re laughing?” asked Bec incredulously.

Genevieve smirked and said, “That’s because I’ve met him before girls, by the way, he wasn’t the nicest to me, he was very protective of his friends when I was with them.”

“Oh, so he’s not all that he’s made out to be,” said Felicity understanding. “Did he meet you with the disguise on, or when you were just normal?”

“When I was just normal.”

They nodded and continued to listen up against the door.

“So what’s the band called anyway?” asked Harry, Genevieve curious as to why he would care.

“The Multicultural Patriots,” answered Lukhi, “So you can meet them at eleven thirty, okay, and don’t forget to tell Padma, I don’t want her left out!”

“Yeah, yeah!” said Parvati, her voice drifting away in the distance.

The sound of an orchestra began to play. It was muffled in the room, but it was still quite clear. The three girls backed away from the door, and as if they were reading each other’s minds, not literally for Genevieve, they held hands and Rebecca said, “No matter what happens, we’ll still be together.”

Genevieve knew something big was about to happen to the band, it was obvious wasn’t it?

They heard the orchestra play on and Felicity quietly said, “For our disapproving families, who have finally their moment to be proud of us for who we are as squibs.”

“For each of us as individuals, to really show them what we got. To show them we can do something amazing that no kind of magic spell can do,” said Felicity.

“For,” said Genevieve for a dramatic pause, “The Multicultural Patriots.”

Cliffhanger?

Yeah, just the way I like it.

Anyway, if you read the last couple of chapters you'd know that the band was called the Multicultural Patriots. I made it up, didn't steal it.

So if you aussie readers have figured out the start of the song, because it is sung and written by two aussie girls, well just be glad you know.

So please review, and the next chapter is when they perform! and when we see alot of HP characters that don't belong to me.

GeeTiger.

P.S. questions will be answered.



## Chapter 21

### The Yule Ball

The Students had just finished the waltz. When it came to an end, the students, especially the champions, were relieved to be able to dance freely to some corny disc jockey music. Professor Dumbledore got up onto a large stage and thanked the champions for opening the first dance.

“Now, since the important dances are over, you are free to jump about, banging your heads to some real music.” Dumbledore was obviously a fan of the band too.

“Now I would like to introduce the newly found band, they have been playing for a couple of years and they are definitely not the Weird Sisters. You have been hearing them on your radios since October and I would like to say, they are the future in music. I would like to introduce to you the band that was unnamed to you all for many months, yet you still loved to listen to, during class.”

This got some giggles and laughs with Fred and George smirking, since they used it as their cover music when they did pranks. The students got excited; they actually knew what the old man was on about. In every common room and dorm room, there would be a song playing by the unnamed band.

“I would like to introduce to you, in their first live concert, The Multicultural Patriots!” announced Dumbledore joyfully.

All that could be heard were the screams of every teenager in the Great Hall. The lights went out straight away and a single light beam was on the doors of the Great Hall. Dumbledore flicked his wand twice and the doors slammed open as the opening effect. There stood a lone girl with a violin and bow in her hands and everybody in the hall stared at her expectantly.

Felicity could not see the students otherwise she would have run away, wetting herself. She told herself to just play and that’s when it

begun. The violin echoed out through the great hall, leaving everyone watching her curious as to where it would lead too.

On the stage, a light flashed down on Sam and Jordan. Sam started to play the keyboards; Jordan started tapping one of the high hats, as Felicity started walking down the steps to the Great Hall. People started to slowly approach the stairs to see if anything else would happen.

All the lights for the stage lit up as Pete and Chris played the guitar or bass guitar. Some of the students near the illusional staircase went back to cheer helplessly at the hot boys playing instruments in a band.

However many stayed, certain something was going to happen in that area, something big for that matter. Felicity walked down the steps every time she played, stopping when she had to make a dramatic moment last. The students' suspicions were right.

A light shone down on a brunette girl who walked from the right side of the doors and began to sing and walking down the stairs, only two behind of Felicity.

“I go ooh ooh, you go ah ah,

Lalalalalalalala”

Everyone screamed as they recognized Rebecca's voice from the radios and CD's they listened too. This time, a red headed girl came out of the side of the doors, but on the left side and when she sang even more screams were heard as they recognized her voice as well. She began to sing and walk down the stairs along with Rebecca.

“I can lalalalalalalala

I wanna wanna wanna get get get what I want

Don't stop”

“Give me give me give me what you got got

Cause I can't wait wait wait any more more more”

“Don't even talk about the consequence

Cause right now you're the only thing that's making any sense to me”

“And I don't give a damn what they say, what they think think

Cause you're the only one who's on my mind

I'll never ever let you leave me

I'll try to stop time for ever, never wanna hear you say goodbye (bye  
bye bye)”

“I feel so untouched

And I want you so much

That I just can't resist you

It's not enough to say that I miss you

I feel so untouched right now

Need you so much somehow

I can't forget you

I've gone crazy from the moment I met you”

“Untouched, Un-

And I need you so much”

“See you, breathe you, I want to be you

Alalalala alalalala

You can take take take take take time time

To live live the way you gotta gotta live your life

Give me give me give me all of you you

Don't be scared

I'll see you through the loneliness of one more more more

Don't even think about what's right or wrong, wrong or right

'Cause in the end it's only you and me and no one else is gonna be around

To answer all the questions left behind

And you and I are meant to be so even if the world falls down today

You've still got me to hold you up up

And I will never let you down (down)"

"I feel so untouched

And I want you so much

That I just can't resist you

It's not enough to say that I miss you

I feel so untouched right now

Need you so much somehow

I can't forget you

I've gone crazy from the moment I met you"

“Untouched, un-, untouched, untouched, un-, untouched, untouched,  
un-,

Alalalala alalalala

Untouched, un-

Alalalala alalalala”

“I feel so untouched

And I want you so much

That I just can't resist you

It's not enough to say that I miss you

I feel so untouched right now

Need you so much somehow

I can't forget you

I've gone crazy from the moment I met you”

“I feel so untouched

And I want you so much

That I just can't resist you

It's not enough to say that I miss you

I feel so untouched right now

Need you so much somehow

I can't forget you

I've gone crazy from the moment I met you"

"Untouched, un-, untouched, untouched, un-."

Felicity finished the last note on the violin, and then it happened freakishly loudly and quickly. Fans rushed up to the bottom of the steps picked up, Felicity, Rebecca and Genevieve and carried them all the way to the stage, where the guys were trying to get away from the edge of the stage, where the particular Beauxbatons Girls went mad to get a piece of the good looking boys on stage.

The girls were thrown on stage, a bit too roughly luckily caught by Jordan, Chris or Pete, while Sam, hid behind his keyboard. The girls seemed to want him as much as the other three. His ankle was almost grabbed by a feisty fifth year Slytherin girl, so she could drag him off the stage. Genevieve however grabbed both his arms and dragged him as far away from those girls. He was definitely horrified, but then smirked and said, "Am I really that good looking?" to Genevieve, who rolled her eyes and dropped his arms, making him fall backwards.

Jordan got up from where he was and said into the microphone, "I can see you're eager to hear us play?"

Everyone, excluding teachers and older people, yelled out, "YEAH!"

"Why didn't you just ask?" said Jordan smartly smiling and laughing joyfully, tapping his drumsticks together. Genevieve quickly drank out of a water bottle given to her by Lukhi, ready to sing for the next song. Bec got a break for the next four songs so sat down at the back of the stage with Felicity, as she wouldn't be needed unless for back ups or anything dire, like bass guitar or keyboards, which she could play luckily enough.

Chris began to play his guitar, and they all followed shortly after. Genevieve looked mischievous as she sang this song.

"I'm sick of this dirty dress

I'm thinking I might do less, now

There's something I must confess, to you

You know how every days

The same old every ways, well

I've got a secret to tell

I can't contain it anymore

Who's knocking at your door?"

"Hey! Surprise!

I never liked you, even when I tried to

Don't speak now it's my turn baby uh uh

I never liked you, and I won't pretend to"

"Hey! Look twice!

I never liked you even when I tried to

Can't you see the curtain's falling uh uh

Is there a reason you're still hangin' around"

xox

Draco was standing as Pansy's favourite band, even if they were squibs, was playing. "C'mon Drakie! Lets dance!" she yelled happily.

"Sorry, I'm not the dancing type." Said Draco, not planning on dancing with her. God, if only Genevieve were there to save him and where on earth was Daphne and Blaise!

He spotted them dancing to the rock song playing, which had a very pretty red headed girl singing. 'Seems Potter is staring too,' he realized when he saw him staring, very confused. 'Oh that's why...she looks like his mudblood mother. Bet she's not even related to him!'

Draco forgot about Pansy and walked over to his two normal friends. Blaise saw him and waved him over. "Thank Merlin," said Draco thankfully.

"Pansy wants to dance with you?" asked Blaise smiling evilly. Daphne started laughing and said, "You better watch out Draco, she's planning on a moon lit walk in the grounds, oh how dreadfully romantic."

"Blaise, you don't mind if I dance with your girl for a moment, I just need Pansy to get away from me and go sulk off."

"I'd be glad to make it happen," said Blaise already shoving Daphne over to Draco and walking over to Pansy. Ever since he had met Genevieve, he only wanted her to be with Draco, because he only seemed human around her. However, everyone felt pity for Draco to be with Pansy on Christmas Eve.

"So Draco, since there's nothing to talk about, how's Genevieve been lately, since you are the only person who knows her address."

"She's okay, a bit depressed her best friend isn't spending Christmas with her, but she says she's coping with the letters."

Daphne laughed, and realized the red head stopped singing and was going to have a break. "You know that girl sounds awfully like her."

"Who?" asked Draco as Daphne pulled him out of the crowd. "Where are we going?" asked Draco even more confused.

"To meet that red head! I wanna know if she's related to Genevieve!" said Daphne eagerly.



“Wait, you’ve heard Genevieve sing before?” he asked clearly annoyed that she had before he had.

“I caught her once when I was over at her place, when you two boys had some event on.”

“All right, okay, what about Blaise?” asked Draco.

“We’ll only be one second. Besides I think he can spend ten minute or so near Pansy, how do you think both you and I do it?”

Draco shrugged and he pulled her closer to the red head, who was drinking from a bottle of water.

xox

Genevieve was drinking from a bottle of water, because her voice was tired and sore. She turned around, rolled her dress up to reveal her hidden wand. She took it out of its holder once more, to clear her throat better with a mouth-washing spell. Coughing a bit at how fast it had gone down her throat.

She turned around to see Lukhi forbidding two kids her age, to come ad see the band. However Genevieve heart skipped a beat when she saw that it was Daphne Greengrass and Draco Malfoy.

“Lukhi!” said Genevieve urgently.

“Yes Erin.”

“They’re my guests, please do let them in.”

“Oh alright, you two are just lucky you get to meet one of the singers.” Lukhi walked off to Felicity, who was putting her violin in its case and drinking some water.

“Uhh hi,” said Daphne nervously, “Um, I was wondering if I could ask you a question miss.”

“Trust me, I’m your age and I know what it’s like to ask people who sing in bands like me questions. Don’t be nervous, I don’t bite,” Genevieve replied smiling kindly.

“Okay, when I saw you up on the stage, you looked a lot like one of my friends, in fact you sound like her too when you sing. Are you related to Genevieve Davies?”

The two looked at her curiously. Draco started noticing her features, which looked rather like Genevieve in many ways, and her voice was practically matching Genevieve’s voice, maybe she could be.

Genevieve made them come in closer so that no one else heard and said, “Cover me and close your eyes for a second.”

Felicity by this time had walked out of that area to sign autographs, so no one was around to catch Genevieve.

While she was saying the counter curses, her hair colour changed to its original brunette and her eyes went from emerald green to a deep ocean blue.

Checking that no one would come in she said, “You can open your eyes now.”

Daphne was the first and squealed in delight as she saw the girl in front of her. “Oh my god! Genevieve!” she practically screamed happily, running up to her and hugging her.

Genevieve giggled at the hysterical Daphne. And looked over her shoulder to see Draco, very shocked. Genevieve smiled and said uncertainly, “Surprise.”

Daphne let go of her and moved out of the way as Genevieve walked closer to Draco. His breath caught in his throat.

“Is it, really...you?” he asked not so sure.

“Do you need anymore reassurance?” Genevieve smirked, knowing what exactly to do.

Draco nodded, not sure where she was going. Genevieve lightly planted her lips on his and recognizing her taste, kissed her back. Her hands went around the back of his neck while he held onto her waist.

Before getting into much more detail, Genevieve pulled away hesitantly and Draco pouted for more. “I would,” answered Genevieve, “but I really wouldn’t want to in front of miss Daphne here. Wait a sec, where the hell is Blaise?”

Daphne ran out of the area, while Draco quickly covered Genevieve up, so she could put back her red hair and green eyes.

They followed Daphne’s trail, people were too slow to stop Genevieve and Draco at that moment, so just let them run through the crowds jumping up and down to one of the rock songs Pete was singing, wait he could sing?

Genevieve turned to Draco as he asked her, “So why red and green?” he asked curiously.

“Because,” she said as they reached where Daphne stopped running, “Nobody really recognizes me when I’m a red head with emerald green eyes.”

“Potter certainly noticed you,” said Draco laughing.

Genevieve turned to Daphne and Blaise as he was sitting on a chair near one of the tables.

“She hurt my head,” said Blaise annoyed.

“Who?” Genevieve asked confused.

“Pansy,” said Daphne rolling her eyes.

"How?" asked Draco just about ready to attack Pansy.

"She goes on and on and on..." said Blaise, his eyes wide and his whole body was shaking.

"Speak of the devil..." said Daphne muttered Daphne sitting down next to Blaise and signalling her head towards a direction.

At that moment, Pansy came strolling in for Draco, Genevieve whispered in his ear, "Call me Erin Marshall, don't whatsoever call me Genevieve Davies," he nodded clearly hearing, and bending down to Daphne to tell her and she nodded understanding.

"Draco darling," said a sickly sweet Pansy. She threw her arms around him, and he pulled his neck as faraway as it could get from her face. "I think we should dance- who is she?!" Pansy asked furiously, as she saw them holding hands. Genevieve blushed, let go quickly and said, "He was helping me get through the crowds."

Pansy looked her up and said sneering, "You're not another Weasley, are you?"

"Okay, just because I have red hair, doesn't mean I'm related to the Weasley family," stated Genevieve.

"Draco, what are you doing with a squib?" asked Pansy nastily.

"You do know I'm still here right?" asked Genevieve, scowling at her.

"But Pansy, I see no squib in five metres area of me. Do you?" asked Draco smartly.

"She is, Draco-Poo, get away from her, she could be infectious," Pansy said, worrying for Draco's health.

"She isn't a squib, Merlin you're thick," said Daphne, taking care of shaken Blaise, not caring what Pansy thought of her. Pansy was dumbstruck, one of her best friends stood up for a girl that wasn't her!

Genevieve looked up and down at Pansy's dress. She couldn't have been more revolted and wanted to sue the person who made a dress that ugly.

"Like what you see, squib?"

"Yeah, I'm a witch if you didn't get the idea from both Draco-Poo and Daffy-Taffy," she pointed out for probably the second time, "and I'm sorry, but where did you get that dress from?" asked Genevieve, resisting the urge to burst out laughing.

"My mother got it for me in Hungary. You know, Europe?" she asked her as if Genevieve were dumb.

"We are in Europe," pointed out Genevieve, "And what is the colour of the dress precisely?"

The dress was a very big puffy thing and the colour...well Genevieve guessed that it was a mix of dark green with light, light green, with purple, pink, gray, brown, black and yellow.

"It's mauve."

"Well then you must be colour-blind, because that ain't mauve. Mauve is purple, that is some very strange colour you're wearing."

"Shut up squib!"

"For the last frikkin time, she's not a squib! God you are so stupid!" said Draco, obviously getting annoyed as well.

Pansy was taken aback; her sweetheart had just insulted her, "Prove it then."

Genevieve bent down, so she could roll the side of her dress up ever so slightly and for the third time, took out her wand. She twirled it in her index and middle finger skillfully, making it go around in circles. She pointed her wand to Pansy's dress and made it a bit better

looking by disappearing half the colours. She smiled at her wand work.

“WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY BEAUTIFUL DRESS!” yelled Pansy, horrified that Genevieve laid a wand on her.

“Don’t you mean horrible, disgusting, absolutely dreadful dress?” asked an oncoming student. It was Lavender Brown with Seamus Finnegan. The two Gryffindors laughed and walked on. People were looking at Pansy, wondering what her dress had looked like in the first place. Even the band stopped playing. The teachers stared around, having no clue what was going on, but then again, adults can be completely clueless when it comes to teenagers and vice versa.

“I fixed it,” Genevieve simply answered. Draco snorted and muttered, “Trust me, it’ll need a lot more work than just that.”

Students started to gather around, watching the on going display, of yet another bitch fight at Hogwarts. They were quite used to them happening, but never really bothered when it was someone they didn’t hate as much. However, this had Pansy Parkinson and a very pretty red head, which they suspected was a Weasley and one of the singers in their all time favourite band. This would be fun to watch.

“I know what you’re trying to do!” yelled Pansy, liking the attention she was getting as more and more people gathered round.

“What?” asked Genevieve, the same confused look as half the kids watching. She looked to Draco, who shrugged, and motioned Pansy to continue on.

“Well it’s obvious isn’t it? You’re trying to steal my Draco.”

From this many people started laughing, as well as the band and even Dumbledore, yet no other teachers found it hilarious in the least. When the laughing ceased, Genevieve said, “I never took your Draco, because I think he can make his own decisions. If you haven’t noticed, he doesn’t like you, he took you to the Ball as a friend, not as a date and maybe if you changed your attitude and definitely your fashion

taste, he might actually consider you. Toodles,” and with a wave she turned.

Genevieve walked away, not bothering to listen to Pansy, until she said one thing that would have made her gone crazy at how annoying she was.

“He’s not your type anyway squib!”

Genevieve stopped and turned around walked back up to Pansy and whispered in her ear, “I swear, you are such a dumb idiot, for the last time I’m NOT A SQUIB, but even those kids on stage have more magical power than you and stop acting like everyone worships you because it’s obvious they frikkin DON’T!”

That was the final word between them as Genevieve reverted back to stalking off, not insulted and won the bitch-off.

On her way, she heard people clap for her and chant, ‘red-head’. Genevieve turned and smiled to these people and said, “You may call me, Miss Erin Marshall.”

The students cheered and Dumbledore smiled at her cheek and therefore she was carried all the way back to the stage, where Bec was handing her a microphone for the next song, the only Christmas song for that night. Felicity was setting up the back up microphones at top speed, throwing one over to Beck skillfully.

Jordan’s voice came over the microphone again, “So after a heated fight, who wants a traditional Christmas song?”

Some people groaned until Jordan said, “With a bit of a Multicultural patriots twist?”

They cheered a bit and started to slow dance as Genevieve did start out the song slow.

“I don’t want a lot for Christmas

There's just one thing I need

I don't care about presents

Underneath the Christmas tree

I just want you for my own

More than you could ever know

Make my wish come true...

All I want for Christmas

Is you..."

The boys then opened it up more making it a jumpy song.

"I don't want a lot for Christmas

There is just one thing I need

I don't care about presents

Underneath the Christmas tree

I don't need to hang my stocking

There upon the fireplace

Santa Claus won't make me happy

With a toy on Christmas day

I just want you for my own

More than you could ever know

Make my wish come true



All I want for Christmas is you... ”

“I won't ask for much this Christmas

I won't even wish for snow

I'm just gonna keep on waiting

Underneath the mistletoe

I won't make a list and send it

To the North Pole for Saint Nick

I won't even stay awake to

Hear those magic reindeer click

I just want you for my own

More than you could ever know

Make my wish come true

All I want for Christmas is you...

You”

“All the lights are shining

So brightly everywhere

And the sound of children's

Laughter fills the air

And everyone is singing

I hear those sleigh bells ringing

Santa won't you bring me the one I really need

Won't you please bring my baby to me"

"I don't want a lot for Christmas

This is all I'm asking for

I just want to see baby

Standing right outside my door

I just want him for my own

More than you could ever know

Make my wish come true

Baby all I want for Christmas is

You"

"And you and you and you and you

All I want for Christmas is you"

It was the second last song for the night as four hours had now passed by quickly and Pete was going to sing the last slow song. Many students had retreated to the dorms, too tired from dancing to bother with the last song. When Genevieve went back off stage, people were cheering 'Erin.' She smiled, waved and walked off the stage.

When she reached the end of the steps, Lukhi came up to her urgently and said, "You've got another visitor, and he knows your real name Erin."

"Is he blonde?"

“Nope, but he’s the seeker for Bulgaria! How do you know him?” asked Lukhi exhilarated with how the night had gone and that Genevieve knew a celebrity.

“I’ll tell you later, he’s over there?” she asked, looking around for a tall, broad, Bulgarian eighteen year old.

Lukhi nodded toward the curtain and said, “Oh and I promised my cousins that they could meet you.”

“That’s fine,” said Genevieve, half listening. She walked the curtain behind it was Viktor Krum and Hermione Granger, both looking fabulous of course.

“Oh hello, Vik!” she said clasping him in a hug.

He hugged her back and said, “Erin,” luckily he knew not to use her real name in front of Hermione Granger, otherwise a very awkward moment would have appeared before them. “I would like you to meet my date, Er-my-oh-ninee.”

Genevieve frowned in confusion, “Sorry, didn’t catch that, repeat?” she asked, trying her hardest not to sound rude.

“Hermione Granger,” said Hermione holding out her hand, Genevieve took it ever so slightly, scared she might recognize her somehow, since Krum was able to well, “Nice to meet you Hermione, I recall that’s a name of a Greek goddess, pretty,” complimented Genevieve.

Hermione blushed a bit; to have two celebrities compliment her in one night was hard to get used too. Genevieve noticed Hermione teeth were smaller than when she met her at the World Cup, and then she remembered it had something to do with Draco. Viktor just looked awkward now. Genevieve also saw a red headed boy coming toward them, and it made her realize that they were out in the open for everyone to see. By the time Ron came over, he was boiling up at Hermione and Genevieve knew what was going to happen next.

“Viktor, drinks?” suggested Genevieve.

“Yes, would you like one too?” he asked Hermione, she turned around from close to fighting talk with Ron to answer, “Yes that would be lovely Vik.” She turned back to Ron and glared. Genevieve and Viktor had sped to the punch table.

“How do you know it’s me?” asked Genevieve incredulously.

“Durmstrang teach us many, many things, some I disapprove of, but a lot of them are useful, you know.” He said in a strong accent. “I could see through that disguise easily.”

“Well just because you’re not buying it, doesn’t mean everyone else isn’t as well. Even my own best friend didn’t know who I was, then I had to take off the disguise and put it back on again to prove to him that I am Genevieve Davies. By the way, thanks for not saying my real name in front of Hermione.”

“It’s okay, well you better get running,” he said pointing to the fans running toward her. “Oh God,” she muttered to herself.

He laughed and quickly hugged her as she whispered in his ear, “I’ll be here ‘til the fifth alright. Merry Christmas!” and she ran off to the stage area, where only VIP was allowed.

There she almost bumped into a whole group of fourth years that were chatting to the band as they had finished. They all turned around to see Genevieve, as she embarrassingly swept down her skirt and she was greeted thoroughly by Gryffindors and Ravenclaws. ‘Parvati and Padma’ she thought quickly, then pushed through the throng of fourth years to the band. Bec pulled her closer to them and they were getting a full group photo of the band. They all smiled and a blinding flash went off from a rather old fashioned camera, standing behind it, the infamous gossip writer, Rita Skeeter.

“I would like to interview you all separately in the next couple days. Farewell!” she said, walking painfully in her high heels. Felicity

snorted at Ritas sad attempt to look intimidating. Lukhi whispered furiously and pleadingly to every band member, "Don' t speak a single word to that woman, and don't walk alone in the castle when she could be around and popping up out nowhere, got it?"

Everyone nodded, scared to disobey her orders.

The night went on uneventfully, Genevieve and the band signing autographs, being carried away by a pack of horny teenage boys, being saved by Alastor 'Mad-Eye' Moody, who she knew was a death eater in disguise, but he wasn't doing any harm at the moment, and like Dennis had told her so many times, to let fate take its turn. Sometimes Genevieve threw that rule out of the window to stop something vitally important from happening. However she did it a lot less lately, just to stay on Dennis's good side.

Lastly, when the hopeless romantics were left, still dancing to imaginary music, Genevieve decided to walk up to bed. It struck midnight and she noticed something rather beautiful, clasped in a suit of armours 'hand'.

It was a red rose with a note saying,

Dear Miss Marshall,

Only you can see this rose and a hint to who is giving it to you knows you have a cute liking for singing fireflies.

Love the Slytherin Prince x

It was short and informative. She couldn't wait to spend the next twelve days with Draco, doing whatever the hell they pleased.

She took the rose and note from the suit of armour and walked off to her dorm, however, bumping to someone unexpected along the way. This person, she didn't know would corrupt some of her time with Draco for the next week or so, yet it was not a bad change...

So who is this mystery person she bumps into along the way?

I'll say it again, I got really really bored with this chapter, even if it's one of my longest. If you feel quite bored like me, please tell me, because I need a lot more to spice up this story, if you know what I mean.

Unlike I, I hope you enjoyed it and please review.

GeeTiger

x

## Chapter 22

### A Night With A Weasley and Granger.

‘Bang!’

Ginny didn’t realise how fast she was walking when she bashed into someone. In fact Ginny rammed into her so hard she fell to the ground on her bottom. The two red headed girls looked at each other and just stared. The thirteen-year-old felt like she had seen her somewhere before, other than the stage on which she sang.

“I’m so sorry,” said Ginny embarrassedly, offering her hand, “I didn’t see where I was going and I’ve been running away from someone...”

Ginny had to admit; she wasn’t at all attracted to Neville Longbottom and only really went to the ball because it was a way of getting in and because she’d probably be bored on Christmas Eve.

“Date?” Genevieve asked simply, “Yeah just imagine a date times at least two hundred, that’s what I had on my ass all night.”

“Isn’t that a good thing?” asked Ginny as she stared at her, trying to figure out who she was.

“Not all the time sweetie,” answered the girl sighing. Ginny noticed her holding a piece of parchment and a red rose. She guessed, “Fan?”

Genevieve twiddled with it, trying not to give herself away from who it was from. “Yeah, something like that,” she said while taking out her wand.

The red headed girl muttered ‘Lumos Maxima’ and there was light to guide them. “Thanks,” said Ginny gratefully.

They both decided to walk back to their dorms together and after an awkward silence, Ginny started a conversation that two certain Slytherins had similarly started that evening.

“Do I know you from somewhere? Because I feel I have met you before...”

Genevieve sighed. ‘May as well, she seems trustworthy enough.’

“My stage name is Erin Marshall, but I do have a real name and I can’t help but tease, because I like people to guess who I am, it’s sort of an annoying habit when I meet people because when I was young I used to like to think the people that tried their hardest to guess it, were people I could really be close friends with and the other that didn’t bother, just weren’t ready for me. I also like it when people suspect my true nature behind this disguise and I think you are one of them Miss Weasley.”

It was enlightenment to Ginny to meet someone as difficult as her. Also it didn’t really surprise her that the girl knew her name, because like she said, she obviously had met her before, but liked to tease.

“Well, because you and I have no one to spend Christmas Eve with, why don’t we spend it with each other?” the girl suggested. Ginny smiled and said, “That would be lovely Miss Marshall.”

Genevieve snorted. She was really starting to like this girl.

“Well then, yours or mine, but I think the idea of spending Christmas Eve in Gryffindor Tower, since rumour has it, is nice and warm in winter, compare to the dorm I’m staying in. I think the decision is already made.”

Ginny nodded, “I guess so, but what about clothes and all that?” asked Ginny, making arrangements for the next morning.

“I’ll get one of the house-elves to send my PJ’s and clothes for the next day, one second, Dobby!” she whispered in the darkness.

Right behind them, a crack was sounded and there was Dobby. “Miss Tay-Dav-Marshall, how can Dobby help you miss?” said a cheerful Dobby. He was wearing the many; many knitted pieces, knitted by



Hermione of course and had a teddy bear with him. Genevieve had given it to him as an early Christmas gift as he was so kind to serve her late one night in the kitchens, as she was peckish at three in the morning and it was after a very long band practice. It was a thank you gift as well.

“Hello Dobby, can I ask for a favour?” she asked kindly and pleadingly.

“Dobby is ready to do whatever favour Miss Tay-Dav-Marshall asks of Dobby.”

“Alrighty, could you get a bag from my dorm and put in some pyjama’s, underwear and some clothes please. Oh and put in some gloves and a beanie and a jumper, not your own Dobby, mine.” Ordered Genevieve in the nicest way possible, but changed her mind and said, “Just take my trunk up instead, leave the guitar in my common room, okay?”

With that he was gone in another crack. Ginny turned to her and stated, “You know I’ve never spent Christmas with a complete stranger before.”

“Yes, but I’m not a complete stranger now am I, you have met me before,” corrected Genevieve.

Ginny thought about it and nodded. “Well we’re here,” she gestured to the Fat Lady’s portrait. The Fat Lady herself looked down at them in annoyance. “Why do the students have to have this stupid ball, it means I have to stay up late!”

“Merry Mistletoe,” said Ginny sighing at the Fat Lady for being her old cranky self. The Fat Lady hesitantly swung open and Ginny and Genevieve climbed through. People were still up in the common room, much to Genevieve’s annoyance as many boys surrounded the two red heads and they all asked Ginny if she was related to ‘The Erin Marshall’, and girls kept asking her to sing or sign autographs. Genevieve signed some but made sure not to sing, as some of them had devious looks on their faces and wands behind their backs.

When she read their minds she knew she wasn't safe to sing, as those girls were planning on actually stealing her voice. Freaks...

Genevieve looked horrified at them and said, "I'm not falling for that ladies."

She grabbed Ginny's hand, who at the moment was trying to explain to the guys that she wasn't related to Genevieve, but they were hard to convince. Genevieve ran up the stairs to the girl's dormitories and Ginny ran through a door to the third year girl's dorm. Ginny quickly locked the door with her wand.

"Thanks," said Genevieve relieved. "Those girls were actually going to steal my voice."

Ginny looked utterly horrified, "What?" she asked slowly.

Genevieve nodded slowly and sat on a bed closest to her. Her trunk was already in the room, as well as her handbag. She lazily got off the bed and went for her trunk, opened it up and pulled out a random pair of cotton shorts and a large printed top of the Weird Sisters, which she had stolen from Andy. Strolling back to the bed, she shut the curtains closed and carefully took off the rather fragile dress, laying it beside her and putting on the pyjama's she picked out.

Re-opening the curtains, she found a lone hanger and hooked the secret straps from inside the dress onto the hanger. She hung the hanger from a bed further away, nearer to her trunk. She turned around to see Ginny, watching her carefully.

"Still trying to figure out who I am?" Genevieve smirked. "Don't fret young one, you'll know who I am, after all, at our age, we are a lot more quicker minded. You're bound to realize who I am."

"Well, I think I know, but, it couldn't be, then again..."

"Take a guess. Use your conclusion."

"I'll tell you later."

“Alright,” sighed Genevieve, now bored, though waited patiently for Ginny to get changed in her pyjamas. When she was ready, Ginny sat on a bed next to Genevieve’s current bed.

“Let’s start.” Said Ginny smirking now. “20 questions.”

“Crap,” said Genevieve, realization dawning on her. No one had yet asked her for 20 questions when it came to who she really was. Ginny Weasley really was a smart cookie.

“Go on...”

“How old are you?”

“Fourteen.”

“Are you best friends with a kid at this school?”

“Sure.”

“Which house?”

“Slytherin,” Genevieve coughed quietly.

“Sorry, what was that?”

“Slytherin.”

“Is your real eye colour an ocean blue?”

Genevieve was taken aback. She really was good. She nodded, impaired to speak.

“Brown hair?”

Genevieve nodded again; this had to be a record when it came to people trying to figure her real self or name.

“Welcome to Hogwarts, Genevieve Davies.”

Genevieve’s jaw dropped. “How...what gave you...HUH?”

Ginny smirked, “You may have changed your eye colour and hair, but that doesn’t mean you haven’t changed your face shape, hairstyle and all that. Colours don’t outsmart my mind, love.”

Genevieve took this in and smiled genuinely. “Congratulations, you found out exactly who I was, now let’s get on with a hell of a Christmas Eve, hmm?”

Ginny smirked and the girls were just about ready to spill all their embarrassing secrets and ex-boyfriends/crushes, yet they barely knew each other. Ginny didn’t know why, but it seemed easy for her to open up to Genevieve. It was as if fate chose them as best friends, of course Hermione would be included in the mix at some point, not wanting to exclude her, but she felt she could be really close to her.

Genevieve had grabbed an object from her handbag and thrown it unceremoniously on Ginny’s bed. She seemed too scared to touch it.

Genevieve shook her head, laughing lightly at how frightened Ginny was at this instrument. Genevieve took it from her bed and turned it on herself.

“What is it?” Ginny asked curiously.

“This is called an iPod. I know no one in the wizarding world knows of them, except of course muggle-borns.”

“What does an imp-pod do exactly?” said Ginny, examining it with precaution as if it were dangerous.

“I-Pod,” she corrected and continued, “It’s not going to harm you. It plays music, through these,” plugging the headphones into the iPod and putting one each in Ginny’s ears.

Genevieve played one of her favourite songs and it seemed Ginny liked it too, as she did start to sing it out loud. Luckily, she wasn't that bad of a singer.

“Hush now child,

And don't you cry

Your folks might understand you

By and by

Move on up

Towards your destination

You may find

From time to time

Complications”

Ginny sang joyously and began to dance around the dorm carrying the iPod along with her. That was when Genevieve summoned her iPod and took out some speakers from her trunk. “I want to listen too,” stated Genevieve as she pushed the iPod on the transmitter.

“Bite your lip

And take a trip

Though there may be

Wet road ahead

You cannot slip

So move on up

And peace you will find

Into the steeple

Of beautiful people

Where there's only one kind"

Sang Curtis Mayfield and the two red heads, which were having too much fun to care what the time really was. Genevieve joined in the ridiculous dancing around the dorm. Luckily, the rooms were soundproof at this time, unless the door was open.

"So hush now child

And don't you cry

Your folks might understand you

By and by

Just move on up

And keep on wishing

Remember your dreams

Are your only schemes

So keep on pushing"

"Take nothing less -

Than the second best

And do not obey -

You must have your say

You can pass the test”

When the song stopped they were giggling so hard, that their ribs hurt. Then something came across Ginny’s mind.

“Why are you here...on Christmas Eve?”

Genevieve sighed. There were so many answers to that question, though she could not put just one. She listed them instead.

“One,” Genevieve put up her index finger, “My guardian Dennis, is going to propose to his friend and housekeeper for the past nine years, don’t worry it’s not a pureblood thing, he’s in love with her as she is with him. So they sorta needed to be alone.”

“Two,” she put up her middle finger along with her index finger, “Draco was going to be here and he is one of my best friends and I’ve missed him for ages.”

“Three,” (I think you get the finger thing now), “I had some spare time on my hands and with my voice, thought I could make a quick buck out of it. I guess I did really.”

Ginny nodded in approval of her performance. They continued to talk and talk and then, the conversation led to Harry.

A question had been wandering around in Ginny’s mind for months about Genevieve and Harry. Even though she vowed to not like Harry anymore, it was a rather difficult promise to keep.

However Genevieve beat her to it, “How come your friend Harry doesn’t like me?”

“Not my friend, my brother’s best friend, he doesn’t trust many people, only my family and Hermione. He’s been through a lot and it’s hard for him to accept new people in his life, though sometimes I think he’s overreacting. It’s hard to tell really. But I think the night we met you, he was being a bit too protective of himself, not letting

anyone else in on his problems, and we've all been there at least once when he's had problems."

"I guess. But I think the only reason he thinks I'm a bad person is because I hang out with Draco. Maybe I shouldn't have told him how I recognized him..." Genevieve muttered, hoping Ginny didn't hear. Unfortunately, Ginny had the hearing of an owl.

"Yeah, how did you know about his parents?"

Another sigh came from Genevieve's mouth, but something strange happened to her. A vision had come through, but she was unknown as to how it came, because she only ever had visions when she was sleeping and dreaming. It shot through her mind, but she was barely able to see it. She closed her eyes so she could see it a lot clearer.

Music thumped all around the large living room area. Though wizards had different tastes in music than muggles, this certain music seemed to be big in both worlds. House music.

It made everyone in each house of Hogwarts dance together like rivalries between Slytherin and Gryffindor hadn't existed. It was amazing.

There they were, Ginny, Hermione and Genevieve, in the middle of the dance floor, dancing as if they were no tomorrow, as if Ron and Hermione hadn't fought in the last couple of weeks. In Davies Manor, where Dennis and Andy had decided to spend New Year's Eve on a cruise with all their school friends, worrying sick how their adopted daughter was doing at home, hosting her New Year's Eve party. Luckily, they weren't tight about house parties.

Almost all of the sixth and seventh years were there, with the exception of Ginny and Luna, excluding some certain Slytherins, but in sight she could still see Blaise and Daphne dancing, to this cool new found music, discovered by Ginny and Genevieve, best friends forever those two were, no matter what happened...



Genevieve woke up; she was in a bed, with a white faced Ginny sitting beside her and Hermione Granger, calming her down. Apparently Genevieve had fallen asleep. 'Crap, did I have a seizure like vision, no wonder Ginny's afraid of what might have happened to me. Now I'll have to explain absolutely everything to her. Fan-frikkin-tastic.'

"Genevieve! I brought Hermione to get some help from McGonagall, but I guess we won't need to go there."

Some of the blood had rushed back to Ginny's face in relief. Hermione looked down at her, wide-eyed to see the girl she had brushed off rudely, along with Harry and Ron at the Quidditch World Cup.

"It...it's...you...how?" stammered Hermione, sitting back on another bed.

"Yes it's me, Evil Genevieve Davies, you might want to step back, I could send you a curse any second," said Genevieve rolling her eyes. "I met you this evening, along with Viktor, who's a friend of mine, he knew it was me from the beginning. My disguise is Erin Marshall, red hair, green eyes, which with your intelligence you should have guessed already, seeing as my dress is over there and I'm really annoyed that I didn't get my disguise on early enough for you to not know it's me. Dammit!" she cursed to herself.

Genevieve muttered furiously, non-existent words to herself. Ginny and Hermione just looked at each other in worry. Realization melted over Genevieve's furious-with-herself face. Hermione was best friends with Ron and Harry and had the certain roommates, Lavender Brown and Parvati Patil, the school's biggest gossips...

"You must promise not to tell a single soul, not even your best friends," Genevieve looked hysterical, her voice, pleading not to be discovered as her own, but as Erin Marshall's.

Hermione looked at her, scared of her, but then pitied her, she had that disguise for a reason, and whatever it was, it had to be good enough to bother with a disguise in the first place.

Hermione nodded and went down to her level on the bed and said, "I promise. As long, as you tell us who you really are and how you knew about Harry's parents," she was stern but she wanted to know the truth.

Genevieve sat up in the bed. She asked Ginny to give her, her wand. Ginny gave it to her, eagerly.

Genevieve softly took it from her grasp and closed her eyes, muttering an ancient spell that only few could conjure, those few were mind reader's/Legilimens.

" Haza Hyatheneth Portoclose..." she closed her eyes and recounted through her mind, the terrible events of late January that year. She could not see what was going on between Hermione and Ginny, but in front of her closed eyes, the two girls could see the memory playing through Genevieve's head. There was even sound to the memory as well. It showed the nerdy looking thirteen-year-old Genevieve holding a book close to her chest, talking to her gorgeous, blonde sixteen-year-old sister.

The Black out was clearer then when it had happened that night. A single tear had run down her face. Hermione and Ginny were too busy watching the faded screen, fully focused upon it, to notice the tear fall.

Then the death screams of her mother and father rang throughout the room. Hermione was breathing heavily whilst Ginny gulped.

Then the picture of an unconscious blonde with two strangers came up. Genevieve wanted to cover Bellatrix and Greyback's identities, so she could deal with them on her own.

The unconscious blonde woke up suddenly screaming, 'I see the future, and I'm not a Reader!'

Then the last goodbyes between those girls were said, and Hermione now had a tear slide down her cheek. It was horrible to watch, but very informative indeed.

Then a black cat started talking to her, about whom he was and why he was there. Also the explanation of who she was and what she was: The Reader, one of two in fact, the other being her sister.

An image of Genevieve looking at a plaque and crying her eyes out informed the girls that her parents were dead. The music box flashed through and so did her walking through the house. Then falling out of a fireplace into a mansion, being greeted by a very beautiful woman and a man falling out of the fireplace behind them. Finding out she was a witch, the visit to Diagon Alley, meeting Remus Lupin and Ollivander, getting her wand and the explanation of her wand and fairy dust.

A vision of opening a front door, to see a shocked Draco Malfoy gaze dreamily at her and then snapping back to himself, then the door being slammed in his face. Another vision of Genevieve dancing with who they guessed was Malfoy and then one of them kissing in the rain. The couple of hours she spent with Viktor Krum. It went through her learning many mind reading tricks and spells, like the one she just conjured, for her powers and her mastering the disguise spell. Than bumping into her cousin and going off to Hogwarts to perform.

That's when the screen blew away and Genevieve opened her watery eyes. "This is who I am, an orphan with a depressing past. Practically my whole family have died, except for my two cousins and my sister, God knows where she is."

Hermione was holding herself, though unlike Hermione, Ginny looked stronger than she ever was. "You're a mind reader?"

Genevieve nodded, "I'm a mind reader, though I have futuristic dreams, but I'm not a seer. A seer doesn't have to have dreams to see things particularly. They can just close their eyes and they feel a warning go through their body. Kind of like I did just then, but I fell asleep didn't I?" she explained.

Ginny nodded, "So you can't make prophecies?"

"No way, I'd hate to prophesied someone's true fate," she said slowly, yet she thought to herself cruelly, 'You may not be able to see them, but you know people close to you will die eventually.'

She pushed out that thought from her head and turned to Hermione, who looked truly horrified. She looked up to see Genevieve staring right into her eyes.

"What's a 'reader'?" she asked helplessly.

"A Reader," Genevieve began, "is a certain person who can read a book that no other can. When my sister before me was born, they passed her as a muggle, because for generations, my family had been squibs, though there was one point when they had just evolved into normal muggles, leaving my father, not a squib, but a muggle. So therefore, when my sister was born, she was passed as a muggle. I don't know how exactly the test works, but it has always been accurate, until the day my mum, dad and sister walked out of the hospital. According to my guardians, it was one of the biggest mistakes in history."

Genevieve pulled out a book from her trunk. It was the fourth book in the series and she kept it to make references now and then. Genevieve threw the book to them; Hermione caught it and examined the front cover illustration, as she couldn't read the title. It had a boy with messy, black hair, glasses, green eyes and a lighting bolt like scar on his forehead, the boy was on a broom, fighting against a dragon in a stadium. It looked awfully familiar, but she was too busy digesting everything else that had happened that night, that it didn't ponder on her, that it could be her best friend Harry. When she flipped open the book, she furrowed her eyebrows, trying to figure out what it said. Ginny looked concerned as if it was a bad thing.

"What does it say?"

"That's the problem, it's in some strange sort of language," Hermione figured, flipping the pages.

Hermione looked over to Genevieve and handed it over to her, "You can understand all of this, can't you?" asked Hermione, understanding the concept of being a Reader now.

Genevieve sighed and replied, "Yes, to you it's a different language, to me, it's plain and clear to understand."

"You understand that language?" asked Ginny perplexed.

"What you may see as Mermish, French, or any language in the matter, I see as English."

"Cool," said Ginny smiling.

"So what's it about?" asked Hermione.

Genevieve sighed, "It's about...Harry and the wizarding world in general. You guys are mentioned loads and loads of times, so I have a full background on you. I also know what is particularly going to happen in the future, say one, two, three years time. But it only counts for those mentioned in the books."

Ginny and Hermione's jaws had dropped, their eyes had widened and their eyebrow's were at their furthest peak. Ginny had a slight quiver on the left side of her mouth while Hermione was just shaking.

The girls stayed like that, staring at Genevieve. It seemed that Genevieve wouldn't be able to get the two girls out of that phase for a while.

Ten minutes had passed and Hermione suddenly went out like a light. Ginny sighed and said, "I guess I can accept that." She moved over to sleeping Hermione and said, "I think she's just exhausted from being up so late, knowing her though, she's used to staying up this late. Weird...Anyway, I guess we can talk a little more, because there are some things I don't get."

"Go on," said Genevieve.

“We’ve established you’re a mind reader, kind of like a seer but not really, as you see things in your dreams, that you’re one of the ‘Readers’, is there anything else you’d like to inform us on, even if we aren’t that close?”

“Do you want to be close to me?”

“Of course. I haven’t ever really talked or let out my feelings to any girl, except Hermione, like I have to you. I feel I can trust you, even though some people can’t. I think we could be almost like...” stopped Ginny not wanting it to say it out loud.

Genevieve didn’t need to read her mind to see what she was on about, “Best friends?”

Ginny looked up and nodded shyly, beginning to turn red.

“I’d like that,” said Genevieve smiling kindly. Finally, a best friend, who was a girl, to share everything with...They went on talking for hours on end, as if the conversation about the ‘Reader thing’, had never come up...

“Crashed on the floor when I moved in

This little bunk alone with some strange new friends

Stay up too late, and I’m too thin

We promise each other it’s til the end...”

So yeah, can you believe I’m like up at three in the morning, but I’m not whatsoever tired!

But now I am.

Goodnight, fellow readers and reviewers.

REVIEW!

GeeTiger

x

## Christmas Morning

Hermione awoke, completely unaware of the confessions that spread around the third year girls dorm. Hermione sat up to see Ginny and a brunette girl, already awake and by her side, looking down at her, patiently.

“Finally!” exclaimed Ginny, throwing her arms up in the air, then letting them flop back to bed. “Can we open the presents now?”

“God, you’re worse then your brother,” said the brunette girl, lightly laughing, which took a while for Hermione to realize it was Genevieve Davies. Ginny rolled her eyes, seeing as Genevieve knew completely well what her brother was like and she hadn’t yet a civilized conversation with him, not that you could with Ron anyway.

That was when it all came back to Hermione. Genevieve was a reader, as well as a mind reader. Genevieve looked down at Hermione again and said, “Geez, I won’t bite.”

Genevieve had obviously read her mind and said along with it, “As long as you don’t say anything to your other friends and that does include Ron and Harry, who I am and what I can do, you’re on my good side.”

Hermione understood what this meant, so didn’t bother to ask smart questions. Ginny looked at her pleadingly, as if to say, ‘please accept her as who she was and don’t snub her off!’Hermione sighed in defeat, deciding that it was better to have such a girl on your side, then to shove her off back to Malfoy just because of personal judgement.

“Let’s get going then,” she said smiling kindly at Genevieve. Genevieve knew that she had been accepted and smiled back.

In the middle of the dorm room was supposed to be a heater but was replaced by a Christmas tree for such an occasion. The three girls found their presents and began to rip, or in Hermione’s case, opening



it as if it were fragile. "What, I like to keep the wrapping as a decoration for the kitchen for the elves," she had explained.

Ginny merely rolled her eyes, making sure Hermione had not seen, while Genevieve laughed. They continued opening presents, but as a tradition for many years for Genevieve, she opened the cards first, but she only had one anyway.

Dear Genevieve,

We hope you're having a fantastic Christmas at Hogwarts. Say hi to Draco for us! We also hope you aren't causing any trouble whatsoever. Then again you wouldn't be too bad.

Dennis: I DID IT! HA! And you were scared that I'd freak out!

Andy: Actually, he was stuttering and sweating like a pig! I got the idea when the blue velvet box fell out of his pocket. I cried and said yes!

-

Dennis: You almost drowned the restaurant with your tears. Genevieve didn't know whether to laugh or cheer for joy. She cheered for joy, yelling 'Hallelujah! God I thank you for helping me to make them see love was right in front of their very faces!' Hermione looked quizzical, while Ginny smiled and asked, "They got engaged didn't they?"

Andy: I could say the same for you, Sweaty-pig!

Dennis: Shut up.

Andy: You love our stupid little fights, admit it, cause we end up kissing.

Dennis: Okay, yes I do, but let's not get into that, seeing as this is a letter to our dear little plotter/matchmaker. Thanks by the way, Genevieve, for leaving me in the room with Andy, where it was dimly lit and feelings that we both felt for the past ten years were let out

with a click of your fingers. I would probably still be stuck staring at Andy for hours on end and be too scared to talk to her, even if we are best friends-

Andy: You stared at me? Hours on end, hey? Guess what Genevieve; I'm getting married to a stalker.

Dennis: Yeah, yeah, anyway, the wedding is at the very end of May, so we can enjoy our wedding day right near the Summer time. You're one of the bridesmaids of course.

Andy: Well, Duh.

We have various presents for you this year, as we weren't sure which one would be perfect, plus we wanted to spoil you a bit, since you did help us get together.

Sincerely,  
Your Guardians,  
Dennis and soon to be, Mrs. Andy Davies.  
hugs and kisses...

Genevieve nodded giddily, the happiness she hadn't felt in a long time obviously set on her facial features. Ginny got up and hugged her and Genevieve gave Ginny the letter for her to read it herself. She squeezed Genevieve's arm and Genevieve squealed once more.

She dropped the letter next to her and opened the present she received from Andy and Dennis. She smirked when she had gotten a big box full of very expensive make up and brushes that she knew were from Andy. It wasn't that childish make up that you get from Boots either. It was good make up, like from the make up stalls of Harrods, where they have make up artists, ready to test out make up on your face, which you end up buying a hell of a lot of it, leading to a very large cheque altogether. Well that was Genevieve's case for the past year, because frankly, Andy and Genevieve couldn't help it, especially when they were once stuck in a store for an hour because of a robbery by a pathetic woman, who was stupid enough to hide behind a Benefit stall instead of run out of the store...

Back to the presents, Genevieve had also gotten a book. Yes, you heard right, a book.

Luckily, it was about mind reading, how to control it and how to protect your own mind from Legilimens, who aren't as powerful mind readers, but still useful. It would come in handy and even Hermione was eyeing it with interest.

Then Genevieve came to one last present. It was a small rectangular box and as she opened it she found a scroll with a blue ribbon tied around it. It looked rather official, as if it came from the ministry of magic, but it wasn't in an envelope like they usually were.

She untied the ribbon and unravelled the scroll and read:

Dear Dennis Jacob Davies, 'Why did Dennis send me a letter that was written to him? Unless it has something to do with me...' confused, she read on to see if it would make any sense.

It is my pleasure to announce that you are now the proud and official guardian of Miss Genevieve Hazel Taylor. We are sorry about the delay of 6 months, but the department have been caught up through many issues with documents, yours being discovered only a day ago. You must go by the guidelines of adoption however, to repeat the oath of the magical adoption care and promise that you'll do your utmost to take care of Miss Taylor and we will know if she is to be mistreated in any sort of way by you or your newly announced fiancée.

Genevieve looked down at the letter in happiness. Ginny and Hermione weren't watching her luckily, so she thought to herself, 'I can't believe it. They really accepted Dennis and Andy as my legal guardians...finally!'

I'm sure as an ex-auror; you'll do fine and do your best by all means possible.

Once again, I apologize for the tardiness in your magically legal adoption of Miss Genevieve Hazel Taylor.

Regards,

Verita Tiddlewhipp,  
Head of the Department of Adoption and magical childcare,  
Ministry Of Magic

As another thought occurred though, she seemed a little more down than she wanted to be about the subject.

Did this mean she wouldn't be a Taylor anymore? As much as she liked the disguise of Genevieve Davies, she still couldn't shake the feeling that she was leaving something behind. She was baptized as Genevieve Hazel Taylor. Even though she knew that, she also felt she was deserting them, the two souls that hopefully are resting in piece.

'You ungrateful little sod! Dennis and Andy wouldn't ever make you ditch your name for your cover name, just because they're now officially your guardians. Besides it's just a name!'

'Stupid voice, but I guess it's true after all, it is just a name in the end...' she sighed. However she quickly covered it as an exhilarated sigh. It worked, because that second Ginny had been watching her out of the corner of her eye.

"Did you get another letter?" Ginny asked curiously.

"Yep, adoption papers or something like that. Dennis and Andy have to take some oath of magical adoption and then I'm apart of the Davies clan."

"You mean the magical adoption care oath. That must be hundreds of years old. It's always very complex to recite it, but ministry members always get it easier, especially aurors and nurses, because they can protect and they can heal," said Hermione factually.

"Well I guess they're my legal guardians, because number one – Dennis is an ex auror and number two – Andy is a nurse at St. Mungo's," said Genevieve proudly.

“Great now that we’ve figured all that out can we go down and have breakfast?” asked Ginny eagerly.

“You guys go ahead; I’ve got to meet up with the band. See you later!”

As Hermione and Ginny left, Genevieve quickly did a once over of the room, gathering the things she forgot to put in her bags. But something stopped her from dragging the bags out of the room. People in the common room would see her as she really was. ‘Crap, I almost showed my true colours.’ Quickly using her wand to cast the disguise charm, making her look like the and only, Erin Marshall instead of Genevieve Davies once again.

She stuffed her wand in her right pocket, left the bags in the room and when her big handbag hit the bed, out fell her iPod. The screen brightened as it felt sudden contact with the bed and the song that was sung and danced by Ginny and Genevieve was paused. ‘Move On Up,’ by Curtis Mayfield.

She smiled as she remembered the previous night. Happiness flew into the room and took over her body. The cold Christmas sun’s rays beamed with delight and warmth through the dorm window. It was an extravagant feeling and Genevieve knew this would only happen a few pocketful moments in her life time. Finally it seemed she would never feel grief or even sadness as much as she had once before.

Realisation hit her hard as a clock went off in the room. She opened her eyes immediately, to see a magical clock hand pointing to twelve and a shorter one pointing to ten. “Oh crap!”

She ran out of the room with her iPod stuffed in her other pocket.

Luckily no one was in the Gryffindor common room. Well that was what she thought until someone got out of an armchair, stretched their limbs, turned around and gasped to see Erin Marshall of the Multicultural Patriots in the Gryffindor common room. Genevieve stopped short, knowing someone had seen her. ‘Please don’t be a crazy girl who wants to steal my voice!’

“What are you doing in this common room? Shouldn’t you be with your band or something?” asked a familiar voice.

Genevieve had a gut feeling that it was a he, and ‘he’ had raven black messy hair, emerald eyes and a lightening bolt scar on his forehead.

“Yeah, but uh, well I – I wanted to take um an uh-“, Genevieve was bright red, not knowing what excuse to make up. What was going on with her? She never had problems with making up excuses all the while acting cool. It was like she was crystal clear...

“Hi Harry,” Hermione said from behind her. She had just walked in through the portrait hole without making a sound, wondering if someone would see Genevieve as the singer sensation and be swamped by newly discovered fans.

“Hi Erin, did you get lost during the tour of Hogwarts? Sorry, Lavender and Parvati must have led you off on purpose, those silly girls, always up to no good with their jealousy problems. Come now Erin, see you down at breakfast Harry.”

“Have you talked to Ron lately Herms?” Harry said slowly taking his attention away from ‘Erin’.

“Harry, you know how much I hate that name. No, I haven’t. I don’t think I should be the one trying to make amends, if he cares about the fact he almost ruined my night, he would be the one making an effort, don’t you think?” argued Hermione.

Harry sighed, “Hermione, you know he’s too stubborn to think about even doing that. Please ‘Mione. Sorry about this by the way Miss Marshall.”

“Call me Erin,” said Genevieve with a small smile.

“Alright, Erin then, C’mon ‘Mione,” pleaded Harry tiredly as this had been the situation so many times in the past.

“My word is final Harry. I didn’t do anything to make Ron so angry with me. It’s his own doing, not mine, so therefore I shouldn’t easily cover up his tantrums for him, I think he’s grown up enough to solve his own problems.”

With that, Hermione took Genevieve’s hand and walked out of the portrait hole, fuming with the thought of apologising to Ron for his mistakes.

Genevieve was actually frightened of the outcome of saying anything to Hermione when she was this angry.

The bushy-haired girl beside her suddenly started breathing in and out slowly saying things like, “O’s, books, library, study, Viktor-“

“Are those your soothing words?” asked Genevieve trying to hide her amusement. She didn’t think Hermione had soothing words.

Hermione’s skin tinged pink as she said, “Well, yeah, I guess you could call them that.”

“Aw and Viktor is one of them.”

Hermione went even pinker as she stuttered out another yes. “But he was only recent added.”

Genevieve smiled and they were in silence, but it wasn’t an awkward silence. Well not for Genevieve anyway.

She then spoke up, “Thanks for saving me back there by the way. It felt like he could see right through me.”

“No problem, oh and he does tend to do that. You know, stare until he thinks he’s found an answer,” Hermione sighed.

“Well I better go meet up with the guys, see you,” said Genevieve with a final wave and turning down a corridor.

“Bye,” replied Hermione and as Genevieve left, Hermione could feel a longing, for something she had never felt as powerful before. She sometimes felt it with Ron and Harry, but it wasn’t ever this strong. She guessed it was just a painful feeling in her gut, begging for Christmas food to be stuffed inside her gut.

She walked off to the Great Hall, still wondering what on earth that feeling was.

Genevieve entered the girl’s guest room dorm and Rebecca, Lukhi and Felicity were just waking up. Though the three girls didn’t know it, Genevieve could see the boys in the band, hiding. Chris caught Genevieve’s eye, winked and put up his finger to his mouth, indicating her not to say anything to the girls.

Genevieve smirked and asked the girls, “So, anybody get mischievous last night?”

Lukhi and Rebecca turned to Felicity and slowly started pointing to her. “What?!” Felicity exclaimed. Then she confessed.

“Okay, so one of the Durmstrang guys has a fetish for a pretty brunette girl who can rock out on the violin. Plus I get brownie points because he was one of the few Durmstrang guys who didn’t have a uni-brow and was good looking too. Like that famous quidditch player I saw you talking to, Erin.”

Out of nowhere popped out Sam, slightly enraged and protective, that his beloved cousin had possibly spent the night with a guy. “What’s his name?!” he practically shouted, marching to the door ready to beat this guy up.

“Aw, how sweet my cousin cares who I snog...SAM WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING IN OUR DORM!” yelled Felicity to the top of her lungs. The rest of the guys screamed out in pain and jumped up from their hiding spots, an unfortunate Pete, banging his head, as he was under a table.



Rebecca and Lukhi just rolled their eyes and said to the boys, "You're gonna have to try harder than that you fools."

"Presents?" said Jordan uncertainly pulling a couple from under the table, where Jordan was slowly rubbing his head.

Lukhi laughed and told Genevieve to conjure the presents from the girl's rooms, the presents to Genevieve from people in the band, flying straight towards her.

From the guys she received, strangely enough, good perfume. From Bec and Felicity she had gotten a card with a little surprise in it, a fake I.D.

Yet the biggest surprise of all was the envelope that Genevieve had gotten from Lukhi. In fact everyone in the band, excluding Lukhi, got one.

They got two backstage passes and two tickets to their own nation wide concert...

OOOOOOHHH WHAT DOES IT MEAN? I'm pretty sure you fellow readers aren't thick enough to get the idea, not saying that you are, but you must be pretty thick if you don't. Jokes.

So again really sorry i haven't updated in two months. Pretty bad isn't it. Well, with all the stupid maths tests going on I really never get time to do this anymore which saddens me. But those stupid teachers haven't gotten a hold of my writing career just yet. Not that I think this will get me anywhere, I just love writing it.

Anyway. More VERY VERY soon I promise. Pinky promise.

GeeTiger x

## Chapter 24

### Christmas Surprises

The band members couldn't believe their eyes. Two concert tickets and backstage passes to go with the tickets.

For their own national tour.

“AHHHHHHH!”

That one word escaped from Rebecca's mouth and everyone turned to look at her. She looked down at her tickets in absolute glee.

“Are you serious Lukhi?” asked Chris, disbelieving that one concert at a school dance had gotten their band that far overnight.

“Yep. I sent in a video of four of your songs to a director of concerts, and he thought you were fan-tas-tic! We both discovered that he is a distant relative of my mother's and he's already planned on the places we'll go. The tickets you have in your hands are for the London concert. Choose two of your family or friends. Parents or guardians come free anyway, so I would just pick friends or cousins really.”

All the band members, except for Rebecca, looked around at each other, uncertainty plastered across their faces. They weren't exactly sure about this huge nation wide tour. The only people that would buy the tickets would be Hogwarts students. Other people booed off new coming bands that didn't have a good few top chart singles yet.

“Lukhi, we're really glad that you did this for us-“ started Jordan.

“-Ecstatic!” Rebecca practically screamed.

“But...” said Felicity.

“Well we, kind of, you know, uh, help me out here Sam!” pleaded Pete for better use of words.

“Um, I guess, this is hard to say,” shrugged the Italian boy hopelessly. He desperately looked toward Genevieve’s direction, and she knew what she had to say, would be for the band, and she knew it would be vital, also to try not to hurt Lukhi’s feelings.

“Lukhi, we’re so thankful to you that you’ve already planned a tour. But, I think it’s just the fact that we have no other fans, this will be a disaster, we’ll be criticized, and the only ticket buyers will be Hogwarts attendees. We’ll have maybe fifty people at each concert, that’s if we’re luck- WAIT A MINUTE TURN ON THE RADIO!”

Genevieve had accidentally lost control of her mind-reading powers while saying her speech and saw in Lukhi’s mind that in fact it wasn’t only Hogwarts kids that were fans.

-

Lukhi obeyed, with a smirk on her face, even if she was the manager. Their introduction song, ‘Untouched’, from the Yule ball the night before was booming out of the muggle radio, a radio presenter cutting in saying, “That folks was our hot hit of the week, ‘Untouched’, by the Multicultural Patriots! It could be the number 1 hot hit of month if you teen witches and wizards out there vote NOW!”.

Felicity almost collapsed of shock. Sam had luckily been standing next to her at the time, and he caught her rather quickly. He lay her down as Genevieve walked over quickly and fanned her. She awoke quickly and sat back up so fast, that she fell back again. Sam couldn’t help but let out a snort. Felicity’s eyes were wide, staring at the ceiling above, as she spoke slowly. “Number one hot hit of the week. Do you know how hard it is to be hot hit of the week? Especially us, practically all of us are squibs. It just doesn’t make sense. The wizarding world had always turned us down, spat on us. What’s made them change their mind now?”

Sam and Genevieve looked at each other, agreeing with her. All the band members and Lukhi had surrounded the shocked Felicity, all concerned for her well-being.

Nobody could really answer that question, until the manager had the best explanation.

“Felicity, Adults don’t really control the music industry these days. Young Adults may run the company, yeah, but kids run today’s society, what’s hot, what’s not. Adults don’t have that kind of control over things anymore; otherwise we’d be listening to old stuff, and dressing like dads and innocent children and we’d hate ourselves for being who we are in this world. Because teens have this kind of control over today’s society, what they say, goes. So they don’t really care anymore about whether we are of a few different backgrounds or that we don’t have any magical power in our souls. They love our kind of music and don’t care if we are squibs, only if we are fakes and crap musicians. Remember last night? Those kids loved us up on that stage; they almost pulled Sam’s body apart, because the girls just wanted to have him all night long!”

Sam blushed and Felicity still wasn’t out of shock, or listening to Lukhi’s inspiring words.

Lukhi sighed and said finally, “Listen to this then, if you don’t believe me, oh and I’m telling you now that I didn’t pay anyone for this to happen.”

Lukhi went back to the radio and turned up the volume. A voice came over the small box.

“We are here interviewing the hottest witch socialite, on the new band, The Multicultural Patriots! So Sabrina, you’re known as the witch that every teen looks up to, including wizards! Tell us, what do you think about the so called, squib filled band?”

“Well Mitch, you know my opinion on new bands is always a bit harsh, and even though sometimes I’m a bit old fashioned about the whole ‘they’re not wizards so why are they even on stage!’ But, ever

since I heard their first song to be played for our nation to hear, I couldn't help but think, 'This is a turning point in my career as a reviewer, even though I'm -

really just a rich girl, which I really hate to admit. These people weren't born to be wizards; they were born with the destiny to be the greatest musicians of our time."

"Wow, that was really deep Miss Couture, and we will be seeing you at their next concert I presume?"

"Heck yeah! I'm going to try and get backstage passes too."

"Fantastic! Can you please sing us a verse of your favourite song from the Multicultural Patriots?"

"I'd love to, but I have the worst voice, and you should know that, after the drunken night at the After Party of the Weird Sisters London concert."

"Oh yeah, well I do remember, so I guess we'll leave it to the band then?"

"Totally, I hope to see the Multi-P's in concert soon!"

"Ooh like the nickname Sabrina! For all you kids out there, listen to this heiress' words. It doesn't matter whether they're squibs or not, it's the soul in the music that counts."

Lukhi turned the radio back down. There was even more shock and suspense around the room. Sabrina may have just been a rich heiress, but she was also one of the most famous music reviewers in the wizarding world. How did she soften up so easily?

"Weird thing is, one of the concerts is already sold out." Lukhi said, smirking from all of them being so oblivious.

"What?" asked Genevieve, unbelievably.

Lukhi nodded her head assuring them of it.

The band members all looked around once more, Felicity's face full of glow. Out of nowhere they started jumping up and down cheering for joy. Lukhi clapped her hands together and smiled widely. Genevieve ran straight towards Lukhi and hugged her tightly and whispered, "Thank you so much."

That when the guys and girls hugged her too and the guys picked her up on their shoulders and sang, 'For She's A Jolly Good Fellow'.

When all the cheering calmed down and Lukhi was taken back down to ground level, she said very seriously, "Now you guys know that you can't walk around here without disguises, right?"

"Another disguise? Are you kidding me?" said Genevieve incredulously.

"I'm afraid so, unless you want to be tackled by newly found fans?"

"Don't think so."

-

"WE HAVE FANS!" Rebecca squealed.

Felicity giggled and the guys rolled their eyes.

Lukhi looked towards a long table and said, "Looks like Christmas brunch is served. We'll worry about everything later. Right now I'm as hungry as a camel that's stuck in the desert!"

Everyone sat down at the long table in the girl's dorm room. Even though they decided they'd talk about the disguises later, for fun, they thought up of crazy and sexual disguise names and what colour hair they would have and what quirky outfits they'd have too. It was all bantering fun and everything went in slow motion for Genevieve. She couldn't but feel that she loved the people around her. They'd been through so much to get to what they had now. They were so happy

now for where they were at. She didn't want anybody to ever take that away from them ever. Whoever planned on doing so, would see a terrible fate from Miss Taylor/Davies/Marshall/(is still waiting for yet another disguise name!).

Even if they were a lot of terrible things to happen in the future, she couldn't help but enjoy this moment. This would be one of the last happy moments that they would have for the next few years. The sad thing was she knew that at one point she would have to leave them all to defend the world against the most evil wizard of their time. But she also knew that now their music careers had set off, it wouldn't be hard for them to find another amazing singer...

As her last year with them was left, she would make the most of it. She would miss them terribly, yes but she had to. For her future wasn't as the singer Erin Marshall, it was as the Reader, Genevieve Hazel Taylor.

She looked around again at the joyous people around her, laughing as they made up new disguises. Lukhi a fantastic manager, Rebecca, one of the most beautiful singers Genevieve had ever met, Felicity, an inventive violinist with a twist, Pete, who could sing and play the guitar and still have meaning to his words, Chris, who could write lyrics and not make them sound like corny love songs, but about the world and its state. Jordan the most laid back drummer alive and Sam. As much as she couldn't stand him sometimes, he was always there, as the funny, sarcastic and cocky guy, but still had a heart and always picked up when someone was feeling something that was indescribable. Funnily enough he had in that moment.

He looked really concerned and could see the sadness in Genevieve's eyes as she took a bite of her gravy covered turkey. She swallowed it and forced a smile, but he wasn't thick. He was a musician for Christ's sake.

"Genevieve, you okay?" Sam asked.

"Fine, hey! You called me Genevieve!"

“Well that is your name isn’t it?”

“Well yeah, but everybody calls me Erin, otherwise they might slip my real name or something like that.”

-

“I’m pretty sure that would most likely be my klutz of a cousin over there. Besides, you’re more of a Genevieve than an Erin.”

“And how would you know that?”

“Musician,” he simply stated by pointing to himself.

Genevieve rolled her eyes. This would be a very fun tour indeed.

Oh yes it will be!

Please be good and review!

Eighteen reviews is kind of sad you know.

GeeTiger x

p.s. I promise next chapter, more actual Harry Potter stuff.



## Chapter 25

### The Gift from the Slytherin Prince

Genevieve had a hearty Christmas day. It was the evening, just after dinner in fact and many people were now in their common rooms. Most of them had gone to bed, bored of playing wizard chess or the non-Christmas gossip from fourth year girls, cough Parvati and Lavender cough.

The band had been playing with all their Christmas presents and decided to stay in the room, however Genevieve thought otherwise.

Because only a handful of students were out at this time, Genevieve felt free to go out in the corridor and go exploring.

She didn't mean to, but she had forgotten about Draco that day, by accident, remember that. When she was walking out in the halls she felt someone coming from behind her. She wasn't afraid of whomever it was, because, she could simply kick their ass if she wanted to with her defence. Plus she had her wand with her.

She turned around to see if anyone was behind her. No one was there. Her mind must have been playing tricks with her. Then she remembered that she had complete control over her mind. Otherwise she'd be as bad as Trelawney.

So there really was someone hiding, watching her. She closed her eyes and ventured around the room with her mind powers. She found a source. All she could see in their mind was, 'I can't wait to see her face again.'

That's when someone wrapped their arm around her waist. She almost screamed but a hand covered her mouth so nothing could escape.

She was turned to face her kidnapper. He let go of her mouth and waist and what she saw in front of her was a silvery blond boy with pale skin, who was a bit taller than her, was lean but had muscle from years of quidditch and was considered very handsome. "Draco."

He smiled gleefully at the red headed Miss Marshall.

“I have a present for my friend, Genevieve, two in fact. But you’re not Genevieve, so how could I give them to her?” he asked sarcastically.

Genevieve giggled and pulled him into a dark corridor. She took out her wand and revealed her true self, Genevieve Davies. Well almost true.

He smiled wider and said, “There’s my little Gen.”

Genevieve used the ‘Lumos’ spell to see him clearer. She hadn’t seen him this happy yesterday, but that was probably because he was getting used to Erin Marshall.

“Wait one second,” he said turning around and grabbing something small out of his pocket.

Draco turned back around and there in his hand was a small blue box. Genevieve eyes widened when she saw the box and said, “Do you plan on enforcing me to marry you? Because I know Pansy would murder me, slice off my skin, put it on her own body and pretend to be on my own wedding day.”

Draco shuddered. “Okay, that sounded horrible.”

“Sorry, but you know it’s true, she’d do anything to have your kids.”

Draco went even paler then he ever had in his life. “As much as I love you Gen, you sometimes give me the worst images in my mind, which NO MAN wants to ever see.”

Genevieve laughed, “So tell me, what’s in that little blue box you’re holding so close to your heart?”

Draco opened it and Genevieve’s face fell to utter admiration. Two rings, one blue and one green. The blue one had the initials D.M.

which was obviously hers and Draco's was the green one that had Genevieve's fake initials on it, G.D.

They were so beautiful, that they must have cost a fortune. Then again that was Draco for you.

He slid the blue one on her ring finger, except it was the right hand instead of the left. It fit perfectly around her finger.

"It's a friendship ring, when it turns black it means the person who owns the other ring is in trouble and it'll slightly burn if I'm in loads of trouble, like oncoming death or something." Draco explained but put on a smug face and said, "But I highly doubt I'll need any help, I'll go down as a hero." This made Genevieve roll her eyes and say, "I'm guessing you'll have me by your bedside crying my eyes out in deep pain that you might die and leave me then?"

"But of course."

She snorted once more and said sincerely, "Thanks, did you get my present?"

"Yeah I did, I love those antique snow globes, you know they're not really a muggle creation, wizards created them in the 1800's-"

"I know Draco, you've told me at least a hundred times the history and fascination of snow globes, even if your parents didn't let you have one as a kid, because they were 'muggle infested'." She chuckled.

He smiled warmly. She knew him too well. She should've known that he loved the way she laughed. She had so many different laughs and smiles, that he practically labelled every one he had witnessed. He even had a journal, full of the observations of Genevieve's joyful face, sketches of the ones he talked about, along with the description and even some of her song lyrics, that she had sung when she was at her happiest. Those were one of his happiest memories in his life time.

Out of nowhere a strange green, red and white thing appeared above their heads. Mistletoe, how predictable.

Genevieve looked up and asked, "Do they appear in front of every girl and boy that is having a conversation during Christmas time?"

"Yeah, it's a bit cliché..."

They were both now looking into each other's eyes. Draco said softly, "You are the most amazing and slightly insane girl I've ever met, Genevieve..."

"Draco, I..."

She was lost for words as she was swept up in a breath-taking kiss. For a fourteen year old, he wasn't bad at all. She hated to admit that she couldn't really be with him in future.

He had his arms tightly around her waist and she had her arms linked at the back of his neck. It was such a sweet kiss and nothing could ruin it.

For long...

"Malfoy, I really don't like the sight of you sucking a poor girl's face off at the moment."

"Potter, go and wallow in self pity somewhere else please, I'm a bit busy with a very good friend of mine." Sighed Draco, breaking the perfect kiss. Genevieve thanked God that she had her back facing Harry. Draco caught the look on her face and whispered, "Don't worry, just don't let him see your face and you'll be fine."

Draco went on to Harry. "Look, I know you got rejected by Chang, so don't comment on me kissing a girl, because at least I have. Besides don't you have something better to do than write notes on how to kiss a girl?"

“Actually no, I was walking around trying to get some fresh air, when that stench you call proud-pure-blood-muggle-hater almost suffocated my lungs. Oh and I wouldn’t be laughing about how I got rejected, geez you must be really bad at kissing, because I don’t see your girl around here anymore.”

Draco turned around to see Genevieve was gone; she left the box with the green ring still clasped protectively in it.

Draco was now a bit annoyed at Potter, correction, A LOT!

“You know what? I think later I might just ask that girl if she’s been put under a charm or something, it would explain a lot if she said yes, otherwise poor blind girl.” Potter shrugged and went off in a different direction.

Draco balled his fists tightly. He wanted to put the lights out of Potter at that second.

Well at least he’d seen Genevieve, and she was still one hell of a kisser. Lucky his second gift was given to her just on time but was corrupted by Potter.

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I think you get the idea.

GeeTiger x

## Chapter 26

### Over the Early Months in the Year

Weeks had passed by. Christmas was gone, New Year's Eve past like a blur and January was dying out. Through that time, the Multicultural Patriots had been in recording studios, on radio shows, doing interviews with many different famous presenters, playing at the biggest event of the year, Sabrina Estallion's 21st birthday which everyone thoroughly enjoyed, many of Sabrina's sisters hit on Sam, which was bound to happen, photo shoots, promotions, you name it, they did it. They even got nominated for an Oasis, which is the wizarding world version of the Grammy's. They'd been nominated three times. Funnily enough they'd won all three awards.

Genevieve thought it was the best night of her life. She had, as a surprise, been nominated by the other band members and Sabrina Estallion, for best young singer of our time. The biggest surprise of all was that she won the award, beating miss snooty pants McKenzie.

"My life hasn't been easy for the past year. I have dealt with the death of loved ones, I moved from my home on the other side of the world, and it was so I could be free from that. However I have my guardians and I will always love them as they have loved me as their own. I would like to thank them and also the band. For a newbie, I didn't get as many pranks and whoopee cushions as the last singer received. They are my rock goddess inspiration and I love every one of you. Thank you and LONDON IS THE BEST CITY IN THE WORLD!"

When she came home however, she had an even bigger surprise. By this time, her disguise had not been changed and it was three in the morning, so she just planned on going up to bed, because she was exhausted from the after party, and had to keep reminding people, especially Sabrina, that she was fourteen, and it would've been bad for her image if she had been drunk at her age.

What shocked her was when she turned on the lights to see her way, she saw Dennis, Amelia and two other recognisable boys, one two years older than her and one around her age, sitting on the couch.

They weren't wide awake, slightly dosing off, but when the lights had come on and they saw Erin Marshall.

The two boys practically jumped when they saw the girl.

Genevieve took in a moment to look at the two boys more carefully. She gasped as she realised who they were. Josh Taylor, her cousin whom she had forgotten about, through all the fame that was going on around her, which she had felt painfully guilty about, was standing before her. The other boy, she remembered from years ago. Luke Taylor, Josh's little brother, who was the same age as Genevieve, had grown more lean and muscled, like Draco. Let's just say he looked like a pin up, with big dark brown eyes and long dark hair with a plain blue sweater and jeans.

First she hugged Josh and said, "It's me, I'll explain later."

Then she walked over to Luke, cautiously. He didn't seem to back away. She hugged him carefully, but as he felt her arms go around her, he hugged her tighter and swung her around like he did to her three years ago, the last time he had seen her.

She whispered, "It's so good to see you again."

"You too," his surprisingly masculine, broken voice said.

Genevieve withdrew a bit and said, "Whoa! My little Lukey-Flooky grew up!"

"Well I have to say the same for you," his eyes wide, looking her up and down. What happened to my little, blonde, then brunette girl hmm? Going for red are we now? And where did you get those? If some pervert's touched 'em, tell me." He said indicating to her breast area.

"Luke!"

"Well sorry, but when your fourteen year old cousin has boobs and looks eighteen, it's kind of hard not to comment."

“Yeah, yeah. Anyway, you want an explanation for this?” asked Genevieve to Josh.

He nodded vigorously. Genevieve shooed off Dennis and Amelia, as they looked like they were about to drop off any second. They walked off up the stairs to the bed room. After they were down the hall, Genevieve pulled her two cousins to the lounge room. She plopped them on the fancy couch, which they comfortable to after awhile, kicked off their shoes and put their feet up.

Genevieve had in this time walked to the kitchen and gotten them all the special secret hot chocolate, which their late Nan, had only given the recipe to the women of the Taylor family, including Genevieve’s mother and Josh and Luke’s mother.

“I haven’t had this in years!” exclaimed Josh.

“YUMM!” Luke moaned.

Genevieve chuckled. She saw in a mirror that she looked a bit cake faced and a stranger to the red hair. She took out her wand casually and turned her hair colour back to the brunette it usually was. Also her face had a bit of wash, with a quick and easy washing spell.

She didn’t notice the shocked look on Luke’s face, Josh catching the mug of hot chocolate that Luke’s hands seemed to have forgotten they were holding.

“What-what-what...HUH!”

“I told you I was right.” Sighed Josh shaking his head at his brother.

“You mean about witches and wizards and magic which my cousin just did?”

“Yeah, that’s why I’m going all the way back to the start,” explained Genevieve.



It was six in the morning by the time Genevieve had said the whole story and answered all of those suspicious questions from her cousins. They seemed to get how Genevieve's parents died, as it did happen to them too.

"So, do you still have Grandad's jazz bar?"

"As I did inherit the place, I keep it alive and it's where I work as well as the café at the train station and another odd job. Luke, even for his age, works two different jobs, even if he got Nan's singing voice as well as you and Eva, agents are just plain arses around here." said Josh shrugging.

"You work three jobs? Well start typing up those letters of resignation, because you won't need these jobs any longer, of course, you still have to take care of grandad's bar, otherwise I'll hate you if you don't keep it in the family and you know I'm being serious," said Genevieve in many different tones.

"What you mean, quit our jobs, how will we survive?" asked Luke, clueless that he was in fact in a mansion.

Genevieve got up from her sitting place, in front of the fire, on the rug, in front of the couch facing the two boys and sat in the middle of them and said, "I love you guys, but seriously, where'd you get these things, a second hand store?" Genevieve joked pointing at their heads, noting to their brains.

"Oh no, Gen, we're not taking your money!"

"I don't care, I'm a Taylor too, I can donate money to the bar if I want to. Besides, it's not like I need the money, it's not going towards this mansion, Dennis is a pureblood descendant, he owns this, a villa in Tuscany, an apartment in Paris, he has a beach house down in Malibu, and this was all from his parents greediness, he didn't buy these places, his parents did. You can take three quarters of my earnings of Erin Marshall, which is counting up on, hmm, four million a year."

“How come three quarters of your earnings if you say you don't need any of it?” asked a confused Luke.

“Well I do need some pocket money for shopping don't I?” Genevieve put on a pouting face.

Luke looked to Josh and said, “Bro, you know we are way too young for jobs, you're sixteen for crying out loud! If you're gonna be owning and managing that bar, I may as well quit those two jobs and help as well. Plus you know how much you hate those other jobs. You love it when you're behind the bar, listening to some of my cool jams with my mates, serving people with our drink making. And we can get some decent sleep, as well as more than two nights open a week! And I could finally play solos too. Please Josh, please.”

“Alright then, we'll take your 'donation' on.”

“YES!” said a happy Luke. He hugged Genevieve tightly and said, “You'll never regret this.”

“I never plan on it. Now come on, I need some sleep and so do you. You also need to write those resignation letters.”

“Yes Ma'am!” said Luke saluting her. She rolled her eyes and felt them closing.

“Okay I need sleep, goodnight, and please write the phone number to where you live, or the bar.” said Genevieve yawning.

“The bar is where we live...” Josh said slowly.

“Okay, first thing tomorrow, your new flat, and the bar, got it?”

“Whatever you say Cuz,” they said in unison as Genevieve smiled at the nickname.

“Good, you guys can sleep in the guestroom if you want?”

“THANK YOU!” said Luke falling to his knees in plea of sleep.

“Come on, I’m so tired,” she said yawning again.

They went upstairs not expecting that in the next few months they would be very close. The bar would be expanded and that the boys were sleeping in their own flat. Genevieve visited the bar as herself from time to time, sometimes bartending with Luke performing. Let’s just say, Luke got his grandmother’s genes, while Josh got his grandfather’s genes: taking good care of a very successful business. They no longer worked extra jobs and now, Luke went to school, seeing as he couldn’t get away with it at fourteen unlike Josh who was sixteen.

It was the beginning of a better life for her two cousins, which she was very glad to be apart of. She couldn’t wait to show Ginny the bar. Oh and of course the boys...

Genevieve had been planning the wedding with Andy and Dennis, and they were sure having a few special guests. Cornelius Fudge, unfortunately would be there. Thankfully, the Malfoy’s had no idea about the wedding, already thinking that Andy and Dennis were married.

Josh and Luke would be there as well, and she would make sure that they weren’t out of her sight as it was a wizard wedding, and anything could happen to a pair of squibs like them, especially with Dennis’s powerful cousins coming around, apparently very boy hungry too. Genevieve however couldn’t wait to meet a true Davies. Roger Davies. She was told that he was the grandson of Dennis’s uncle, so they were basically second cousins. Dennis was also his Godfather, so he had to be very close to Genevieve. Roger was also apparently girl hungry, which Genevieve wasn’t planning on any hook ups at her own guardians wedding.

She would just have to wait and see...

Next up, the wedding, the third task and it's reactions toward society in the hospital wing, and Genevieve makes a new enemy, because she stood up for what she knew and what was right in this world.

Read & review pleaseeeeeeee.

GeeTiger x

## Chapter 27

### A Wedding to Remember!

Another couple of months had passed and it was now nearing the end of May. Today was a special day for a few people. Dennis and Andy were finally going to be married on this day. While Genevieve was still trying to be Erin Marshall to make more money for her two cousins, she also planned most of the wedding ceremony and all of the reception.

Andy had found the dress.

Dennis had bought the ring.

And Genevieve had found the wedding singer, herself of course. Dennis and Andy asked for her to play the song she played when they realised they were perfect for each other. Genevieve had told them it wasn't really a bright wedding reception kind of song, but then again, the reception wasn't really in the morning, more like the wedding in the day and the reception in the evening.

Dennis and Andy were in their own rooms in the mansion. They were having the ceremony in the backyard and the reception in the backyard, but unlike a future wedding there would be no tent. There were the fireflies hiding in the trees, as Genevieve wanted it to be a surprise when evening had dawned. Plus, Julius the head firefly said it would be fine to perform at a 'ceremony of commitment and love.'

The guests would arrive at four, so Genevieve was outside in her normal clothes with a normal clicky pen, not a quill, and a clipboard with a list of things to do and to be ready for the reception. When she double checked that everything was prepared and in order, she went through the kitchen to see four cooks preparing many meals and she was happy to see that, "You guys can have a ten minute break, there's no charge on drinking the pumpkin juice in the fridge, but the fire-whiskey will cost you."

She checked her watch to see the time, it was three o'clock.

“SHIT!” she yelled as she ran out the kitchen.

She ran to Dennis’s room and watched him as he breathed slowly.

She then went to check on Andy, who wasn’t in her dress yet because she needed her make up done by the make up artist who had just tumbled out of the fireplace downstairs. ‘Fantastic, now there’s a mess downstairs!’ she thought as she ran back down and greeted the make up artist telling her it would be quicker to apparate to Andy’s room

After all of that, she got into her own room and Medocius, her ceiling friend, reported the time was now fifteen past three.

“Thank you!” she yelled out to the ceiling, running into her bathroom door. “Ow”.

She had a very quick shower, and over on the high towel rack, her bridesmaid’s dress was hanging from its hanger. Another dress, for the reception when she would be singing was beside it still on its hanger as well.

Once she was out, she got dried in a flash, her hair, straight and in a neat bun and her make up done, she grabbed the strapless, knee length, lilac dress and slipped it on with ease.

She got out of the bathroom and into her bedroom, where she twirled around and looked up at the ceiling for approval.

“Very beautiful,” cooed the women while the men just said vaguely, “Yes very lovely indeed.”

Genevieve turned to Medocius her eyebrows quirked.

“Yes my child, they’re not teasing you,” he said with a smile on his face.

She smiled herself to this response and put on her matching high heels. She was again running about. Guests were not arriving yet, thank Merlin.

She walked to Dennis's private room first, to see him shaking and sweating like a pig. His bowtie wasn't yet tied and he looked like a drunk at a bad Greek wedding reception.

"Oh no! Don't tell me you're drunk! This will ruin Andy's day for sure!"

"I'm not drunk Genevieve just scared out of my mind!" blurted Dennis frustrated.

Genevieve took a step back and her hands on her hips.

"Sorry, I'm just so nervous."

"Well of course you're going to get cold feet, that's what happened to my father, and oh I don't know Dennis, every man in the planet!"

"I know, I know, I know, but what if there is a better guy for her..."

"You. Are. Kidding. Me."

"What?"

"You have started thinking about this now. Look Dennis, do you remember the first time I came into this house, the time you guys hugged?" asked Genevieve remembering seeing something strange that day.

"Yeah, what about it?"

Genevieve sighed. She didn't realise, but when she spoke, she didn't speak with the trained English accent, she spoke with her old Aussie accent, "The moment I saw the most beautiful woman I ever seen in my life hug you, the most caring and protecting man I've ever met, I knew that you'd be the couple that everybody dreams about being

apart of, but aren't so lucky in love. I knew that you would have beautiful children and then beautiful grand children and on and on, they'd talk of the time when the wizarding world wasn't so fantastically free of war, they'd talk of the couple, with its moral, that no matter what, in this cruel world, there will always be love, love as intense, strong and pure as yours, that it is undefeatable from all the negative that tries to over take."

Dennis nodded and she left the room, knowing she had his head straight, since she checked it herself.

Off in Andy's room, she could hear the make up artist in Andy's room gushing of such a beautiful bride, she was talking about Andy.

As Genevieve walked in slowly, she gasped at what was in front of her.

"Oh...My...God."

Andy turned around and smiled as she saw her adopted child. "Come Gen, over here."

"Andy, I, don't know what to say, nothing and no one can describe how amazingly beautiful you look. And I get to be your adopted child."

Andy had a genuine smile on her face. You only get that smile on someone's face a few times in a lifetime. She was glad she was one of the people who could do that to Andy.

"Thank you, Genevieve."

"Yeah," said the make up artist, "Your husband-to-be won't be able to keep his hands off of you!"

'Way to ruin an, adopted child to adoptive mother moment,' thought Genevieve.



However, with that thought, she said goodbye, as she heard sounds coming from outside. With her wand in the strap on her thigh under her dress, she slid down the banister of the marble staircase.

She discovered her band were downstairs in the lounge room. That was a surprise for sure.

“What are you guys doing here! I thought you were doing some MP biz?” she asked happily, excitedly surprised.

“Yeah, we were, but we’d rather perform then do an interview for ‘60 minutes’.” Said Pete with a smile on his face as he hugged Genevieve.

“ Wouldn’t miss it for the world!” said Rebecca as equally enthusiastic as Genevieve.

“ You know what this means right Genevieve?” asked Lukhi seriously.

“Great I have to be ‘Erin Marshall’ at the wedding reception, won’t I?”

“I’m afraid so, kiddo,” she said sadly, “But you have to get photos with your parents before we go on at the reception.”

“Thanks, and thank you so much for coming!” she said hugging them all.

“I gotta go, you guys take your seat in the back yard, or mingle with old fans or something, go, go.”

They were shooed out of the lounge room into the humongous backyard, where there, near an arch of flowers and bells, behind it was a small stream and in front of the arch were many, many chairs. Genevieve told them which ones were their seats and told them to roam around a bit and for them not to be antisocial to any of the other guests.

They did as they were told.

Genevieve went to greet every single guest, including the Minister, for which she didn't like.

At all.

"And who are you?" he asked, as if offended to be welcomed by somebody other than the bride or groom.

"I'm the Groom's adopted daughter."

That seemed to change the matter for him, "Oh I see, aren't you a bit young to be doing this job for your daddy?"

"Aren't you a bit old fashioned and stupid to be the minister," she muttered very quietly to herself.

"What was that dear?" he asked curiously. 'Stupid, stupid man', she thought.

"I said you don't need to talk to a fourteen year old like she is five, sir."

"Oh yes, why I'm sorry, you teenagers make a bit of a fuss being talked to like a child instead of an adult, which you are a child, my dear," he said very confidently and in Genevieve's case, bravely. He doesn't know what is coming.

However she wouldn't and couldn't bad mouth the Minister at her father's/cousin's/brother's/cat's wedding. She honestly didn't know what Dennis was these days to her.

"Well now that we have that sorted, I was wondering if I could get my seat thank you," he said lugging his trophy wife and trophy child, which just happened to be the guy who tried to 'get' with that poor girl at Draco's ball, along where Genevieve pointed to.

A guest who Genevieve actually admired came. Remus Lupin, who greeted her graciously and gave her the look as if he recognized her from somewhere.

“I’m sorry to stare, but you look awfully like someone I used to know, maybe a mix, but I might be out of my mind at the moment with this wedding fever going around.”

Genevieve smiled at the remark.

“Well if you do figure it out one day, you can tell me the next time you see me.”

He walked off, and a few more guests later popped up the Weasley couple.

“Hello dear, who might you be?” asked Molly Weasley kindly.

“My lord, you’re Genevieve Davies, the girl from the world cup. Ginny has told us loads about you ever since Christmas!” exclaimed Arthur Weasley. “I didn’t know you were related to good old Den!”

“Adopted actually,” Genevieve explained.

“Oh, right, well Ginny has told us all about you, and thank you so very much for giving her that ticket to the Mull-tree Cultural Paintings,” said Molly Weasley shaking her hand.

“Not far off Mrs. Weasley, the Multicultural Patriots.”

“Oh of course, I always mix it up, but that’s what happens when you get older and band names get longer,” she chuckled.

Genevieve smiled widely. This woman was so motherly it reminded her of her own mother. Her thoughts of her mother were interrupted, when even more guests arrived.

“We’ll see you at the reception, dear.”

Everyone was seated and waiting, Dennis at the arch with the wizarding priest and his long time friend and best man, Antonio.

The music began and out walked one of the bridesmaids, Andy's best work friend.

Then came out Genevieve as she smiled at Dennis and gave him the thumbs up.

Everybody was looking back and there she was Dennis's beautiful bride.

Everyone gasped as she came by and smiled straight ahead to Dennis.

Everything was in order, and going as planned and before you know it, they said their vows happily, bringing tears to everyone's eyes except for Genevieve since she heard both of theirs at least four times each.

The magical kiss was made and joy was spread through out that wedding day...

Photos were taken, and autographs were signed, by the MP's of course. The reception was all arouse, until Genevieve snuck away to get ready to be the wedding singer. She put on the disguise charm for Erin Marshall, the other dress and its matching shoes and changed her hair so it was half up, half down, full straight and her make up was a bit darker for the effect. She ran back downstairs and out into the backyard, when all of Dennis's cousins screamed.

"OH MY GOD, IT'S HER!"

"Fireflies, now!" she said running to the stage.

They came out of the old oak trees and fluttered lightly around the reception where everyone smiled and laughed in wonder, even Dennis's cousins were too busy looking at their beauty.

Genevieve ran to the stage where everyone was ready to play a slow song for the opening dance, where only Dennis and Andy danced.

“ Hey folks, we’re here to celebrate a beautiful marriage, a connection between two that you can only have once in your life. I welcome you to the opening dance, where the bride and groom, really bloom.”

“ Aw,” was what chorused around the crowds. Roger Davies however just smirked.

“Now I know you two both like this song and have never told each other, because I have sources tell me that you listened to it all during the preparations of this beautiful wedding held tonight, so I decided to sing it for you two. Join in anytime you like folks! Now, let’s hear it for Dennis and Andrea Davies!”

They came onto the dance floor, looking at Genevieve confused. She just gave them the, I-know-what-I’m-doing-look.

They stayed in a ready to go dance position and the band started playing.

“At last, my love has come along  
My lonely days are over  
And life is like a song”

“Oh, yeah, at last  
The skies above are blue  
My heart was wrapped up in clovers  
The night I looked at you”

“I found a dream that I could speak to  
A dream that I can call my own  
I found a thrill to rest my cheek to  
A thrill that I have never known”

“Oh, yeah when you smile, you smile

Oh, and then the spell was cast  
And here we are in heaven

For you are mine  
At last”

Everybody clapped and chanted, ‘MP’, or ‘Erin’. Genevieve wanted them to chant her name, all three syllables of it. She would get that one day, one day it would happen. For now, she was too young and needed the disguise. It definitely sucked.

Andy and Dennis were happy as can be, kissing sweetly every couple of minutes and laughing and smiling every second they could.

She sung every song they requested, ‘Maggie May’, the ‘Macarena’, even their own songs, for those teens at the wedding.

A few of the songs were sung by Chris, Pete or Sam. Jordan stuck to the drums.

Genevieve was disappointed when she couldn’t see her cousins anywhere the whole night. She was completely wrong.

Luke had come running up behind her, lifted her up off her feet and said, “Hey Gennnnnnnnnn, how are ya?”

“Put her down Luke you idiot!” hissed Josh, her other cousin, shaking his head in disapproval.

“You do realise I’m not Genevieve, I’m Erin, remember?” Genevieve whispered.

“Oh yeah, that’s right, sorry Erin,” said Luke teasingly.

“I’m sorry, may I interrupt this lovely affair, for a dance with the lady?” asked a very young man. He was speaking to Genevieve.

She turned around to see none other than Roger Davies.

Luke protectively tightened his grip around Genevieve. Genevieve smirked and said, “unless you can fight my own family off of me?”

Josh stepped on Luke’s foot hard and Luke let go instantly.

“I see it has already been taken care of,” said Genevieve laughably.

Roger took her hand and kissed it in greeting. “You honestly don’t need to be that cheesy just for a dance you know?”

“Sure,” he said shrugging it off.

Genevieve was swept away into the waltz. The way he talked was not charming much in her standard, more like sleazebag.

“I can’t wait to tell everyone that I got to dance with the hottest celebrity out.”

That wasn’t a compliment. She went through his mind to see what he was really up to. Her eyes widened as she heard, ‘I can’t wait to tell everyone I slept with the hottest celebrity out!’

“What’s wrong? Did you just realise that you couldn’t resist me?”

She smiled the best she could and said, “Who would be able to resist?”

In that moment, she lifted her knee to his ‘area’, and released her foot at least three times.

“How dare you! Do you realise how old I am?!” She kicked him one last time, with Josh, Luke, and Dennis and Andy rushing over, wondering what the hell was going on. Roger’s parents came shortly after.

Genevieve fell into Josh’s arms as he held her as close and protectively as Luke had before. She could hear Luke saying, “I knew you were bad news.”

“Genevieve dear, are you alright,” she heard Andy whisper stroking her arm.

“Let’s take this away from the celebration shall we?” said a very embarrassed man, most likely, Roger’s father.

Genevieve was being guided by Josh as they went slightly away from the reception.

She was released from her cousin’s clutches and found herself glaring at Roger, who was in very much pain indeed.

“What exactly happened that led the wedding singer over here to hurt my dear Roger?” asked his mother innocently.

“There’s only one reason why she would kick him four times, and that would be Roger’s fault. Erin, can you tell me what happened?” asked Dennis.

She nodded and walked over to him and whispered in his ear, “he asked me to dance, accepted, he was a sleazebag in the end, I went through his mind to see what he really wanted from me, and it turns out he wants to sleep with me and tell the whole world about it!”

“Roger how could you!” he blurted out. “She’s fourteen for Merlin’s sakes, haven’t you read articles about the MP’s?”

Roger just smirked, “Sorry, Den old boy, I just couldn’t help myself.”

“Get lost, don’t come near Miss Marshall again, do you hear?” screamed a very angry bride. “NOW!”

The small family left in an instant.

Andy ran over to Genevieve again and hugged her. “You okay, babe?”

“I’m fine Andy, he just deserves a few very good sack taps is all.”



“Dennis, make sure he never comes near her ever again!” Andy demanded.

“Already on it darling,” he replied.

“How about we get back to the reception, shall we?” suggested Josh.

They all went back, forgetting about the incident, and enjoying the night they had left with the Weasley’s, her cousins, the band, Remus Lupin, the wedding couple and even the minister’s son was fun to be around at weddings, much to his father’s disgrace.

REVIEW REVIEW REVIEW REVIEW REVIEW REVIEW REVIEW!

the bridesmaid dress:

[http : / www . bridalwave . tv / Oasis 20 lilac . JPG](http://www.bridalwave.tv/Oasis%20lilac.JPG)

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## Chapter 28

### Off to Hogwarts!

Genevieve was in her room packing her hard suitcase once again for Hogwarts. She had been cordially invited by Professor Dumbledore to come along for the third task.

Though Genevieve had no idea about this, the ageing professor just happened to recently contact Dennis about not being able to attend the wedding. Since Dennis had revealed himself to Genevieve the night her parents died, he had kept in contact with Dumbledore telling him about his life until the day after his wedding, before he would depart with Andy for the honeymoon he said something about Genevieve in the letter replying to Dumbledore's letter about the wedding.

That was when Dumbledore became intrigued by Genevieve. He wished to personally speak to her in his office as like always, he knew she was a very important person to him and a certain fourteen year old boy.

Genevieve shut her suitcase, zipped it up securely, heaved it off of her king sized bed and let it land with a loud thudding noise to the hard wooden floor.

"Ready Gen?" Andy called from the top of the stairs.

"Yes!" Genevieve called back from inside her room.

She dragged the suitcase out of her room and saw a white cat stop in front of her. Pixy was looking up at her confused. Was she leaving on another adventure without him again?

Genevieve sighed at the only living memory of her real home. "Hey Andy, could you give me another five minutes please?"

"Sure honey, you're surprisingly ten minutes early anyway."

Genevieve nodded and watched her 'mother' walk off. Let's just say she didn't look like her mother, but maybe her sister.

They had been stared at by guys before when going shopping, Andy obviously looking like a beauty in her twenties, even though she was in her early thirties, had made Genevieve seem like a very young adult and they had been approached by two guys, one in his twenties and another who would have been eighteen. It was funny to read their reactions as Andy said she was getting married soon and that Genevieve was fourteen.

As she picked up Pixy, she carefully enhanced a hair reflecting spell on her clothes and held the snowy white cat close to her.

"I love you even if you are a cat, you're still a pigment of home," Genevieve sadly smiled to the cat in her arms. Pixy snuggled close and she allowed him to stay there for only a few minutes.

Genevieve reluctantly released her cat to the floor, where it meowed and trotted off down the hall. Genevieve shook her head at the blissfully ignorant cat.

She took her suitcase in her hands once again and rolled it down the staircase. She walked through to the kitchen and through to the living room, where she would be travelling through the Floo Network from the fireplace.

Dennis shoved the suitcase in the fire, sending it off to the correct destination, leaving Genevieve to say her farewells until a week's time.

Andy gave her adopted daughter a big bear hug and kissed her on the cheek saying, "Don't get into any trouble while we're not there and if you have any problems, send us a letter or tell Professor Dumbledore."

Genevieve nodded obediently and hugged her back. "I'll be fine Andy, I'll tell you of the fun times I'll have with Ginny and Hermione."

She turned to Dennis, who in turn practically scooped her up in his arms and hugged her tightly. He had noticed the past couple of days how Genevieve seemed delighted to them, yet so regretful on the inside on going to the third task. He felt this meant bad news and she knew what would happen next. Being a sensible man, he could never go against his beliefs in the future and meddling with fate, even if that did mean always catching a glance of Genevieve looking like she had done something terribly wrong and was feeling guilty about it.

“If there is anything you wish to confide or warn me about, all you have to do is hint to me, you don’t have to tell me the whole thing, okay?” Dennis whispered worriedly into Genevieve’s ear. She felt her nod and he let her go into the fireplace.

“Albus Dumbledore’s office, Hogwarts!” Genevieve announced her destination clearly and very precise, throwing down the suffocating floo powder.

Once again, the feeling of being whipped around very quickly and the sickening nausea had come around as she went through Floo Network.

Albus Dumbledore was awaiting the arrival of none other than one of the girls he had been waiting to meet for at least thirteen years, Genevieve Taylor. Unfortunately, he had no clue of the whereabouts of the other reader. He guessed the prophecy would go as planned then.

There was a knock on the door and with his intelligence and immensely powerful magical skills, called in the boy who did a wrong doing in a certain charms class. The boy’s name he found out to be was Seamus Finnegan.

Yes he knew him. An Irish fourteen year old boy who loves his quidditch like an other magic Irish folk, and he was usually found with his uniform untidy and his hair ruffled and the signature grin that Dumbledore may say that some of the third year girls swooned when he flashed them the almighty lop sided shy but cocky grin.

“Ahh, Mr Finnegan, come in, come in,” Professor Dumbledore called from his desk politely.

“Good morning sir, I really didn’t mean to turn Professor Flitwick’s hair purple. I mean, Dean started laughing, so he got the idea that I did it on purpose, but I was trying to cast a Hicky Supper spell, even though we were supposed to be doing a different one and-“

“Mr. Finnegan, Mr. Finnegan, I’ll let you off with a warning, you’re just lucky that I’m having a good day as-“

But now as Dumbledore was cut off in his own speech as to why he was so delightfully happy, by dust from his fireplace and a lot of black ash.

Dumbledore simply flicked his wand and it was all gone. Seamus had out his own wand for defence, but most likely attack to whomever or whatever just appeared.

Dumbledore clapped his hands together as the smoke had all gone and he saw a very beautiful brunette girl coughing and on top of her suitcase.

Seamus, not aware of the girl’s beauty helped her up.

Dumbledore smiled and exclaimed, “You see Mr. Finnegan, this magnificent girl here is why I am extraordinarily happy today.”

Seamus looked up at Dumbledore with questionable eyebrows, until the girl got out of his hold and brushed herself down, taking out her wand and fixing her hair and face. Seamus saw her features and froze. Dumbledore smirked at what the looks of a girl could do to a boy in his teens.

“Now you dear, must be Genevieve Davies,” Dumbledore said, making sure he said the fake last name instead of her real last name.

“Why yes, yes I am, it’s the biggest pleasure in the world to meet you Professor,” Genevieve smiled genuinely to the headmaster, whom she had been longing to meet.

He came from behind his desk and offered a boiled lolly which she kindly rejected. Dumbledore noticed that Seamus Finnegan was still in the room, and he still had the shock upon him too apparently.

“Mr Finnegan, this is Genevieve Davies, a very intelligent witch,” introduced Dumbledore.

Seamus shook her hand and said, “Hi,” she replied with a curt nod of the head and a slight smile and said, “It’s very nice to meet you too Seamus.”

Seamus just looked at her and said, “How do you know my first name,” and she looked taken aback. Why hadn’t she thought of just saying ‘Mr. Finnegan?’

“Umm, as I am a very intelligent witch, that usually leads to being especially skilled in some of the best of magic, so I knew your background, your personality and your first name.”

He nodded and said, “Cool,” while he thought, ‘Beauty and brains! How much more could you need?’

Genevieve heard this is smiled a bit more. It was definitely a more flattering comment than that of Roger Davies.

“Well, you better head off to class, I’m sure your friends will be very envious of you after you tell them about how you fortunately met Miss Davies,” Dumbledore dismissed Seamus.

Seamus answered, “Yes sir,” whilst becoming pink in the face. Genevieve giggled as he left.

“So I see your good with legilimens then, no doubt Dennis taught you that,” Dumbledore smirked.

“Oh, no he didn’t teach me. Actually I’m a mind reader.”

That stunned Dumbledore. Geez, how many other things could she read?

“I can only read two things,” she answered reading his mind. “Mind reading came with time, well that’s what Dennis says, but I honestly think it’s ever since I felt the magic that strange things have gone on all around me and I think I only really released the mind reading power when I received this,” Genevieve pulled out her wand. She gave it to him to examine.

“Ollivander created only two of these wands. One for you and one for your sister, without knowing that those two wands you now possess would be yours of course. You see Ollivander makes these wands after he has visions of seeing who it would match perfectly with. He made those two wands after seeing the clearest vision he has ever had in his entire life of making wands. He confided me about it, because he thought I would empathize with him the most. I now know that clear vision was of you and Evangeline.”

Genevieve couldn’t believe how much the old wizard knew. It slightly frightened her, but she realised that this man wouldn’t harm a fly, so he would have no reason to hurt her.

“Miss Taylor, you seem tense, are you alright?” Dumbledore asked.

Honestly, she wasn’t feeling very good at all. Not physically, but emotionally. There was too much going on in her head; she would have to witness something that she wanted to never see again. Death was never easy to one’s soul, even if she knew it would always happen in near future.

Genevieve was lucky that she had scrubbed up a bit on Occlumency in the past half year while she was alone with no friends and nothing else to do but homework. She needed something to cheer her up, Ginny always did that, even in her letters and Hermione would always send her love. The thought brightened her up a bit.

“Yeah, I’m fine Professor; um may I please see the room so I could maybe settle in?” Genevieve asked politely.

“Yes Genevieve, you may, but you know, you’ll have to talk to me about the prophecy in the time you’re here,” Dumbledore stated sitting back at his desk. Genevieve nodded and turned around to see her suitcase gone. She just realised how sneaky the house elves were.

“I’ll see you at the Third Task tomorrow sir!” She bade as she walked out the door and down the spiral staircase.

She was fleeing through the hallways, remembering where the guest dorms were and practically glided toward that direction. Somehow Dumbledore knew that she was Erin Marshall too, as she had been in these hallways as Erin Marshall once before.

After many secret passage ways, corridors, hall ways and a couple of staircases, Genevieve found her guest dorm and saw the portrait was of two old fat ladies from the middle ages, playing chess.

Genevieve sighed, “May I please come in?”

“Password?” one of them snootily asked.

“Don’t have one,” she simply retorted.

“You should have thought about getting it then,” the other said nastily. Genevieve mimicked it in annoyance. “Hmm, how about, ‘those cows need milking?’”

The two snobby ladies looked at each other in pure outrage but said, “Correct.”

Genevieve didn’t know that it was the actual password; she just thought that they honestly needed a good telling.



The portrait door swung open as she ventured around the lovely and cosy common room which had red and gold everywhere, a banner saying, 'Go Harry!', 'Go Cedric!' and 'GO HOGWARTS!'

She smiled at the banners all around the room, and saw the hidden staircase to her bedroom, and decided to go exploring around there for a bit.

It was a beautiful bedroom, decked out in nice shades of light blue, which matched her eyes delicately and made her feel somewhat fresh. There was a bathroom, but unlike her bedroom, no walk in wardrobe. Never the less, it was a satisfying bedroom, especially the bed, which was humongous.

Her suitcase lay on the side of the bedroom and it was completely empty. Everything had been put away neatly and in a place where she could see it. There was a large window, where you could sit on the bench below it. The matching blue curtains blew as the window was open, but it blew in a calming spring air. Dumbledore must have known that she loved being in cottages, because this definitely felt like one to her, even if she was in a high tower in the biggest castle in the world.

She fell back on her bed and inhaled calmly.

Genevieve should have known better as this pleasurable moment of peacefulness ended with a swinging of the portrait door.

Genevieve got off the bed and rushed off down the spiral staircase in the guest dorm and skipped the last two steps to see Professor McGonagall looking seriously stern.

"You must be Miss Davies; Dumbledore extends an invitation for you to attend dinner tonight with staff and students. He does not mind where you sit."

"Oh, I would gratefully accept, but it's just that...oh I guess I could. Tell Dumbledore he should be sure to see me."

Really, Genevieve had been anxious on seeing both Draco and Ginny. What would happen if he saw them as friends? What would Ginny do, since she already knew about Genevieve and Draco? How would Harry Potter and Ron Weasley act when they see her.

Genevieve thought of this by the time she was walking to dinner. Her feet were taking her toward the Great Hall without the consciousness of doing so.

That was when the doors flew open and everyone went quiet.

Everyone was eating and chatting excitedly, as they couldn't wait any longer for the Third Task to come the fore coming evening.

However all chatting and eating ceased as the Great Hall doors flew open for a very pretty brunette girl who stood nervously in one spot.

Draco Malfoy was in a detention with Blaise Zabini, Daphne Greengrass, Crabbe, Goyle and Pansy Parkinson, for doing a very seriously dangerous hex to a Hufflepuff second year in front of McGonagall!

Harry Potter however hadn't looked up from his dinner as his Godfather's warning and Dumbledore's simple advice, was hanging above him, as if it were a depressingly black rain cloud.

Ron Weasley unlike his best friend, looked up, Hermione only looking up from her book as she noticed the sudden the silence around her. Her eyes widened as she locked eyes with a pretty girl, who smiled back to her.

Hermione poked Ginny who looked up from her studying. When she looked at what Hermione had her eyes on, she wanted to squeal in delight, but at the same time didn't as she would have to deal with the embarrassment of the laughter of the whole Great Hall.

Genevieve smiled in relief as she saw that she was free of an awkward squabble between Ginny and Draco and the only real thing she had to deal with was Ron Weasley and the very stubborn Harry Potter.

The boys looked at her with more of an interest now as they got over the shock of a sudden entrance.

Genevieve just thought, 'One step at a time, there's no need to rush...hey that sounds like a new hit for Erin Marshall,' she took a mental note.

Genevieve started to walk with confidence in the air of her walk. The confident strut seemed to work as the boys watched after her and the girls slightly jealous, but still interested in what Genevieve was like.

Seamus Finnegan told everyone like he was in a rush that that was the girl he met in Dumbledore's office that morning.

All the guys nodded and nudged him playfully as they saw her, body, face and all.

Genevieve stopped up to Ginny and Hermione who each hugged her individually and tightly as they saw her. Genevieve hugged them back instantly and just as tightly.

The guys around them and on Gryffindor table, except for Ron who recognised the girl instantly and Harry who was still concentrating on his food, were very happy and smug that they got the really hot girl to sit with them. They secretly thanked Hermione Granger, Ginny Weasley and even Merlin himself that she was sitting on their table.

Genevieve sat in between Ginny and Hermione knowing that they'd want to gossip all night.

Genevieve was very happy that Harry hadn't even noticed she was there.

"You, you, you...it's you from the game!" Ron spluttered.

"Yes she is Ron, she's also the girl that Seamus is bragging about over there. Sorry about that, the guys seem to drool every time they see a good looking girl." Ginny explained.

“Really?” Genevieve asked surprised as she saw the result all around her, boy of all ages were either:

Looking at her as if they’ve never seen a girl before.

Smirking as if they thought they might actually get her in bed or something, based on the older boy’s of course.

The first years were adorably cute when they saw her, as they shyly looked away, and this was basically the same with the second years.

The third years were just sleazy by making kissy faces, blowing kisses and giving her the ‘write me’ sign. They unfortunately didn’t have the ‘call me’ sign, as the phone was a muggle invention.

Some were just looking and judging and being nice, sent her a kind smile.

Genevieve sighed. Only a few of the boys did the last suggestion.

“They’re staring alright,” Ginny said half laughing.

Ron seemed curious as to why both Hermione and Ginny were best friends with Genevieve, as they had only met once before and that was the year before.

“Am I missing something here?” Ron asked seriously.

Ginny, Hermione and Genevieve laughed at his look and the fact that he had not known of the girls’ friendship with Genevieve.

“I’ll explain it tonight,” Hermione reassured Ron, who shook his head, annoyed and went back to dinner.

Meanwhile, Seamus, who now took a spot next to Harry, nudged him in the ribs and said, “Harry, wake up from your food! Have you not noticed the pretty looking girl sitting next to Herms and Ginny? She’s

right in front of you,” he whispered, but it was not like Genevieve could hear him.

She was talking rapidly about what had gone on with her the past year and that she was a guest for the Third Task as Dumbledore invited her himself. The girls were telling her about Krum and Hermione then Ginny and her mystery boy, which wasn't such a mystery anymore, as Genevieve saw Ginny smiling the whole time to a boy on the Ravenclaw table. Genevieve remembered who he was from the books, Michael Corner.

He was a cute third year boy and he had to be intelligent otherwise he would've been in Hufflepuff. Genevieve was proud of her younger friend and nodded in approval, Ginny becoming pink from the fact that she found out so quickly and so easily. Hermione giggled.

“Seamus what do you want!” Harry hissed looking up from his dinner and finally noticing who was at the table across from him.

The girls had all looked at him now, when Ginny and Hermione realised that the first and second time the two met, Harry wasn't very welcoming. Neither was Ron and Hermione, but as Hermione had become good friends with Genevieve after finding out her secret and Ron saw his sister bond well with a girl for once. Ginny hadn't many girlfriends, so it was brilliant to see this addition. Ron decided to forgive and forget the whole outburst from Harry after the attack at the Quidditch Cup.

Harry stared in shock as he saw the girl in front of him. Genevieve Davies, the girl who knew a bit too much about him. The pretty girl, who hung out with the likes of Malfoy, yet here she was now having a pleasant catch up chat with his second best friend and his best friend's sister.

“What are you doing here?” Harry asked with a set stone face.

Genevieve sighed, Ginny was angry with the way he treated Genevieve. Hermione just stayed quiet.

“Dude, I know you don’t trust me, but geez, throw me a freggin bone here!” Genevieve exclaimed.

“Not around someone who is friends with a Malfoy,” Harry retorted.

Ginny, for the second time in her life, excused Harry for being so utterly rude and said to him, “What the hell is your problem? Just because she’s friends with Malfoy doesn’t mean she’s like him, in fact she’s completely opposite to him!”

“And how do you know you can trust her?” Harry asked, his eyebrows rising. He was shocked at first at how Ginny spoke to him. She wasn’t shy around him anymore and obviously didn’t have a crush on him, which he thought was going to help as it would not be so awkward to talk to her and she wouldn’t break something when around him. In fact, Ginny seemed to have gotten over Harry a very while ago, maybe even after the World Cup. Though Harry wasn’t sure of when she must have stopped liking him, but it was pretty obvious now.

“I have my reasons Harry, as does Hermione. So just lay off her.”

A lot of people were taken aback by Ginny’s response to Harry and scooched down the bench so that Ginny could sit up a bit further away from Harry while Genevieve and Hermione sat where they were.

“Look, I get it Harry, you don’t like me, but sometimes you don’t have to strongly express this feeling of clear dislike. Sometimes, you’re better off just being in your own world.”

Genevieve moved up where Ginny was now, and she smiled as she saw Genevieve next to her. Hermione took all the anger at Harry and all the confidence she could muster to throw him the biggest glare, that even Ron whimpered and Harry eye’s widened in fright of Hermione’s death glare.

“Honestly,” Hermione huffed and moved up with the two other girls.

Harry sighed, 'Great, by not liking one of them, I'm hated by all three of them,' he thought regrettably. He held his head low in shame and ate the rest of his dinner, not feeling that fantastic.

Genevieve heard what Harry thought and shook her head in disbelief. Maybe if he was just a bit more polite to her, things like, making the only two girls he really talks to angry, wouldn't happen.

'He needs to learn his lesson,' Genevieve thought simply. And the only way of doing that was by righting what he did wrong in the first place.

Hating Genevieve Davies.

What did you think?

REVIEW PLEASE, I HAVE MORE CHAPTERS THAN REVIEWS! It's quite sad actually.

Review to save a story's life.

GeeTiger x

## Chapter 29

### The Only One

Classes were dismissed as a school bell was rung around the school of witchcraft and wizardry. Genevieve was holding a load of papers which was filled with exercises on magic, potions, you name the class, she had its work in her hands. Also, many papers had exercises which were to help her increase control of her mind reading powers and maybe unleash new ones.

At that same moment, Cedric Diggory was walking out of his advanced charms class. He was busy looking for a muggle gadget that his friend gave to him as a joke for his birthday, which constantly went off, playing some muggle song. When he figured out how to turn it off, he shoved it in to the depths of his bag. He did this all while walking. He was pretty proud to have not knocked anyone down on his way.

However things changed as he looked up and bumped into a young girl. Papers went flying everywhere, and Cedric knew everything was in his bag so it had to be the poor girl's papers. She got up, hearing laughs surrounding her, as obnoxious sixth year Slytherins' and Ravenclaws' pointed down at her rudely and crudely found it completely humouring to watch someone pick up their papers on their knees. Cedric got down to help her, and realised that being seventeen, he could have just sorted the papers back to her with magic. The girl, whom he hadn't had the chance of getting a good hard look at in the face yet, seemed to have thought the same thing as he did, pulling out her very unique blue tinted wand, not even muttering a single word of the incantation as she flicked her wand and they all came flying to her in proper pile, all the while not getting a paper cut, which was hard to believe, because it always seemed when he did that spell on papers he got a very hideous paper cut.

The Slytherins' had become bored of the humiliation in front of them, as did the Ravenclaws, walking off into the direction of their common rooms, well that was what Cedric suspected as to why they had hurried off so quickly, when really it was because they saw the good



looking, very talented in magic seventeen year old boy help the horrifyingly embarrassed girl.

At this point, Cedric had not bothered with everyone else; all he seemed to worry about was this very intriguing girl, who could already do non verbal magic at a very young age. He could tell she was about fourteen-fifteen with her height and stature.

Genevieve had all her papers perfectly filed back into her hands. Whoever bumped into her gave her the idea to use magic when she let her powers run loose from its grip.

She looked up to see the boy she rushed in to and was taken aback to see the one and only Cedric Diggory. She tinted pink in the cheeks slightly and said, "Really sorry about that, I'll be leaving now."

"No wait!"

Genevieve turned back around, with a confused frown on her face.

"Why? Did I forget something?" Genevieve asked looking around him and checking around herself.

"No, how old are you exactly?" Cedric asked, just as confused as she was. Genevieve looked at him with the strangest curiosity. She couldn't help but wander through his mind a bit. He only planned on being her friend. She smiled with gracefulness, which sent him smiling back too.

"I'm fourteen, and I'm guessing you are going to ask how I could do a non verbal spell at my age?"

He nodded in confirmation of the question, yet he was curious as to how she knew what his next question was.

"I'm home-schooled; my mentor is an ex-Auror and is rather intelligent may I say. He teaches me many more things than Hogwarts will allow. Fortunately for me, my teacher bends the rules and gets away with it very easily," Genevieve explained, twiddling

with her wand with two of her fingers. "Plus I myself have been practicing magic every day and night, except special occasions."

Cedric approved greatly of this girl's effort and he was very certain that she was very powerful, and would be even more powerful in future. Cedric saw that she shared the same desired passion in life. Earning from good hard work, only for the interest of family and only the greatest happiness that life could provide you.

"I'm Cedric Diggory, and you are?" Cedric asked ever so politely.

"Oh I know who you are, no need to introduce," she chuckled. "My name is Genevieve Davies; I'm going to be here for a week as a visitor and a special guest to Dumbledore. Also because I haven't seen my friends for a very long time, so it's refreshing to get away from homeschooling and catching up with them."

Cedric nodded, taking every word she said in account, as if it were vitally important and very interesting, which he always seemed interested in meeting new people. Cedric had not noticed how very beautiful Miss Davies was, only caring about personality rather than face and body. He guessed that was a reason as to why he was chosen as a role model to the younger ones by his head of house and headmaster and a proud Hufflepuff resident.

Cedric had realised that there was something very different about this girl. Not as in, 'oh, I've never felt this way about a girl before', 'she's different to other girls' or 'I think I'm falling in love!'

No, it wasn't like that, there was generally something different about Genevieve compared to ordinary witches and wizards. Maybe she had a certain accent which he could catch unlike others, maybe she was just too intelligent or powerful for her own good or maybe she had some sort of secret. Of course Cedric had no idea why this thought occurred to him, it just seemed to have sprung him.

"Well, I have to get going, early dinner you know, don't want to have Ron Weasley eat the whole table before I even get there, see you round," Genevieve fare welled, but when she said the last three

words, her features had read to him that she regretted saying it as she looked away guiltily. Cedric was about to question why she had become so depressed, but she turned and walked away, out of his reach.

Harry had been sulking over his breakfast that morning. It was a Friday, but they had nothing new to learn as they had finished exams a week before, so everything in class they did was for fun, so luckily he didn't have to worry about assignments or homework.

As Harry and Ron walked down the hallways of Hogwarts, Harry had received so much support, with pats on the back or his name being chanted every time he walked past a set of guys, though with the exception of Hufflepuff, whom wished for him to come runner up to their 'pretty boy' heroine, Cedric Diggory.

The third task was getting closer and closer, the students around them were all absolutely thrilled and squirming in their seats, just so they could burst out the doors of their classrooms and scream, "YES SUMMER TIME IS HERE!"

There was one week left to go, before the school semester ended. Harry still hadn't fulfilled the task of apologizing to Genevieve, but she didn't seem to give a damn around him anymore, not caring what he thought of her, which made him feel just as neglected for a second chance and guilty for being so rude in the first place. Ginny wasn't talking to him either, but Hermione gave in after the fifteenth time of apologizing, and she wanted to be behind her best friend one hundred percent for the third task.

After the early dinner was eaten heartily, four very nervous students would have to play for their life. That was what they saw in their eyes anyway, to the spectators, it was just another miscellaneous though adventurous game.

They headed out to the pitch; the beloved quidditch field ruined for now, but would be rebuilt later on. Students cheered for their favourite champion, Fleur Delacour, Viktor Krum, Cedric Diggory and Harry Potter.

Harry seemed to have his eyes on only his two best friends, Hermione and Ron. They gave him the thumbs up, supporting him and screaming for him, like a lot of Hogwarts pupils were. As much as Ginny hated to do it, she cheered along with everyone else for Harry. Genevieve had not yet arrived by her side, as she was a special guest for Dumbledore.

A grand entrance was made by the headmasters' and headmistress and the rest of the Hogwarts teachers, Genevieve hiding behind Professor Dumbledore, having sources, a.k.a. Ginny warn her of Draco's presence at the third task.

Harry watched her, intrigued by how many things were going on in her mind all at once and he didn't have mind reading powers. To him, Genevieve seemed strangely worried and looked just a bit depressed and guilty. She was also hiding herself from Malfoy, whom was clueless to the fact that his beautiful 'best friend' was in the same place he was.

At that moment Draco was acting his usual self, being the cocky blonde Slytherin prince he was, yet his sarcastic and self centred humour seem to attract girls, along with his looks and good quidditch athletic body. However a lot more these days, he was caught off guard, always just thinking of Genevieve. The way her silky hair swayed in the summer sun, her permanent scent of a woman called Sarah Jessica Parker's perfume, *Covet*. He also was dying to just land his lips on hers once more and embrace his next summer with her. Genevieve was perfection in his eyes, especially since she wasn't one to take half of his stubborn rich boy, Malfoyness, which sometimes he admitted he had at one point, of course only to Genevieve and Blaise.

Draco smiled passionately down at his right hand's ring finger, fiddling with the green ring that had Genevieve's initials on it. Only the had it dawned on him that his relationship as a friend and sometimes a 'lover', was so much more than a stupid best friend girl crush thing that every guy had at his age. It was more than that for Draco Medocius Malfoy.

After the starting presentation and speech was over, Genevieve was allowed to sit next to her two best girl friends and cheer on with every one else. She was cheering more for the two Hogwarts boys, Harry, because the two girls beside her were as well and Cedric because she realised how much of a great guy he was after the little meeting they had that afternoon right after classes finished and the friendly dinner they shared.

He saw her and waved energetically, as she waved encouragingly back to him. They had bumped into each other once more on their way to dinner. They decided to eat in the kitchens with each other, which by all of the house elves, they were given a special celebratory feast, with all the fine foods of the wizarding world.

They had gotten to know each other very well in the hour they had together in the kitchens' of Hogwarts castle. It was such a sight to see these two kids, one fourteen and the other being just seventeen, though a few years apart, you could tell they connected on a strong level and they weren't embarrassed to really talk to each other and tell each other almost every bit of their lives that they were allowed by their elders. Genevieve had so much more to tell Cedric of the crazy adventure she had lived for the past year and a half, though like every other time she wanted to tell one of her new friends something, it was definitely going to be too revealing to the night that she tried so hard to forget, but when it was the main reason she had come to Britain to help the Boy Who Lived, it was just too painfully difficult to forgive and forget that night.

To everyone else, Cedric was just your attractive senior boy; all the girls in school were caught staring at him once or twice by said boy, he even caught a few nasty Slytherins looking at him dreamily. Cedric always thought that Slytherins only stared at the good looking kids in their own house and no one else, but he had been faulty to the judgement of Slytherin girls and their taste in boys.

Cedric had not obviously said this about his self personally; Genevieve already knew this about him. However she didn't realise that he was just as much of a dreamer as she was. He wanted to travel both the wizarding and muggle world like her, he wanted to have a successful life, and he also wanted to be very happy and have

a family that he could have many memories with. Genevieve could think of one girl that would want to marry Cedric, Cho Chang. The girl who Harry had his first ever crush on and still does. She really never got Harry, yes Cho was a nice girl, but she heard so much about her from both books and Hogwarts. Genevieve knew she was a bad cookie for Harry but perfect Cedric because she was actually in love with him, whilst she would only ever have a fling with Mr. Potter after a certain someone's death.

Genevieve pushed all thoughts of death out of her mind once more, as she sat back down from all the cheering and Dumbledore spoke once more.

“Now, In a few minutes our four champions are to head off in this exquisite maze to find the Tri Wizard Cup which has been hidden in the depths of the maze by our very own Professor Moody,” Dumbledore gestured to the very beaten middle aged man, who seemed to wave off the praise Dumbledore had given him. He turned back to his flask and drank some of its contents.

It was sad to think that the man with one fake eye that buzzed everywhere in its socket, had a chunk missing from his nose and a fake leg, which he put most of his weight on, was not really the man who experienced many things from his career as an Auror and was the legendary 'Mad Eye' Moody . It was also sad to think that the man with the fake identity was actually a very faithful follower of Voldemort's and was going to be the reason for the Cup's sudden ability to travel to a cemetery of where Tom Riddle Senior's bones lay. It also made her feel guilty for the millionth time that day, that she was the only one who knew this and that she had to let fate unwind itself and play its awfully dawning tune.

“First one to the Cup wins the competition all together!”

She could barely hear Dumbledore's voice now. It was like she was in a strong trance that she could not escape from. The crowds in the stands cheered as they heard Dumbledore say this. Genevieve however just stood, staring at nothing in particular, stuck on thinking about the death of her new friend. It was so hard to believe that

anybody would kill someone so compassionate about life, that they wouldn't have a chance to live it at all in the end. And all anyone in future would possibly be able to say to that would be, 'At least he's in a better place now.' His family sure weren't going to be in a better place with him.

Hermione saw a glimpse of Genevieve transfixed caught in between this inner battle and poked her until she woke.

"Are you alright?" the bushy haired girl asked worriedly and quietly, not to startle her in anyway.

Genevieve blinked a bit and nodded, with an explanation following. "Yes, I must have been caught up in all the excitement and atmosphere of the third task and I was just thinking of who would win."

Hermione nodded uncertainly. She wasn't intelligent for nothing, Genevieve was definitely lying to her, but it was better for her just to let it go then ask on, she learnt this from Harry when it came to his secrets and guilty feelings, as if he's responsible for everything that happens around him. Hermione didn't know how much more he would feel this particular emotion in future years.

Genevieve saw something brighten in the dying sunset. It gleamed so brightly, she was surprised she hadn't been blinded. She looked over to see Draco, playing with something on his finger. Genevieve knew it was one of the two rings that he had shown her at Christmas. In turn, she looked down at her own and once again admired its extravagant beauty.

The shine in the ring didn't last forever, as the sun finally went down and a canon went off a little early than expected for Dumbledore's count down had not even begun, but the first champion who won the last task went in first, Cedric Diggory, followed by Harry and Krum, whom she had waved to, but didn't seem to get a wave back.

For the two days she had been looking to talk to him as well, but she had been told by Hermione that he had been acting very strange for the past week and hadn't talked to anybody at all. He knew

something, she could feel it, but she never gave the thought of actually reading the contents of his mind to discover the reason why he had been mute for the past week.

Fleur Delacour went in as confident as always, throwing her beautiful blonde hair back, making all the boys go crazy and wolf whistle, as she walked into the maze after the three boys.

Some how everything seemed absolutely fine to every single spectator in the stands, except one and that was Genevieve. She was the only one with a grim expression on her face. The only one to not be enjoying the euphoria of excitement and thrill, she was the only one and it sucked.

REVIEW GOD DAMMIT!

IT'S SO SAD TO HAVE MORE CHAPTERS THAN REVIEWS!

sighs

love GeeTiger x



## Chapter 30

### All in One Moment

Genevieve felt like she had been holding her breath, as if she were waiting for something to explode. Half an hour had passed by, everyone else with the anticipating feeling of who was going to win.

To keep the spectators from becoming bored and creating a riot, as they were teenagers and still very immature and it was sure to happen as they were all equipped with wands, they kept them chanting all these different wizard songs and the school song as well as the champions names until at least another half an hour later, Fleur Delacour came back out of the maze unharmed, but still very frightened of what had happened inside it.

The headmistress of Beauxbatons ran to the French girl's side as she fell unsteadily to the soft green grass surface, and a slight thud was heard as all the students' spoke quietly amongst themselves.

Fleur struggled to get up once more, but with the help of her headmistress and her little sister, she was standing up, but Genevieve could see it was hard for her to hold up her own light weight.

Genevieve sighed, knowing deep down that Fleur wouldn't be the worst result of a champion they saw that evening.

She spoke the French language in sobs and high pitched tones to her headmistress and she cried at the fact that she was the first to be eliminated from the third task without the Cup.

Her little sister hugged her, stroked her hair and spoke softly to her in French to calm her down.

Time passed by and soon Viktor Krum came out, just as confused, yet more angry than sad as Fleur was, that he, famous quidditch seeker, had not won the Tri Wizard Cup. There was something in his eyes that she couldn't shake, something that wasn't like him. That was when it left his eyes and made him collapse to the ground.

Hermione cried out in fright, thinking he had fallen to his death, though that was not the case.

Like the headmistress, Igor Karkaroff practically flew to his model student's side, but this time it was a lot more dramatic as he had just seen Krum fall to the ground weakly.

He spoke in their native tongue to Krum and to many it seemed as if he were dead, but like Genevieve, Dumbledore knew better. It had dawned on him that this may be a lot more dangerous than he thought. He could feel the breeze hit him hard. That had never been a good sign in the past. With this thought, he looked toward the one destined for something big in the future, to help destroy all evil.

Genevieve couldn't take this anymore. Her eyes were watery and filled with the greatest angst and regret to all of man kind. As a single tear spilled over the edge, she knew she had to risk it.

A look was all that Dumbledore needed to know whether his students would be fine. They weren't even close to safe.

"Igor, Mr. Krum is fine, we'll take him up to the hospital wing, something has gone very wrong with this competition and I intend to find out."

Igor was too shocked to act with pride and arrogance for once. Viktor woke up and looked at his headmaster with much confusion. Genevieve looked to Draco, he couldn't see her. She looked over to Dumbledore again, but he was too busy trying to let things sink in about how the competition and how its competitors had become to act strangely then to what had been planned.

Genevieve shot a look toward Ginny, but again, she didn't receive a response as she too was caught up in every thing that was happening. That was when she caught Hermione's eyes on her.

Hermione took in the way Genevieve looked and she too could tell that there was something very wrong.

Genevieve spilled another few tears, wiped them away with her hand and could only say, "I'm sorry, I..." but at that point she couldn't say anything else as she ran down to the competitor's, ministry officials, teachers and headmasters.

Dumbledore had been tending to his own thoughts as the minister of magic, harked on about how intensifying the game had been so far with all these injured students.

Genevieve wanted to swat Mr. Fudge away like a fly, but she didn't think it would be very appropriate.

He saw Genevieve, walked toward her quick-step and asked her very quietly, "What is going on Miss Taylor?"

Genevieve looked at him again sorrowful and guiltily saying, "It has begun, I would've warned you, but I couldn't, it's against my will."

"What has begun Genevieve?" Dumbledore asked very concerned, his electric blue eyes, losing their twinkle of hope.

However much Genevieve tried to answer the question, she had fallen unconscious, which never happened to her in the past. She awoke but not in the place she had been last.

It was blurry, but with her powers becoming stronger with her will, her vision became pixel perfect. It was a vision, just like how she fell unconscious on Christmas Eve. She could see it now, the grave yard, Harry and Cedric being pinned up against the tomb of Tom Riddle Senior...

But that wasn't right. Cedric was supposed to be dead by now, what was Voldemort playing at?

A small baby like 'thing' was in a blanket and giving Wormtail orders.

A big cauldron sat in the middle and Wormtail dropped him in, along with the bones of Riddle's father and the blood of the enemy, Harry.

Cedric had absolutely no idea what was going on, but he knew one thing. The wizards that were there were evil, they had very bad intentions and the graveyard didn't help his opinion of the wizards, as it drearily dark and mystifying, like the dead were opening up their gates to take a in a new arrival.

He watched as Harry's arm was cut and blood seeped through onto the knife. Cedric wanted to yell and scream, but he seemed so shocked that he couldn't do anything to save the poor bugger.

That was when he rose out of the pot. Cedric couldn't have been more afraid in his life. He was so dead now. Harry was definitely dead too if no one came to save them.

Cedric looked around for an escape, to find nothing at all could save them now. The cup had been a portkey and for some strange reason, he knew it was Professor Moody because he could distinctly remember one potions class when Cedric himself had a bad incident with Polyjuice potion and he could easily see the symptoms of using that potion as he experienced it once before.

He was a fraud, not the real Alastor Moody that he had wished to meet so greatly and now he knew what he really was deep down. His identity was a death eater, but now he had to find out whom it was using the Polyjuice potion and where the real Moody is and if he's alive.

Cedric looked toward Harry, who was really a downer when it came time to die. Though who wouldn't be? He didn't want to die either; he had a whole adventure ahead of him and maybe a family with Cho. But Cedric wouldn't let Voldemort get to him, even if meant dying gallantly. He was a Diggory and for that he planned on dying courageously, not like a bloody coward that people thought he was because of his looks.

However that led him to the sad subject of his family. His parents had only one child, being him, and now they were going to lose him. How could Voldemort do something like this?

Suddenly, cracks everywhere happened and appearing out of thin air were many black cloaked and hooded figures.

“Welcome fellow death eaters, welcome back for it is my time once again,” Voldemort said with a smirk on his face. But it slightly changed as he mentally counted how many of them were there from what he last remembered. He smiled proudly and said, “I see some of my very devoted followers have been put in jail for not denying my worthiness?”

“Yes my Lord and a few died as well as that coward Snape, who became Dumbledore’s front man,” a rather thick death eater said viciously.

“Ahh, most of you came, yet you never came back to help me, what kind of followers are you?” Voldemort spat angrily. “Especially since you have never been imprisoned for following me and my beliefs! You could’ve found me anytime you wanted to with all the time you had! Thirteen years men! THIRTEEN I WAITED!”

The hooded men all looked down in shame. Cedric couldn’t believe he was hearing what they were saying and he couldn’t believe how they praised this very man who hated everything else but himself.

Voldemort noticed something out of the ordinary about the death eaters. He hadn’t thought there would be any new ones.

“Lucius come here please,” Voldemort called him forth, Lucius looked frightened out of his wits yet privileged at the same time.

Voldemort asked with no anger for once, but with curiosity, “Who is the young lady?”

Everyone around them gasped in surprise. The only females that were death eaters were in Azkaban. It was enlightening for every death eater to hear of a female death eater, for they had their evil fantasies ahead of their control sometimes and probably would sexually abuse her. However this girl would not be touched for Lucius would kill them.

“My Lord, this is what you have wished for; this girl here shall help you.”

Voldemort looked over to the girl, whose face was covered by the shadow of the inside of her hood. Instantly intrigued, he glided toward her and just stared at her for a good while. He could feel her fear, and knew it was because of him and his past experiences.

“Do not be afraid child, I shall not harm you, you are obviously an important person to Lucius and now myself, if what he says is true that is,” Voldemort turned inquiringly to Lucius from where he now stood.

Lucius nodded and said proudly, “Yes my Lord, she is one of them.”

“One of whom?” He asked tiredly.

Lucius smiled and said, “Do you recall of the prophecy that was made right after the unknown one of yours and that filthy half blood?”

“But of course, only a few heard of that, the blood traitor Davies, Dumbledore and of course...I, myself,” Voldemort seemed to be stuck in thought, his eyes widening as it became all clear to him now.

“You don’t mean to tell me that she is one of the Readers?”

Lucius smiled his wry, evil smile and said, “Only for you my Lord.”

Voldemort turned back to the girl and approached her with care, which was definitely not like him, but if he was going to do this right, he’d have to do it with care.

“Show me your face child; remember I shall not hurt you.”

The girl hesitated and it was blatantly obvious. She lifted a slender hand and pushed the hood off her head slightly, letting it slip down her luscious, silky blonde hair.

“Whoa...” Harry and Cedric said at the same time. They made sure it was quiet enough for Voldemort not to hear.

Voldemort smirked as he looked at her up and down and said, “Very good job Lucius, well done for bringing this fine young lady to me, but are you sure she is a mud-blood?”

The girl stepped back a bit at those words. She thought he would do something unforgiveable to her.

“How did you know that?” she asked with a little dignity and surprise.

“I know everything child, I’m one of the most powerful legilimens in the wizarding world, and I now have an even better weapon...”

“And what is that?” she asked with no fear in her voice.

“Well I now have many things, the strong bones of my father, my enemy’s blood which has a very old curse in which I can not hurt him, but now that I’m a part of him practically, I can kill him finally and I have you.”

“Me? But what can I do, other than read your mind and his mind, which you don’t need mean for, as you said before, you are the strongest legilimens in the world.”

Voldemort quirked an eyebrow but continued on, “Well you are a reader? Child-“

“Call me Evangeline,” she blurted out. Evangeline couldn’t stand being called child over and over again. Gasps went all around the group of death eaters. No one ever interrupted the dark lord.

Voldemort didn’t say anything of it though, deciding to just continue on.

“Do you not know what you can do?”

“Other than reading minds and seeing slight visions, nothing.”

Voldemort scowled toward Lucius and said, "Do you know anything? Why didn't you explain to her what she can read?"

"Well I was never given that information for you died before I even got the chance to know what she could read sir," Lucius said, holding back his shame.

It was silent for a long time, too long in Cedric's mind. Voldemort looked at Evangeline again and said, "I'll explain it to you one day, Evangeline and-"

However, Cedric slightly groaned as he painfully slipped slightly under the grip of the tomb's statue.

"Oh, I forgot you two were here. Harry I will keep you alive for the moment and you, well...goodbye."

With a flick of his wand and a flash of green light and a very big, bright, white light, Cedric was dead, but just before it hit him, some strange sensation curled up inside him as he saw the girl look frightful to see him die in front of her. And something else strange happened too. He felt like he hadn't really left for the heavens at all.

What seemed like a dead body lay on the ground. Evangeline was the only one standing, as everyone else had fallen from the bright light. It never occurred when someone was hit with the Killing Curse. Everyone got up and bowed down to Voldemort and his obviously strong power, when really the bright light wasn't caused by him. It was caused by none other than Evangeline.

A pair of very blind looking, light blue eyes were replaced with the darker colour she had for the past seventeen years. She discovered something that night that was so weirdly helpful to her. Whatever this reader stuff was, had nothing to do with this power she had inherited. She almost saved a life. The enraged scream of Harry Potter awoke her from her realisation and that was when somebody else woke up too...



Genevieve woke up, choking on air. She was on the quidditch pitch, Dumbledore had laid her on the ground while she had her scary seizure like vision.

That vision was not what happened in the books. Something made the scene of Cedric's death all change. Her eyes too had a zombie like, very light blue effect, just like her sister's.

Hermione was worrying like mad and when Genevieve woke up, Ginny cried out in surprise and utter joy. Dumbledore was the only one who saw her artificial eyes and as they disappeared, Dumbledore sat her up, Hermione helping him and when she sat up, she shook her head and asked what had happened.

Dumbledore said to her very slowly and clearly, "Genevieve, what is going on with my students?"

She blinked a few times trying to remember it all, the grave yard, her sister and her strange new power, Cedric dying a bit later than sooner and the way Voldemort looked at Evangeline.

"I didn't see much, but I know one thing that you probably figured out," she lied.

"What is it Genevieve?" Hermione asked freaking out about Harry.

She looked back at them all, and then turned her attention back to the entrance of the maze and said, "He's back and stronger than ever."

When she said those haunting words, everything collided in one moment, the dawning of Voldemort, the death of Cedric and soon enough, the revealing of a traitor.

With perfect timing, Harry came out, cuts all over his face and visible parts of his body, with the cup in his hand and Cedric's dead body.

REVIEW REVIEW REVIEW REVIEW REVIEW REVIEW!

I know, pretty daunting chapter, but justice (kind of) shall be served with the hospital wing scene.

Will update soon, and yes Topaz, i'm in the same year, I understand.

GeeTiger x

## Chapter 31

### A Different Light

All the people in the stands cheered, completely unaware of the fact that Cedric was dead and that Harry was crying.

Dumbledore and Hermione ran over to Harry and Cedric as Genevieve sat with Ginny on the ground. She was still trying to shake off the faint feeling, as Ginny held her close.

There was a stunned silence in the stands as the minister announced that Cedric Diggory was dead. Cho Chang, along with many Hufflepuff students broke down and silently they sobbed on friends shoulders. Cedric's father was the worst to watch, as his heart shattered into many pieces, seeing his only child dead.

That was when Harry was dragged away by Moody, so that he could 'calm down'.

Inside, he was angry that Harry hadn't been killed yet. However, he had a plan tucked up in his mental mind, the mental mind of Barty Crouch Junior that is.

Genevieve saw him last and while Moody was checking if anyone was watching, he was caught by Genevieve's disgusted eyes. He hurried away with Harry up to the castle and they were in his office and he 'interrogated' Harry.

Genevieve had not moved from her spot, as she watched the family of Cedric Diggory mourn for him.

Genevieve breathed unevenly, trying her hardest not to re-live the vision she had seen only ten minutes ago.

She observed Dumbledore's movements, watching when he'd realise that Harry was missing as well as Professor Moody. Also she watched to see if she remembered that Moody wouldn't just drag someone away from a death, as he did respect the dead and would respectfully mourn with the others.

Dumbledore hadn't noticed yet.

"C'mon, c'mon, c'mon," Genevieve muttered so that Ginny wouldn't hear her.

Something clicked in Dumbledore's mind. He looked around and then saw Genevieve who said to him, "Took you a while, you better hurry, they're in the DADA office."

Dumbledore called for Professors Snape and McGonagall immediately, rushing away, wands at the ready and their faces were ablaze with such anger that they could string together as the life of another student was in danger.

Genevieve and Ginny looked toward the anxious and dead silent crowd. Cho was taken away from the scene as well by her friends. It seemed she couldn't stop wailing through out the time she had seen Cedric's dead body. Draco still hadn't seen her, like everybody else; he was too occupied and confused with the situation at hand.

Genevieve breathed a sigh of relief at this and looked at Ginny who looked confused and upset.

"I'll tell you everything later, okay? You can stay in the guest dorm room with me tonight, that's only if you want to though of course," Genevieve offered.

Ginny nodded, but her facial expression had not yet changed.

Madam Pomfrey came straddling over toward the two girls and started to examine Genevieve.

"Oh no, you must be mistaken, I'm not injured," Genevieve reassured.

Madam Pomfrey raised her eyebrows and said, "The headmaster told me you saw a vision, it is school policy that I know this and that you

should be checked over by me in case of any side affects from said vision.”

Ginny cocked her head to the side and asked, “So that’s what you had, a vision? Like Christmas eve?”

Genevieve nodded and said, “I’ll tell you about it later,” and when Madam Pomfrey indicated her to stand up, she obediently did as she was told and got up with Ginny’s help.

“I advise you come with me up to the hospital wing dear,” Madam Pomfrey guided Genevieve toward the exit of the ground.

“Can my friend come with me?” pleaded Genevieve to the old nurse.

“I’m afraid that it isn’t the perfect time for visitors,” Madam Pomfrey stated as she looked grimly toward the hospital wing.

There had been a dead boy’s body transferred on one of the beds, as well as two other champions and now three of the professors were fetching another poor injured soul. Reporters tried to get a shot of Cedric’s dead body or the quidditch extraordinaire Viktor Krum, injured, and many people who were just fans of Cedric wanted to give him roses or flowers so they rushed up to the Hospital wing.

When Genevieve arrived with Madam Pomfrey, the outside of the Hospital wing was completely surrounded in mourning Hogwarts/Beauxbatons/Durmstrang students. Madam Pomfrey pushed through impatiently and opened the door, only to let herself and Genevieve in.

She found her a bed to relax on as she checked her over properly.

When she was finished, Genevieve looked around for a bit, trying to think of other things then what was behind the covered curtains of a bed at the end of the very long and high ceiling hospital wing. Genevieve’s eyes landed on someone who was playing with their hands and was injured, sitting up on the bed a few away from her.

It took her awhile to recognize him, but she soon saw Krum looking at the covered curtain and him looking back at a sleeping Fleur.

After an hour or so, he finally caught her eye and just stared at her for what seemed a millennium. Krum gathered all the strength he had, getting up out of the bed and walked up to the one that was next to Genevieve's. He laid back on it and got comfortable.

The question of why he hadn't talked to anyone in a week, pondered her mind and it was scary enough he started to tell her why. She knew he couldn't read minds, it was just that it was such an obvious question that he knew he could answer by telling her what had corrupted him the past week, even though she hadn't been here.

"I saw something, it wasn't very nice at all. I saw him Genevieve; I saw him change into that creepy DADA professor. He knew I saw him and 'e threatened me that if I told anyone, he would kill my family and friends, not me, but them. Obviously I did not speak of it to anybody, as I wished to keep my family in place thank you very much," though Krum sighed and that was when Genevieve thought he had finished.

"It got worse you know."

Genevieve looked at him concerned, but didn't interrupt him, listening intently.

"Just before I entered the maze, I was hit with something invisible. That is all I last remember doing until I woke up on the ground. I did not know where I was until I saw Karkaroff."

Viktor Krum had been bewitched. Ginny had been through that in her first year and she had told Genevieve that it wasn't fun to not remember what you had done the night before and waking up in a different place altogether and finding stains that you don't remember on your robes, like your mind was being taken over by evil and they used you to your advantage. Genevieve would've hated being played with like a toy as well, not caring whether it's broken or taking the

rough playing okay, as long as the user has fun with it, that's all that seemed to matter.

The doors were burst open as Harry was taken to the bed on the other side of Genevieve's bed and he was given an instant Sleeping draught. He was a goner by the point he skulled the potion down and he couldn't resist the temptation of sleep and like a click of two fingers; he was out like a light.

Dumbledore was talking to Professor McGonagall and Professor Snape, giving them orders of what to do with the students and to make sure they were all in their common rooms, as well as their guests.

Another unconscious body had been placed on a bed and Genevieve identified the person as Barty Crouch Junior.

Genevieve turned back to Krum and whispered for Harry's sake, "Were you talking about him?"

Krum nodded and his nostrils flared angrily at the sight of him.

Dumbledore finished giving the teachers tasks to do and came over to Genevieve's bedside and asked, "Are you well?"

"Yes I'm fine Professor," she answered sitting up a bit more.

"Would you please join me in my office, I wish to speak with you," Dumbledore requested.

Genevieve got up without hesitation and walked up to Dumbledore waiting for him to lead the way.

They walked alongside each other up to his office and when they finally arrived, Genevieve collapsed into the chair in front of the desk, while Dumbledore took the chair behind the desk.

"Genevieve, Harry has just told me what happened in the maze, the cup being a portkey and that Cedric was killed by Voldemort. Is that

what you meant when you said he's back and that he's stronger than ever?" Dumbledore asked.

Genevieve could only nod but then pointed out "It was bound to happen sir, I mean you did hear both Harry's prophecy and my prophecy."

"How did you know I heard yours?" Dumbledore asked curiously.

"Voldemort overheard it too, that's what he said in the vision, along with Dennis and you," Genevieve said.

Dumbledore took his time, as he thought a bit more.

"Start from the beginning Genevieve, I know you won't want to remember it, but I must know of what you saw."

Genevieve shuffled a bit in her seat and then began from the point she fainted to the point she woke back up, knowing more than before. What made her curious was the bright light. The fact that she couldn't actually see Cedric die was very mysterious indeed. It was even more mysterious when everyone had been blown off their feet except one, Evangeline.

The perfect question came to mind, "Dumbledore, I didn't get to see it, but with the Priori Incantatum, who did Harry see come out of the wand?"

Dumbledore was taken a back by this question. "Well I think that's not really my place to tell you."

"Look all you have to say is yes or no to these people, okay? Professor if I don't know this, then you're all doomed," Genevieve stated simply.

"Lily Potter?" Genevieve first asked.

"Yes," Dumbledore sighed.



“James Potter?”

“Yes.”

“Cedric Diggory?”

Dumbledore froze. This had definitely caught him off guard, and he began to question the possibility himself.

“No...” he answered slowly.

“Then how did Harry know to take his body back?” Genevieve asked.

“He thought it would be good for the family to have the body instead of the death eaters, plus there was no knowing what they would’ve done with it,” Dumbledore replied.

Genevieve was thoroughly confused. Why wasn’t it going the way it was written down?

She left Dumbledore’s office after another hour passed by and walked back down to the hospital wing, not remembering that a heated argument would start in ten to twenty minutes time.

When she was outside of the hospital wing, all the students and reporters were gone, and only one thing was outside of the door now. Genevieve couldn’t really see it as it was nearing eleven now and very dark.

Taking out her wand and lighting it, she saw that it was a big, black, shaggy dog.

She raised her eyebrows and it turned around at the sudden beam of light. It whimpered at Genevieve, scratching the door of the Hospital wing.

Genevieve walked around the dog, taking in its features. He seemed so familiar, yet she couldn’t think of where from.

Genevieve bent down on her knees so she could be level with the dog. When Genevieve looked into its eyes, she saw into his mind and saw a very tired looking man with long frayed black hair and black robes on. Then she remembered that at this moment, a dog should be entering the Hospital Wing with Dumbledore and the dog would soon turn into...

"It's nice to meet you," Genevieve said and put her hand out to the dog who shook it with his paw.

"Padfoot," she finished with a smirk.

The dog's eyes widened and backed up a little.

"It's okay; I know you're innocent Mr. Black but I don't plan on outing you to all those people in there that you are innocent and that you're really Sirius Black, because the majority of the people in that room who are going to side with me is very miniscule."

The dog looked curiously at Genevieve and that was when she realised that he probably couldn't understand English when in his dog form, unlike Dennis could when he was a cat.

She opened the doors of the Hospital wing he went inside and Genevieve followed behind him.

Harry was awake now, but not showing it to everyone else, but Genevieve could easily tell that he was. His breathing was way too fast and too deep.

She rolled her eyes and sat back on her bed and saw how many visitors he had now.

There was Hermione, Ron, Mrs. Weasley, Bill and now 'Padfoot'.

Mrs. Weasley felt a bit awkward that a dog came in and was sitting right near Harry on the floor, in fact, no one, except Genevieve, Harry, Ron and Hermione understood why he was there. Madam Pomfrey

came over to the dog, trying to shoo him out, but he was pretty stubborn about moving from his spot, so the nurse gave up on him.

The doors were burst open by a very flustered looking woman. She retained herself and made herself more beautiful than ever by just brushing herself down. Her soft curls could be recognised anywhere.

“Andy?” Genevieve asked confused?

Andy rushed to her bed and hugged her tightly.

“Oh dear, Genevieve, are you hurt?” Andy checked all over her body to see if there were any scratches cuts or burns.

“I’m fine Andy, I swear, nothing happened to me, just a dizzy spell is all.”

“Yes, visions can do that,” Madam Pomfrey said coming out of her headquarters.

“You had another vision?” Andy whispered to her.

Madam Pomfrey’s face turned from responsible to absolutely delighted.

“My, my, if it isn’t my favourite patient,” Madam Pomfrey declared.

Andy smiled genuinely and greeted her fellow mentor. “Hello Poppy, it’s been a few years since I last saw you.”

“Yet you still look like the most beautiful woman in the world,” Madam Pomfrey said kindly.

“You were always good with compliments Madam Pomfrey,” Andy smiled again.

“Well, I best leave you with your loved one,” Madam Pomfrey patted Andy on the shoulder and went off on her way.

“You know Madam Pomfrey?” Genevieve asked.

“She’s the reason I became a nurse, and she’s how I met my first friend, Dennis.”

“Where is Dennis anyway?” Genevieve asked looking around.

“He’s having a chat with Dumbledore at the moment, now what’s this about another vision, was it worse than last time?”

“Unfortunately yes, and when I saw it, well it was a lot different to what the book predicted was going to happen,” Genevieve sighed.

Andy frowned, and whilst she did, Genevieve couldn’t help but see if anyone was looking at her, as her beauty could light up any room when it was at its darkest time.

Genevieve was very right, as the inner Sirius was jumping up and down, wishing to have a chat to his old friend from years back in his mind and Padfoot the dog barking rather quietly to her. Ron and Bill were just staring with their mouths open. Krum almost went wild, and because he was still in the bed on the other side of her, he felt pretty lucky.

“Is this your sister Genevieve?” he asked, not able to take his eyes off of Andy.

“More like adoptive mother Vik, but yeah isn’t she just a lovely sight to look at?” she smirked at him.

“Isn’t she just,” he answered gazing dreamily at her.

Andy just realised that he was looking at her and she also just realised that he was Viktor Krum, quidditch extraordinaire.

“I’m Andy Davies; it’s nice to meet you Mr. Krum.”

“Please, call me Viktor,” he said trying to impress her.

She smiled kindly and shook his hand.

Mrs. Weasley had only just turned around and saw Andy and Genevieve.

“Molly? Why are you here?” Andy asked walking over to the red headed woman and hugging her.

“Well young Harry here has been injured very badly, and we came to see him. Ron, Bill, this is the woman’s wedding I went to not just the other week. Did you have a lovely honeymoon?”

“Oh it was fantastic; we went down to the Caribbean. It was absolutely amazing down there,” Andy gushed. Ron and Bill were still staring, Hermione hitting Ron in the head for being so utterly disrespectful.

“I know it’s not my right, and I know that Madam Pomfrey should really do it, but, could you just check how he’s doing Andy?”

“Well I don’t think I should, but I am a fully qualified nurse and you are a very good friend of mine, so I’ll just check how he’s doing for you.”

Molly smiled and nodded. She sat back down next to her eldest son, who patted her shoulder sympathetically.

Andy looked at Harry with her soft eyes. She couldn’t help but admire the son of her two old friends who helped her in her younger years at school. They were such nice people, Lily and James, although it took Lily awhile to see that James was a kind, good natured person and he was her soul mate, Andy knew the first time she laid eyes on the two fighting in a corridor in Hogwarts that would be very happy together.

“So this is their son?” she asked quietly.

“Yes, he’s the child of Lily and James,” Mrs. Weasley answered.

“He looks just like him you know,” Andy said very quietly. Genevieve saw Harry slightly gulp in embarrassment as Andy came close to him.

Andy then took out her wand and was about to use an examining charm before someone called out to stop her.

“Andy, you might not want to do that.”

“And why not?” Andy asked coming over to Genevieve.

“Because you can only use that charm when they are in a deep sleep,” Genevieve reminded her in a whisper. “You told me yourself remember?”

“But he is in a deep sleep Genevieve,” Andy replied, eyes furrowed in confusion.

“Well his mind is telling me he’s completely awake and just waiting for the perfect moment to speak up,” Genevieve whispered back.

Andy looked around at Harry’s body. His breathing was too fast to be asleep, but she did not question it, as two people were having a very heated argument outside the door. Anyone could recognise Professor McGonagall’s voice, as her tone was crisp with annoyance of how irresponsible someone had been. They then figured out that that ‘someone’ was Mr. Fudge, Minister for Magic.

Andy rolled her eyes and sat back on Genevieve’s bed with her. Krum was asleep now, as Madam Pomfrey had given him a draught too but Genevieve made sure that Andy kept her awake, wanting to be able to listen with argument with everyone else.

Three people finally burst through the doors, with a lot of people shaking their heads in shame as the volume of their fight would wake up everyone in the magic school.

“You don’t bring hungry dementors into a school full of happy children! What kind of Minister are you? Dumbledore swore after last

year's incident that they were never allowed on the premises again, and what do you do? You bring them in here for your protection instead to have them suck the soul out Barty Crouch Junior, OUR ONLY OTHER WITNESS!"

"Are you questioning my choices as a Minister?! You do realise what power I have over you Minerva," he reminded her.

"Oh really? Do you think that threat scares me Minister? All it is doing is making you look bad, if you ask me!"

"Some people are asleep in here!"

Molly was standing up, very angry with what was going on. Bill then took her hand and tried to pull her back down into her seat, in which she finally gave in, sitting back in her chair and relaxing.

Professor Snape looked just as annoyed with the Minister and that was when the minister noticed Andy on the bed, looking beautiful, even in a simple outfit.

"Ahh, and who might you be, beautiful?"

Andy got up from the bed and did the best, 'you're kidding, right?' look. Like Genevieve, she never liked the minister, and the only reason he came to the wedding was because Dennis had been forced to invite him like every other auror and ministry official.

"Mr. Fudge, I believe you have some serious matters to discuss with the Headmaster."

Professor McGonagall noticed Andy and smiled toward her old student. She was proud at how respectable Andy had and always would be.

"She's not a tart Cornelius."

Everyone turned toward the doorway seeing Dumbledore and Dennis standing side by side.

Andy smiled happily and ran to Dennis for a big hug and a kiss. Dumbledore smiled at the happy couple before him. They had been destined to be together for a very long time and he was surprised that they hadn't realised that until a year ago.

After their little canoodles, the guys in the room sighed with jealousy at how lucky Dennis was. Hermione saw Dennis, a charming young man, with very, very good looks and couldn't help but look dreamy. He was definitely better to look at than Lockhart would ever be.

Dennis rushed to Genevieve's bed and embraced her tightly, but gently all at the same time. She loved them so much and she knew she had for a while, but she could only really see that she had now. They were always there for her when she needed it most and that they loved her too.

Dennis sat on the chair closest to Genevieve and Andy sat back on the bed.

"Like Dumbledore was saying, minister, my wife isn't a tart."

Cornelius looked fairly embarrassed by this, which made him slightly angry.

"Now we heard a disturbance. What is going on here?" Dumbledore asked with his usual calmness.

Snape started to explain, mainly using his depressing, but calm tone though was interrupted by McGonagall several times.

"As minister for magic, I feel my safety may have been in danger! The man is a lunatic murderer! Don't blame me if I wished for protection!" Fudge defended.

"You could've had an auror with you, not a God forsaken dementor!" McGonagall shouted.



“Yes I agree with Professor McGonagall on that one,” said Dumbledore. “I also need to remind you that that ‘lunatic murderer’, was the only other witness to Lord Voldemort’s rise back to power, Mr. Fudge.”

“How can you believe a lunatic’s word Dumbledore, I thought you were better than that!” Mr. Fudge argued.

“He was under the influence of veritaserum Cornelius, if you don’t believe that, then you don’t believe in the art of potion making, and if you don’t believe in that, then you don’t believe in magic.”

McGonagall seemed to make a very good point.

“Preposterous!”

Everyone sighed in annoyance as he still wouldn’t believe that Voldemort was back.

“Is there another account of this so called resurrection of You-Know-Who?”

“Harry’s, he recounted to me what happened from the moment he touched the cup with Cedric.”

Genevieve turned to look at Harry and see his reaction that was soon to happen.

Fudge looked at him and almost laughed. “Harry, you believe him...?”

“You’ve been reading Rita Skeeter’s articles haven’t you, minister?”

The expected reaction of everyone jumping at his quiet voice was made. Now everyone’s eyes were on him.

“And if I have?” he asked defiantly.

Genevieve shook her head as the argument continued on between Harry, Dumbledore and Fudge, which she knew was bound to

happen, but when it came to the point of him calling Harry insane, Genevieve decided to step in as she was about to burst open with angry insults any second.

“I’m sorry Minister, but by calling Harry insane, you are calling me insane.”

“Whatever do you mean by that child?” asked Cornelius Fudge with a look of arrogance on his face.

She looked toward Dumbledore and Dennis who gave her approval.

“Harry is no liar. He has only told the truth when it has come to situations like these. He has never been an attention seeking type of person; in fact, the last thing he wanted was so much attention from the Prophet, which by the way not any of the things that a certain Rita Skeeter writes is the truth. Because of this writer, you refuse to believe him?”

“They are all rumours spread by her, so she can make a living because she has nothing better to do with her own sad life. Why would you believe a bitch that basically makes fiction writing, fact?”

Everyone in the room gasped, and that was when Hermione was walking up to a window sill. Genevieve smirked as Hermione was about to catch Rita out once and for all.

“She’s a sneaky little rat, who only ever wants Harry to be hated. This is what is going to help Voldemort, if you don’t believe us and take action now Mr. Fudge.”

“Who do you think you are?” Mr. Fudge asked disgusted.

“My name is Genevieve Davies, and my whole life I was brought up with parents who told me to always stand up for something that I strongly believed was right. That’s right, I went there.”

Genevieve continued angrily, trying to get the message through to his small brain, "This is a massive wrong Mr. Fudge and if you don't act now, you don't know how much damage will be made!"

"How are you to know that You-Know-Who's alive?" Fudge asked getting red with anger.

"Because I see, hear and read things that no one else can. I saw him rise once again, I know I've never had a decent chat with Harry ever in my life and Dumbledore keeps things to himself, including recounts of what happened tonight, yet I know exactly what happened and I could tell you word for word and like I said before, I wouldn't have even needed the information from Harry or Dumbledore."

Fudge didn't believe her at all and said like a smart ass child would, "You know it's not good for you to be smoking illegal magic drugs, right?"

"Are you insinuating that I, a fourteen year old girl, smokes illegal drugs, Minister?!" Genevieve asked absolutely outraged with what she heard him say.

"I have never smoked in my life and if you used veritaserum on me, I'd say the exact same thing, as well as the fact that I did see what Harry experienced tonight."

Cornelius was shaking with anger.

"The evidence is clear that the ex-death eater is just a lunatic murderer, there isn't a pattern in the murders and YOU-KNOW-WHO IS NOT ALIVE!"

"You only choose not to believe that he's back because you sir are afraid. You Cornelius Fudge, not the minister, but you, personally are afraid. I understand, no one wants to believe he's back, but we have to face the truth, it's fate playing its game and we have to play it fairly. The minister however should act now so that we don't have to be so scared anymore and as the minister you should make choices for the

wizarding world, not what you personally think, but what is best for the millions of lives at stake.”

She felt like she was under a spotlight, on a stage, being watched by thousands, when in reality it was only just about ten. There were many different tones in her voice and she felt inspired as she spoke her mind that everyone else seemed speechless to say anything. Dennis and Andy smiled proudly at Genevieve and it was then that Harry saw her differently from then on.

The whole time she thought of her as a spy, purely trained by the Malfoy's, but that Andy woman who was about to examine him knew his parents and was Genevieve's adoptive mother, so she had to be alright, but her speech struck him and this had definitely showed him her true self, which was nothing like he expected. It was almost as if she understood him, unlike everybody else.

By now everyone had turned to see the minister's reaction.

He was so childishly outraged and red in the face. It was very clear that he should have taken action for his world, even if it might have been an alarm, but Cornelius would never been seen as a coward, only caring what others thought of him and he truly believed, insanely enough, that Dumbledore was trying to take over his position as minister and as a very likely candidate and a much loved old man, he was a very big threat to Fudge's high position.

Genevieve looked over to Severus Snape, he seemed to be itching his arm in embarrassment. She almost forgot, how she could have forgotten, she didn't know but she knew it was almost perfect evidence! She knew it was supposed to make the Minister shut up, yet she knew he might still not believe either.

“C'mon, c'mon, c'mon Sevvie,” Genevieve muttered to herself without moving her lips and looking in the direction of Professor Snape.

He wasn't lifting up his sleeve anytime soon and the tension between the Minister for Magic and everyone else who was awake in the room

was getting suspenseful and all Snape had to do now was show that one little mark upon his right arm to make it all explode.

Genevieve was getting impatient as no one was saying anything, confused at what was to happen next. Genevieve rolled her eyes, walked up to Snape in annoyance and looked up to him with a suggestion ready on her lips.

“Professor Snape, may I?” she asked sarcastically. Snape looked at her in confusion until her hand went down to his sleeve of his right arm.

She pulled it up in view of everyone as Snape put his left hand over his eyes in shame. Molly Weasley and Hermione gasped as the dark mark wriggled around, glowing deeply on Professor Snape’s arm.

“Minister, if to you seeing is believing, then you have to believe that,” Genevieve almost yelled.

“But, but, but, but,” stuttered Mr. Fudge in disbelief.

“Mr. Fudge, it only glows like that when he’s strong and ready,” Professor Snape said taking his arm back from Genevieve rather snappily. “Miss Davies is right, if you don’t believe this and take action now then you sir are stuck in a mess that you can’t get out of.”

Seething through his teeth, Mr. Fudge spat, “You-Know-Who is dead and has been for thirteen years, HE WILL NEVER COME BACK!”

Genevieve shook her head at the idiotic man and said ashamed of what was in front of her, “You’re in for a hell of a half a decade Mr. Fudge, I hope you know that you are making a very big mistake, you have now decided for the world whose side you are on.”

Mr. Fudge mimicked her and said, “Yeah well I’m on my own side, one that has many citizens and many devoted witches and wizards.”

Genevieve shook her head shamefully once again at the future mess of a man and said, “Good luck to you Mr Fudge, you’ll need it.”

With that, Genevieve turned to leave, her two guardians following suit, as they had heard just about enough.

They left the Hospital Wing, intending on going back in later, to see everyone later on.

They hid behind a pillar and when the Minister rushed past, eyes blazing with absolute anger, just like she left him. Two ministry officials seemed to find it difficult to keep up with the anguished minister, telling him that he really 'showed them who's boss!'

The minister took it all in and looked rather pompous now with the way he strutted down the long corridor. When he was out of their sight, they snuck back into the Hospital Wing and saw the faces of the people before, but now, it seemed they had lost hope with warning people of Voldemort's return now. Oh how they were very wrong.

"Well he's gone now," Dennis announced.

Dumbledore sighed, defeated by tonight's events, and being old, really needed to sleep, but he would not rest until everything was sorted out completely. He saw that Sirius was dying to get out of his form and cause a bit of a fuss.

"You may show yourself now Sirius," Dumbledore instructed.

Sirius morphed back into his true self, Mrs. Weasley cried out in horror to see the escaped convict appear before her.

"IT'S SIRIUS BLACK!"

"Mum!"

Ron had his face in his hands in embarrassment of his mother.

"It is quite alright Molly, Sirius would never do anyone such harm and has never done anyone harm and he is quite innocent and has

been framed so I do wish that you could please trust me as I trust him and as Harry trusts him.”

Molly only nodded horror struck with Sirius, Harry and Dumbledore.

Harry smiled at his Godfather as he swept down on him in a hug. He couldn't have been happier to see someone ever that night. Sirius may not have been through the exact same things as Harry, but he definitely went through a lot, so they had an understanding when Harry told him things that he couldn't tell anyone else.

“Oh Merlin-“, was the last thing anyone heard escape from Andy's lips as she fainted in complete shock. Dennis being just behind her, caught her easily and said, “Here we go.”

Andy woke up from the shock within minutes, not remembering what had just happened. The faces she saw over her were Dumbledore, Dennis, Sirius, Mrs. Weasley and Genevieve.

“Hello Andrea, or may I say, Mrs. Davies,” Sirius teased.

“Sirius?” Andy asked delighted. She jumped up out of the bed she had been presently laying on, practically jumped on Sirius and wrapped her arms around him in an embrace with her very old friend. Sirius laughed jovially as he spun her around like he had done when she had first joined the Order with Dennis at the ripe age of seventeen.

He put Andy back on her feet and gave Dennis a big bloke hug and that was when Sirius turned to the girl who now sat on the bed.

Genevieve had placed herself comfortably back on the bed. Sirius was looking at her curiously. Her two guardians noticed this as well as everybody else in the room that were awake.

“Ah, Sirius, this is our very special Davies member, Genevieve,” Dennis introduced.

“Yes, though I had the idea that she already knew who I was,” Sirius looked her in the eye and Genevieve replied, “Yes I do, but I think until the Order is rejoined, I shall explain how I know you, even in your animagus form.”

Dennis agreed with the suggestion and Andy becoming rather tired and remembering that she had work in the morning, was led out of the hospital wing by her husband and taken home via floo powder.

Genevieve said her goodbyes to her ‘parents’ and went on straight up to bed. She realised that Ginny was probably waiting for her in her room.

Genevieve tiredly said the password to the fat ladies playing chess/checkers, and stumbled in through the portrait door.

Yawning and stretching, she found Ginny fast asleep on the couch. Genevieve hadn’t noticed that there were two other people in the room.

Genevieve screamed in fright as Fred and George scared the living daylights out of her. Genevieve grabbed her wand and held it defensively in front of her, pointing toward the two red-headed twins. They backed away slightly and Ginny was wide awake with her wand tightly gripped in her hand as well.

“Genevieve!” Ginny called out, jumping from the couch and hugging her very shocked friend.

“Sorry about them,” Ginny apologised looking toward a pair of twins who were still looking rather warily at the wand pointing at them.

Genevieve put her arm down, her wand following with it, and a breath of relief escaped their mouths.

“Is it alright if they stay here tonight as well? It’s just they can’t stop talking about the scandalizing death of Cedric, and it seems they don’t really care much that he is dead, just another piece of gossip,”



Ginny pleaded and sighed sadly at the end.

Genevieve looked toward the twins and said, "Of course, especially on a night like this."

They gave her a small smile as Genevieve flicked her wand toward the couches and made them very comfortable fold outs.

When the girls got in the guest room upstairs, they had gotten undressed, into their pyjamas and jumped into the large, cushiony, king sized bed.

Ginny begged for Genevieve to give her an explanation, but Genevieve was much too tired and knew she would most likely fall asleep any second. She waved Ginny off, mumbling, "Not now, in the morning, and it might take all day so be prepared."

Genevieve felt Ginny nod her head on one of the pillows and in a mere millisecond, they were off in dreamland.

REVIEW REVIEW REVIEW!

Ask any questions if you don't understand something.

X

## Chapter 32

### Why Am I Here?

\*\*\*\*

Genevieve awoke the next morning, a lot later than Ginny, as she was brightly dressed and had bed and breakfast ready for the both of them. She rubbed the sleep out of her eyes and yawned through the process.

Genevieve had a sincere smile on her face as she saw her new best friend walk in with all different delicious foods for breakfast and Genevieve only needed a second to wonder why. Ginny wanted to know everything and know now.

Genevieve smirked, patted a place next to her on the bed, Ginny taking her spot and Genevieve moving to grab some toast, Ginny taking a piece of French toast.

Genevieve took a bite of her normal toast and started off by saying, "Remember that night on Christmas Eve, when I fainted and I confessed to you about being one of 'The Readers'?..."

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It took Genevieve one whole day to retell the events of the night before. Ginny had never been so intent her whole life, listening without difficulty at all. The story got more intensifying by the second and Ginny was breathing heavily as Genevieve seemed to be telling this story with more and more anger by the second, yet still trying to remain calm as well.

When Genevieve had finished, Ginny was realizing what this all meant.

"Its beginning isn't it? And you weren't allowed to tell anyone were you?" the red head said, a dawning of a new problem coming for her.

Genevieve got up to look out the window. Death was upon the magic weather as it strangely rained down terribly now and a storm brewed more and more by the minute.

She finally answered with a grave nod and looked back slightly to Ginny and said, "Yes...it has begun."

Silently she told herself, "And it is my fault that it wasn't stopped..."

\*\*\*\*

Students moved into the great hall, mourning still spread across the population of Hogwarts, as none spoke in respect of the dead and they all were seated quietly. Dumbledore stood at the procession and waited for absolutely everyone.

With everyone seated, he began his speech solemnly.

"Today is a day that we take with precious caution. Today is the day we remember someone so kind and gracious, always selfless and a great student. He was a leader in many different ways and with great regret, he was taken away from us by evil, murdered for no reason except for the fact that he was in the wrong place at the wrong time. We remember Cedric Diggory, seventeen years old with the biggest future in success that anybody would wish to withhold. A young man who believed in only what was right over power.

We remember a marvellous man who was courageous and had the biggest belief in love and family which was strongly encouraged before his death. We remember Cedric Diggory, an almost graduate of Hogwarts class of 2009..."

Genevieve hadn't had the guts to walk in to the ceremony, though respectfully, she watched from the doors, where many teachers stood. Professor Sprout was tearful, being side-hugged by an equally sad Professor McGonagall.

Genevieve watched with the strongest regret, that she hadn't felt someone's hand place itself on her shoulder.

She turned around after the realisation hit her, and saw Dennis watching as well. Many people had been reduced to tears and by the time the ceremony was finished, Dennis pulled Genevieve aside from the big crowd and hugged her tightly.

“I know what you’re thinking Gen, and I don’t like it at all.”

“What do you mean? Did I leave my mind open again?” Genevieve asked looking up at her lovely guardian.

“Yes you did, but you don’t need to read a mind to tell that you feel guilty. Gen, you shouldn’t feel bad about who you are.”

Genevieve had tears coming to her eyes and she asked, “But what use am I if I can’t tell you what’s going to happen and which person will get hurt or die?”

Dennis sighed, realizing that she had to think about it herself and not be told so he guided her to a place in the castle of magic that she never knew about before.

It took a while to get there, but Genevieve knew that almost everything took a good few minutes to get to places in the castle, wherever you were in it.

Dennis opened up an old squeaky door to a tower.

Genevieve looked around confused. She definitely hadn’t heard about this place before.

“Not many people know about this place Gen, just like the Room of Requirement. Andy and I used to come up here to study and to think about what had consumed our mind the most. It’s a peaceful place, and a few hundred years ago, used to be the astronomy tower, but as the magical population grew bigger and more students wished to learn about astronomy, they had to vacate a new one and leave this one to rot.”

Genevieve was still looking around with wonder, was only just hearing what he said knowledgeably.

“So...why did you bring me here?”

“Gen, I want you to figure out why you think you are useful to us, because being told isn’t always that convincing, I know that for sure. But I want you to know that you are here for a reason, and I’m so happy that you’re apart of my life, otherwise I wouldn’t be the man I am today,” Dennis smiled genuinely and hugged Genevieve one last time.

“I’m going to go okay? I’ll see you at home in a few days,” Dennis informed her.

Dennis left and Genevieve was completely alone, that was what she thought anyway...

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Draco wasn’t having a ball at this death ceremony. All he really did was look around at other people, whose heads were bowed with deep sorrow, that they hadn’t noticed Draco look around at them all so curiously.

He looked toward the back where the doors were calling him to exit. He desperately wanted to leave. It’s not that he didn’t feel bad for Diggory, it’s just the poor bugger was just another seventh year from Hufflepuff to him.

Teachers were crying and Draco couldn’t watch teachers show any other emotion other than strictness and pride, it freaked him out.

Though what caught his eye was something amazing. There she was, standing there, with a look in her eye that almost everyone else had in the hall, except hers was stronger. Her relative stood behind her holding onto her shoulder tightly as if to say ‘it’s going to be okay’, but what was going to be okay? What happened that caused such a fuss to the school, what was in store that would keep the world from

safety? Draco would soon find out when he went back home to his mansion in the country, away from the noisy cluttered city life.

The girl with an amazing glow didn't seem to brighten up so much this time when she was at this ceremony of honouring a dead student.

Why had this beautiful young girl been so sad then? From what he knew she barely knew the poor bloke, like him. Draco however didn't ponder this question on as he couldn't believe that Genevieve, his Genevieve was really here.

Now the question seemed to come across his mind again. Why?

Why was Genevieve Davies here, when she didn't know Diggory or Dumbledore and why did she even care so much for Diggory in the first place?

He didn't wish to come to conclusions, so waited til after the ceremony to follow lady love, in his request to find out the answers to his seemingly forbidden questions.

People filed out silently, heads bowed in an uncertain prayer, Draco awaiting his secret mission to discover Genevieve's answers, hoping to Merlin that she might have verbally expressed them out loud for him to be able to over hear.

When he reached the Entrance Hall he found Genevieve being pulled into the darkness by said relative, with hopeless tears falling gracefully off her face.

Draco followed with a quick step, placing an enchantment on the ground as to not be heard by anyone around him. Draco had never been down these certain corridors which held signs of, 'DANGEROUS, DO NOT PASS THIS LINE'.

Draco guessed that it could only have been recently put up as to not disturb the two Davies members. It was obviously an important reason, and once again, Draco's curiosity got the better of him, walking over the line and sneaking in the dark corners. He saw an approaching Dennis Davies and quickly hid behind a huge pillar,

which was near a small door, suspecting that it was the one Genevieve was on the other side of.

When Draco knew that he and Genevieve were the only two in that section of the castle, he placed a hand on the doorknob, about to open it and comfort her, but he soon thought that a bad idea as she might freak out and hex or maybe she was there to be left alone with her thoughts.

Instead, he listened with great might at the creaky old door.

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“Why me?” Genevieve asked helplessly to herself.

‘Because,’ her mind told her. ‘You are here to protect them, to help them.’

“How am I supposed to help though? I can’t tell anybody anything resourceful, I have to let it all just go according to the stars, so how can I help if I can’t do my own task?” she asked out the window. “It sucks since there’s no point in being here, they killed my parents for no reason at all and if she can’t help either, she’ll probably be killed too and I won’t be able to stop her from dying...”

Genevieve had never been so confused in her entire life. She knew everything dreadful that was to happen in the future yet she couldn’t stop it all.

Genevieve had nothing that could help her, nothing, and she reached out to the one person she had never really believed in.

Surprisingly, this person she prayed to in times like these was not praised by wizards though by muggles, Genevieve prayed to God.

“What have I done to deserve this, send me a sign or something?”

Genevieve knew it wouldn’t work, but she had to give it a try.

However her mind was changed when the cloudless sky's stars formed into something strange. It was a constellation and Dennis had taught her well enough in Astronomy to know that it plainly looked like a woman with a baby. Next to the woman was a man and holding his hand was a little girl.

"I know I'm here for them, for some type of revenge," Genevieve said to herself quietly, deep in thought, visions of her past coming back to her.

She looked back up to the starry night sky and looked more at the little girl who was depicting Evangeline easily. Genevieve sighed and said to herself in conclusion, "And to save her from her almost certain death if she can't tell them anything either."

Genevieve looked around the Astronomy tower once more, to see if anything around her could help her figure things out, but it was no use.

Genevieve sat down and leaned against the cold stone wall.

There were so many other things on her mind like, how come Cedric didn't come out of Voldemort's wand, which was supposed to happen and how come Evangeline was the only one standing, with that scary bewitched white blue colour in her eyes, like a blind person and how was Genevieve of any help to these people.

Yes, she knew every detail, as well as her sister, of what was happening in the future, even what people were to say in future or simply gesture, the two girls knew they were going to do it.

Though a thought occurred to Genevieve and it struck her to question all the little mishaps around her that weren't supposed to happen.

Maybe Genevieve and Evangeline's powerful presence in this world was changing things ever so slightly. Things other people were supposed to have done, though maybe they were there to step in if that person wasn't there or wasn't prepared to do it.



It was starting to make sense now. When Snape hadn't pulled his sleeve up like he was supposed to in the books, she had to do it for him and maybe Eva's significant bright light before Voldemort's killing curse hit Cedric prevented something, yet what? Whatever the answer was, it would be the answer as to why he wasn't apart of the Priori Incantatum.

It was all so confusing, yet the answer was right in front of her.

'Can you see the solution now?' an unfamiliar voice in her head asked her.

"See what?" Genevieve asked her mental mind quietly as to not look mental herself.

Her intelligent mind told her once again, 'Your powers, what you know, what you can do, what you can see, what you can read, it will help you and so many others. You may not be able to tell people about things, but you can hint, warn or take action yourself, since you do have the ability to do so.'

After an hour of thinking it over again and again, she finally took it in.

"That's the reason. It's not just the reading part, it's other things too, other things that can help for the future."

Genevieve looked around again, searching with her eyes and her mind for things that weren't there to help encourage her discovery.

She stopped in an instant, realising that she was not alone. Her eyes widening in fear at the thought of death eaters or Voldemort himself were going to attack her when she had no preparation whatsoever.

She searched the mind that was disturbing her thoughts to be so defensive and found it to be Draco Malfoy's. She sighed and decided to make it look like she hadn't heard his thoughts and knew he was obviously eavesdropping on her. Luckily she hadn't said everything aloud.

She didn't speak for a long time, just looking out the window and waiting for him to burst in to try romance her, which really wouldn't work for her at the moment or just leave her in peace, Genevieve hoping he'd take the second option instead of the first which he liked to do a lot.

After a long while, it was just dead silent. Nothing had happened and Draco just chose to stand there and eavesdrop on her conversation...to herself.

Huffing loudly, Genevieve walked toward the old astronomy tower door, swung it open and walked out as if she never knew he was there when in actual fact he was hiding behind the door.

Draco rubbed his almost broken nose and got his wand out, trying to fix it with a simple charm. The impact from the door almost knocked him off of his feet, but he kept his balance as he didn't wish to be discovered by an angry Genevieve.

What Draco could only think about other than getting caught out past curfew, was what on earth was Genevieve thinking about and why she was talking to herself like a mental person in St. Mungo's.

He definitely had some snooping to do and some confessions from a distressed Genevieve were going to be heard by him and he would demand it. She would most likely hate him for asking but for some reason he just needed to know, like he was worried about her and himself, not knowing what's going on in her life at the moment.

Draco Malfoy was determined to find out everything, and no one and nothing would get in his way.

## Chapter 33

### Friends and Family

Harry Potter was walking down the hallways of Hogwarts, yet this was no ordinary time to be walking around Hogwarts castle. It was very late indeed yet he didn't really care of the time anymore. He was engulfed by his invisible cloak, which kept him out of trouble since he was eleven. When he felt completely alone, he came to think about the important things in his life.

Everything was coming together, but it wasn't good. It was like he wasn't ever meant to be happy in his life, always something burdening on him, people staring at him for being the Boy Who Lived and it was worse now than ever since Voldemort was back again. It seemed so hard for the minister to believe that he was back fully well, even though he had been alive the whole time, just slowly writhing away until the perfect opportunity came to suck back some mortal life in himself.

No one understood him. Only Dumbledore and Sirius were able to answer the questions that were impossible for anyone else to answer. Though it wasn't like Dumbledore could empathize as well as Sirius, though sadly it wasn't like Sirius was around and Harry could only ever get a letter or two in a year from the innocent convict.

That was when a miracle happened in fate for Harry, though he didn't know it.

A beautiful brunette girl bumped into something invisible, leading the cloak to slip off of Harry, revealing himself to the girl.

The girl had fallen bottom first to the cold stone floor and looked around seeing Harry looking down at her strangely. She rolled her eyes at him, thinking he would hassle her for who she was once again, being friends with a Malfoy and all, but the unpredictable happened as he offered a helping hand to her. She reluctantly took it, but felt something awfully weird, like an electric shock going through her body of excitement, of adventure, of...friendship.

Harry eyes widened in shock of how weird it felt, getting a zap through his veins as well.

They looked at each other in the eyes and Genevieve's face hadn't had any expression plastered upon it, comparing to him who had a slight smile on his face.

"Hi," Harry said surprisingly upbeat, not realizing how pretty she was up close.

"Hey," she said with a 'don't pester me with your crap right now' tone, walking past him then, trying to forget the feeling she had of friendship with him.

Harry was about to let her walk off until he called out to her.

"Genevieve!"

She stopped at a halt, turning around slowly after a few seconds.

"Yes?" she asked slightly annoyed at how determined he was at pestering her with all this stuff about her being a spy and all for the Malfoy's.

He took a minute or two to try and say what he was meant to say, and during this time, Genevieve took the opportunity to find out what was going on in his mind. Her facial expression softened and looked at him with less sour face and with sincerity.

"I, uh, want to...thank you; you stuck up for me against the minister, even after I was such a prat to you the past year," Harry said looking at the ground with embarrassment of his behaviour.

Genevieve considered his hidden apology, walking back up to him; he winced thinking he'd get a slap across the face of some sort, though what he got shocked him. She took his hand in a friendly shake and kissed him on the cheek.

It was only a millisecond as Genevieve didn't mean it as anything more than a friendly gesture. Guys Harry's age got a bit overwhelmed over a kiss on the cheek, so it would've meant a lot.

"I'll see you this summer Harry," Genevieve gave him a small smile and was confident in knowing Draco had not been there at all and was probably dumbstruck back near the old astronomy tower entrance.

Harry just watched Genevieve leave him once again and he just like a couple of lucky guys before him, had the privilege to be kissed by Genevieve Davies, even if it was just on the cheek.

Harry went back on his journey of the castle in the dead of night, covered in his invisibility cloak, with one issue resolved and hell of a lot more to go.

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It had been an awful week to endure, with the death of Cedric still reigning with strength, angst held throughout every single student, even the Slytherins, though especially Harry.

Hermione and Ginny walked with Genevieve up to Dumbledore's office so that she could floo back home. She chose to go home at the same time as the exchange students as the Hogwarts students would be going through some intense end of year programme to do with grieving and happiness and Genevieve just wanted to go home. Well the Davies mansion, not the Taylor residence.

When they reached the office door, Dumbledore called Genevieve in along with 'Miss Granger and Miss Weasley.' Ginny and Hermione looked at each other when they heard their names and followed Genevieve inside the office.

Dumbledore stood up from his desk as they entered, giving them a warming smile of welcome which made Hermione and Ginny feel a lot more comfortable and enlightened in front of their headmaster. Genevieve had seen Dumbledore every night the past week, so he didn't really give her that magical affect as he used to. Though she

was sure that after a month of summer, when she would see him again at the first meeting, he would give her the same affect that made you feel that was really hope in this world after all.

“Ahh Miss Davies,” Dumbledore greeted.

“I’ve told you time and again Professor, call me Genevieve or Gen,” Genevieve corrected him.

He nodded with a grand old smile on his face.

“I guess it would be polite in your opinion to go informally by a nickname, though I don’t think it would harm anyone to do so Gen.”

Genevieve smiled in turn to his comment, being intelligent and calling her by her nickname.

“Am I right in saying you have told your friends of this summer and what is to happen?”

“Uh, yeah, sorry if that was kind of top secret sir,” said Genevieve looking down at her feet. She shrugged and looked back into his electric blue eyes and said, “at least they’re trustworthy enough though.”

Dumbledore nodded with a smile of gratitude toward the two British girls in agreement with Genevieve, saying, “Yes, you did choose your friends wisely, may I say.”

“I guess I should get going then...” Genevieve suggested to Dumbledore.

“I’ll give you a minute,” he said gesturing to her two friends.

“We’ll miss you!” Hermione jumped on Genevieve and Ginny soon followed after making Genevieve fall over and encase her in a fit of giggles.

“I’ll miss you too,” Genevieve waved, “even though I’ll see you in a few weeks. We’ll plan something.” Floo Powder and fire surrounded her in a dusty cloud.

And with that, Genevieve Davies was gone and she arrived back at Davies Mansion, alive and well.

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Well if you consider alive and well, suffocating and gasping for clean air, then yeah, you’re a tad weird.

Genevieve was literally writhing around the floor of the bright living room where Dennis, Andy and her cat Pixy ran to her side.

Andy freaked out on seeing Genevieve in such a state and practically yelled out the healing spells and filled her lungs with oxygen and she stopped hyperventilating after a while.

“Gen, hun, you have some visitors,” Dennis told her with a smile on her face as she gave him a hug after she got over her fit.

“Who?” Genevieve asked confused.

“Well, go see for yourself,” Andy pointed to the doorway, after Genevieve picked up her snowy white cat and held him close to her. She walked into the kitchen area, still holding her cat and being welcomed back by the paintings on her way there.

Genevieve heard some laughing and it lightened her mood of gloom as she could recognize those laughs anywhere, any time of the day.

She walked in and saw so many wonderful friends and family before her.

Her old band was there and they were talking and laughing with her two muggle cousins, Josh and Luke Taylor.

They stopped talking instantly as they saw her walk in and go up to the counter, where they were all sitting in some kind of seat. Josh and Lukhi were talking seriously and Genevieve knew the two were planning something big.

Luke was talking to the rest of the band, Sam, Jordan, Chris, Pete, Rebecca and Felicity.

Genevieve realised something as she looked at each one in turn. They were in danger, just like every other person out there. But if Voldemort ever found out about these people and how they were close and dear to Genevieve one of the most targeted people for Voldemort, than she knew she had to do everything for their protection, as she did not wish to be responsible for their death if it were to end tragically early like Cedric's.

Josh was the first one to walk up to her and hug her, everyone else gladly following the gesture of embracing their good old friend Genevieve.

When Luke came up to his beloved Australian cousin who now had an unfamiliar English accent, he saw the look in her eye and asked instantly, "What's wrong Gen?"

She looked around at every one of the concerned faces in the kitchen. She turned around to see Dennis and Andy in the doorway, Pixy was standing proudly by her feet.

"None of you know do you?" she asked out in the open.

The very young adults and teenagers looked around at each other very confused and Luke, being the one still holding her, looked like he had been 'confunded'.

"Come with me," she took her cousin's hand, everyone else following her into the next room, that being the dining room and into the next room where the comfortable reading room was. Genevieve made each of them sit down in a chair of some sort. Genevieve was staring at the mantel piece before she began speaking.



“Did any of you happen to read the Daily Prophet very recently, around this week?”

“Gen, you know our parents kept us away from that stuff so we wouldn’t feel neglected from that world. Instead it was compulsory for us to stay away from anything magical,” explained Lukhi.

“And Gen, you know we have no clue what the Daily Prophet is,” stated the very muggle Josh.

“The Daily Prophet just happens to be the only wizarding newspaper around, the only English one anyway. It’s very resourceful to the wizarding world and it circles around Hogwarts and its crisis’s a lot of the time.”

“Now Josh and Luke can be excluded but you guys, I’m pretty sure about thirteen-fourteen years ago, your wizarding parents had praised the one year old Harry Potter for a reason?” Genevieve refreshed them.

“Because...he killed...You-Know-Who...” answered Sam. “I remember that day...my mother had never cried so much for joy before or after that.”

“What’s he got anything to do with what you’re telling us?” Rebecca asked, fear clearly in her eyes.

Genevieve sighed and said, “He was never dead, just a weak little creature slowly dying, feeding off other souls that didn’t deserve it. Voldemort,”- the band shuddered abruptly.

“He has come back, stronger than ever, with a body that will definitely hold him up for a very long time. Now, only few will believe this is the truth and those are the people who will be better prepared. This is no joke, no scheme to take over the ministry, like they will most likely say in the papers, but you have got to trust me. I know he’s back...I can...just feel it.”

Genevieve looked out the window and it was definitely showing in the weather, like Cedric's death, that something dangerous was being reborn, and that would be the war of good and evil.

"Is he really back?" Sam asked suddenly taking away the very long silent minutes that approached them after what Genevieve said.

"As much as anyone would like to believe not Sam, he is, and he is seeking vengeance against everyone who put him away before and who he knows will be of use against him."

Everyone was silent for a long time, and it felt like an eternity until someone asked the most daunting question for Genevieve.

"How do you know all of this?" Jordan asked curiously.

How was Genevieve going to answer that one? She couldn't leave them hanging much more but just to keep it in a little longer, she said, "Let's just say...I talk to Albus Dumbledore a lot more than you think."

Dennis and Andy smiled at Genevieve as she kept her secret to herself this time. Josh and Luke looked at each other quizzically and nodded their heads in realisation, that it wasn't the full reason as to why she knew so much about this.

Almost everyone left, the band going home with Genevieve's lovely cousins whom the band seemed to enjoy their company. They were planning something secretive, though Genevieve knew it was harmless.

She sat in the rather large living room, its antique perfection so amazingly picturesque of the 1800's, that she felt she was out of place in her past father's baggy old work top and pyjama shorts with navy blue nail polish on her fingernails and toenails.

She twirled a strand of her silky straight brown hair in her two fingers and looked out of the window, sitting on a cushioned window sill with a pattern of lavender.

There was something about the night sky that had changed her recently. It had shown her a sign and it helped her realise why she was important in this future war. She could help a lot more than some people in the magical world could. She had a secret weapon that could achieve greatness and that was her mind. Of all the things, her mind brought her powers, the gift to write songs, the gift to control things. And the person she really had to thank for those powers was her 'crazy' ancestor Eviana Napoleon.

Really, people had underestimated her strangely beautiful and powerful ancestor.

Though something occurred to Genevieve in her mind as an image of a pretty, young blonde female was smiling and waving at her.

Genevieve sighed, her head falling in her hands in misery. Her dear sister was alone, no one to help her to be a good person. No, they would turn her into something evil. She knew her sister was strong though.

But Genevieve didn't know that time would take over Evangeline, leading her to forget as insanity would also be a big player of messing with her mind as well as Voldemort. The only thing keeping her sane was the thoughts of her family. Other than that, she wasn't going to be okay.

## Chapter 34

### When Eva Truly Met The Dark Lord

It had been two weeks later since the incident in the graveyard. Evangeline was sitting on a piano stool, playing anything that came to her mind.

You could barely hear any of the notes being played from outside of the room, so she felt pleased that she could do anything she wanted on the piano.

Before she knew it, she was playing a classic, called 'Chopsticks'.

It was amazing, the sound going throughout the room, though not giving anyone else the pleasure of listening to such a tune outside of the room.

Yet, of this feel of protection and peace around her, there was still a sense of uneasiness, like someone was hidden and watching. It was eerie and frightening.

Evangeline's mind powers began kicking in. She stood completely still, feeling that this hidden soul was strong and powerful, but not enough for them to be able to keep their open mind to themselves.

Evangeline was not playing anymore, and as she stopped, that haunting soul grew stronger like it was angry. She stood up, knocking the piano stool over, holding her wand in defence.

"Child," was echoed around her music room. Evangeline gasped inaudibly, trying her hardest to look fearless. However, this one person who disturbed her of her playing could detect any sign of fear whether it was out on her features or plastered across her conscience.

"Do not be afraid, I will not hurt something as precious as you..."

Evangeline gulped, she knew that voice, those words, she had only heard them once before, but it had haunted her dreams every night on, not giving her a good night's rest ever.

"Why are you not visible to the eye?" Evangeline asked, trying with difficulty to hide her fear.

"Because I choose not to be," the room echoed creepily.

"Sir, please, it would help my nerves if you would show yourself," pleaded an anxious Evangeline.

"Of course dear child."

From slightly behind her body stood the striking Lord Voldemort. She turned around slowly, not sure what she would see, an ugly snake face, or a man in his late fifties. You could tell he had been handsome once, as his jaw line was of an angel's but his innocence could never be related as well. He was wearing the usual dark robes that trailed on the floor.

"Please, do play some more..." Lord Voldemort suggested.

Evangeline was now wondering why she had been so afraid of such a person. Yes, he did many cruel things, but toward her, he seemed as if he just wanted to listen to music, nothing more, nothing less.

She was about to pick the chair back up herself when she felt someone else's hands pick it up for her. Lord Voldemort did something selfless. Evangeline looked unbelievably toward her said 'master'.

"Just because a lot of my intentions are not of good person's, doesn't mean I won't help the people who are vitally important and should be cared for as I am," Voldemort explained simply with a shrug.

Evangeline looked at him with concern.

“Are you okay, sir?”

“Absolutely perfect, you?” he asked.

“I’m okay, I guess.”

“Good then, play, play, play!” Voldemort pleaded insistently like a child wanting a parent’s attention.

Evangeline sat back on the chair, shook her head at how strange Lord Voldemort had become and began to play chopsticks once more. Whilst playing, she muttered to herself, “Rowling got you completely wrong.”

“What was that?” Voldemort commanded angrily.

Accidentally, Evangeline made an unappealing noise with the piano keys, where they all clang high pitched together. She did it out of frustration and fear. Evangeline didn’t like it when people yelled at her for no reason at all.

Evangeline raised a disapproving eyebrow toward him. She would not play her piano until he apologised. Voldemort seemed to get that message clearly through her mind.

“I apologise for my rash behaviour, please play your piece Miss Connet,” Voldemort said ashamed of how he acted in front of her.

“ Please, you know that’s not my name, and I think you’ve acknowledged my real name by now Lord.”

It was a completely different voice, not of an English person, but of an Australian person.

“ It is for your safety Evangeline, you’ve been told this before countless times,” Lord Voldemort sighed.

“But there’s no one else around, you could call me whatever you like according to Lucius.”

“I choose not to call you such things, your beauty and intelligence makes up for your blood status in this world Eva, I hope you understand that though I dislike the people of your kind very much, you my dear, are a very big exception to all of us here apart of the pure blood society. Besides, you’re much to powerful to be taught by professors from Hogwarts, you’ll be taught to control your powers by me and you’ll learn other essential easy and difficult spells and potions from books.”

“Yes my Lord.”

“I hear your late mother had a background of nursing, we don’t have many healers in our group. Maybe you could take some courses?”

“Yes my Lord.” Great, now he was choosing her wizarding career: Death eater healer.

“You will also need to learn to attack and defend yourself with this magic wand which I’ve acknowledged from Lucius is a very powerful wand.”

“Yes my Lord.”

“Now please, play me a song and sing, I’ve heard you an amazingly beautiful voice, though it wouldn’t surprise me,” Voldemort strolled around the piano, talking to the air, making movements with his hands and such, while Evangeline just responded with a ‘yes my lord’ and watched him carefully as he walked around the circular dome like, music room.

“But sir, I have not sung in months, I do not have any songs worthy of your taste,” Evangeline replied to his proposal of her singing.

“Why there must be something that is worthy of my taste, besides whatever you play, I will love, no matter what mood it is set in.”

What was her mood? Well, the room looked so depressing and miserable, like she were herself not happy with where she was. She

didn't know if the song that came to her head would fit with her mood, but it was the sound that she cared about these days, the words were useless and barely believable in a place like this.

She began to play the soft, sad notes. Some of the words had made actual sense, but she was not really aiming this as an angst song toward an ex-lover. Besides, the only person she could ever trust to save her from this hell hole would've been her Genevieve.

The words came to her lips and soon enough, her voice of a thousand angels was heard throughout the room and just outside of it, where no one else but the painting would hear and tears would come to their eyes listening to the young blonde's song.

"I'm so tired of being here  
Suppressed by all my childish fears  
And if you have to leave  
I wish that you would just leave  
'Cause your presence still lingers here  
And it won't leave me alone"

"These wounds won't seem to heal  
This pain is just too real  
There's just too much that time cannot erase"

"When you cried I'd wipe away all of your tears  
When you'd scream I'd fight away all of your fears  
And I held your hand through all of these years  
But you still have  
All of me"

"You used to captivate me  
By your resonating light  
Now I'm bound by the life you left behind  
Your face it haunts  
My once pleasant dreams  
Your voice it chased away  
All the sanity in me"



“These wounds won't seem to heal  
This pain is just too real  
There's just too much that time cannot erase”

“When you cried I'd wipe away all of your tears  
When you'd scream I'd fight away all of your fears  
And I held your hand through all of these years  
But you still have  
All of me”

“I've tried so hard to tell myself that you're gone  
But though you're still with me  
I've been alone all along”

“When you cried I'd wipe away all of your tears  
When you'd scream I'd fight away all of your fears  
And I held your hand through all of these years  
But you still have  
All of me...”

“Me, oh...me, oh...me, oh...”

A single tear slid down her face, just one single tear, nothing more. She wiped it away quickly, hoping for Voldemort not to see her as a weak and vulnerable person that he could play with.

A smirk was playing across the gruesome lips of Lord Voldemort.  
“That was magnificent my dear Evangeline.”

“Thank you my lord.”

“I do hope you will play for me more often, as you have no choice anyway...”

There he was. The evil wizard who was playing nice decided to become evil once more. Evangeline wasn't going to have a lot of courage in the next few years for he was stronger than she.

Off he went, without another word, he seemed to like to appear, disappear and reappear in different places for the sake of it.

Evangeline sighed. This definitely wasn't going to be easy.

“Evangeline?!”

Evangeline knew who that was. A favourite fake kind of cousin was back from Hogwarts, the only person she actually loved in this house was finally back!

“Eva, Where are you?”

“Draco, I'm in the practice room!”

A door blast open with an unknown force of human ability, most likely caused by excitement and rushed toward Evangeline into one big, close embrace. Eva breathed in and could smell pumpkin pasties on him easily and sniffed his shoulder jealously.

She was on a strict diet, but was only doing it with Narcissa as a mother-daughter thing, because apparently Narcissa had 'more rolls than a bakery!'

That was definitely not true. She was as skinny as a stick, but Evangeline would help the poor woman through a disorder of somewhat. At least she ate something, but immediately went to the toilet afterwards...

As she squeezed Draco hard, he held her just as hard and they didn't let go for a long time. That was when she saw him, all of him.

“Wow, you grew a lot,” Eva looked him up and down.

“I did, didn't I?” he asked the rhetorical question.

Evangeline smiled in absolute delight, but her smile changed quickly, remembering all that happened at Hogwarts recently. “Are you alright?”

“Of course I’m alright, why wouldn’t I be?”

“Well, a student did die two weeks ago Draco...”

Draco gave her a look of sadness and regret, not because of the death, but the fact that he had a feeling that his family had something to do with it hurt him.

Eva looked at him sadly and said, “I know what you’re thinking Draco and I agree with you.”

“I highly doubt you do know what I’m thinking, I’m one of the most unreadable people in Hogwarts, the only emotion you get from me is pride of a pureblood, nothing else. Sometimes anger as well though, especially when that Potter and his fans come along. I despise him I tell you...”

Draco was at it again, rambling about how much he despised ‘Potter.’ At one point Eva just wanted to yell and scream about how Harry would one day end the darkness of Lord Voldemort. Also that he was one of the most readable people in the world, no matter how prideful he was.

“But you know what.”

Evangeline looked up at Draco, who interrupted her thoughts. He was probably going to say, ‘I don’t care about him,’ which she already knew.

“To be in his position would be absolute hell,” Draco said sincerely.

Evangeline had never seen Draco be so sorrowful for Potter, nor had she ever thought she would witness such a thing, especially since the books never said a thing about Draco showing any human decency when it came to Harry Potter, but maybe she changed his perspective just a bit, enough to have moments like these anyway.

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In the same night, she could not sleep one bit, the words Draco had particularly said were running through her mind, over and over again.

‘...To be in his position would be absolute hell...’

Evangeline held onto her pillow even tighter, so much, that she felt her hands throbbing with cramps.

“I won’t let them get to you Draco; never will I let them get to you, especially him.”

With that, she was out like a light.

Though this is the end of a sad and upbringing chapter, the journey to truth, honesty, the greater good and love will continue on. Through the terrible times ahead, there will always be a light of hope and to every unanswered question; there will be an answer. The only reason the good people resist the temptation to join a winning yet politically wrong side is because they hold onto to their faith and know that one day it will all be over, and the people they love, will stand by them.